Jan. 21, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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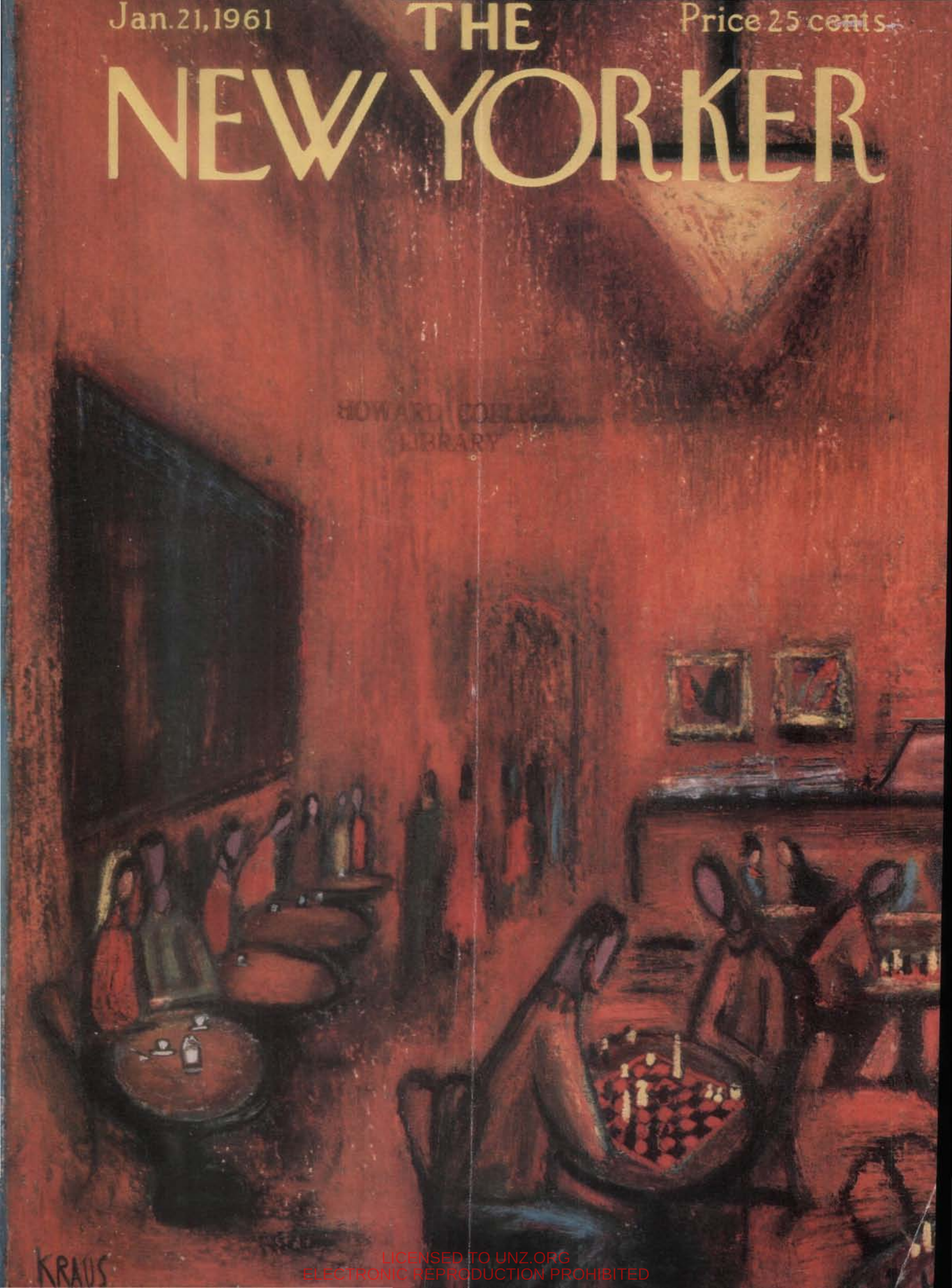

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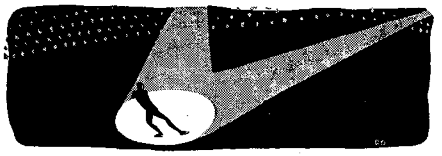
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 22.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A desultory comedy about a drama reviewer who finds himself emotionally hamstrung because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik struggles sturdily to establish himself as a domestic tyrant in this gentle comedy about a Jewish family in Syracuse. He never proves his point, but he is reasonably amusing. And so are Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff, who support him in his endeavors. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 21.)

Invitation to a March—The Sleeping Beauty legend superimposed on some awkward situations that assorted denizens of the South Shore of Long Island get themselves into when the summer sun is high. Arthur Laurents's comedy hasn't quite the necessary bounce to make fantasy on the dunes entirely entrancing, but it does have the services of such meritorious performers as Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original, either, but there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended for so capably portraying M. Ionesco's diversified characters. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her forlorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but the highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is pretty entertaining. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	82
THE CURRENT CINEMA	88
LETTER FROM LONDON	73
LETTER FROM PARIS	90
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	108
MUSICAL EVENTS	103
THE RACE TRACK	106
THE THEATRE	66

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The Wall—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, Jan. 21.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and Lee Tracy is cast as a former President. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. Their author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, and George Voskovec. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Monday, Jan. 23, to the Ambassador, 49th St., W., CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **toys in the attic:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade go about trying to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively, but their efforts are of little avail. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing is often beguiling in this revue, and Jules Munshin and a male French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis are helpful to the leading lady. However, the material is of a night-club variety and gets a little thin as times goes by. (Eugene

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascension of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields to no particular purpose in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2.30.)... **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GYPSY:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Conquering Hero—A musical based on Preston Sturges's 1944 film "Hail the Conquering Hero." It is the work of Larry Gelbart (book), Moose Charlap (music), and Norman Gimbel (lyrics), and stars Tom Poston. Produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, and directed by Albert Marre. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Midgie Purvis—A comedy by Mary Chase, with Tallulah Bankhead at the head of a cast directed by Burgess Meredith. Produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, in association with Robert Fryer, Lawrence Carr, and John Herman. Opens Thursday, Jan. 26. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe—Claudette Colbert in a comedy by Howard M. Teichmann, based on Oriana Atkinson's book "Over at Uncle Joe's." Directed by Richard Whorf and presented by Roger L. Stevens and John Shubert, in association with Sherman S. Krellberg. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 28. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 19-20, at 8:30: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 22, at 1 (primarily for children): "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 22, at 5:30 (primarily for children): "The Mikado."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Gondoliers" (preview).... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30: "The Mikado." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30: "The Pirates of Penzance." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Ballet Ballads—Carmen de Lavallade, a dancer's dancer, is onstage only here and there in this resurrection of the 1948 John Latouche-Jerome Moross singing ballet (one of its three sections has been replaced, and there is fresh choreography), and when she is, everything—blurred stories, mumbled lyrics, heavy-breathing footwork—magically jumps to attention. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OPENS TONIGHT

A Banquet for the Moon—Jean Shepherd in a play by John Cromwell. Opens Thursday, Jan. 19. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Donogoo—A French comedy by Jules Romains, translated by James B. Gidney. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The hero of this John Osborne-Anthony Creighton revival—the original production garnered a lot of esteem but no money a couple of years back—is a literary fake, a bore, a sponger, and a begetter of illegitimate children, and it is a relief when he safely sells his soul. The writing is often eloquent, and the cast at least knows it. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

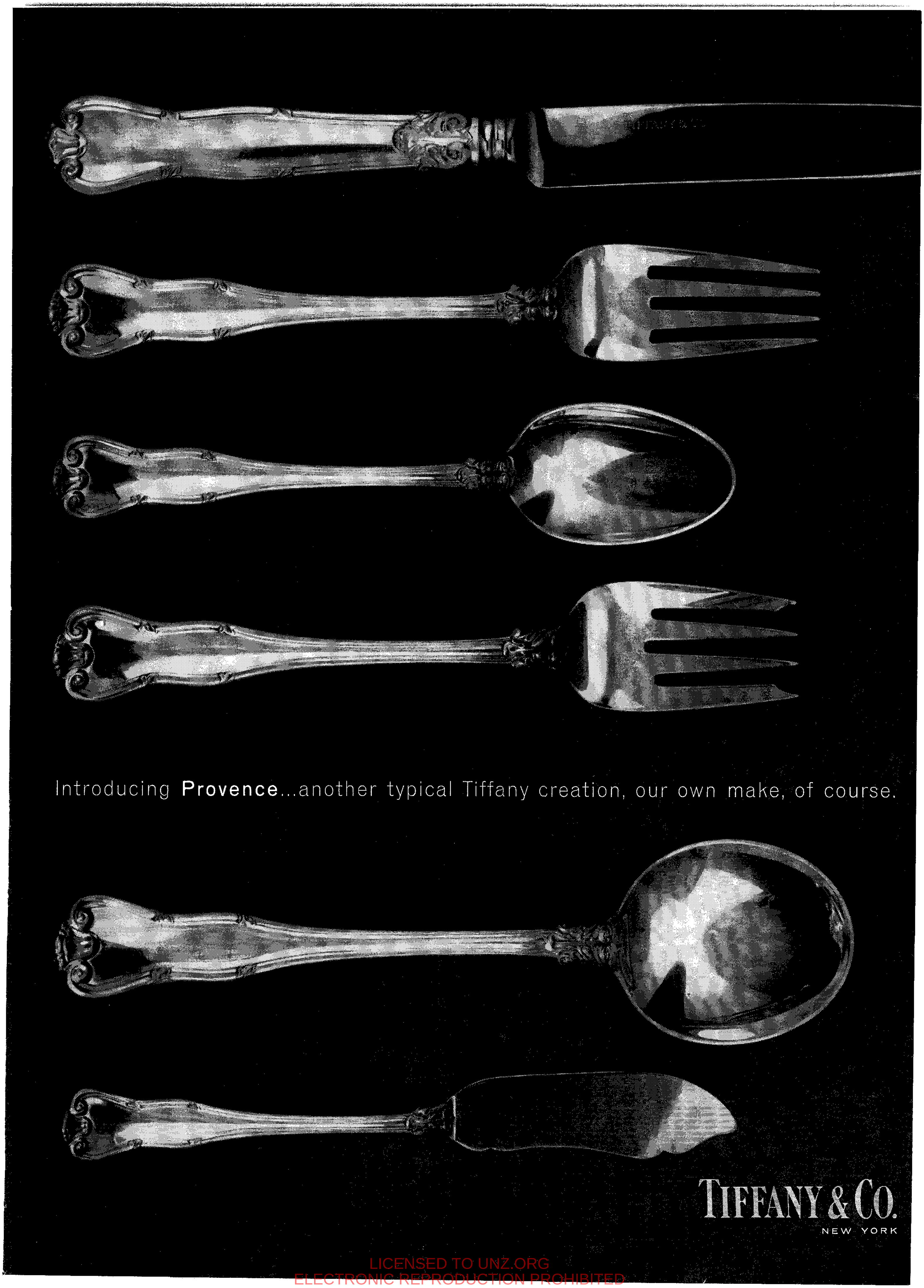
In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Montserrat—A Lillian Hellman opus, based on a French play by Emmanuel Roblès, that deals with a traitorous Spanish officer who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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

martyrs himself for Simón Bolívar in spite of the sadistic opposition of his superior. John Heldabrand tries heroically to squeeze himself into Montserrat's difficult boots, and Leonardo Cimino, as the sadist, is indelibly cruel. The set, as always at the Gate, is perfect. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rules of the Game—Paul Sparer, William Windom, and Joanna Merlin do near wonders with this Pirandello, which has a balky third act and which, in the celebrated Pirandello manner, is a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't affair about an Italian dilettante who is all rules and regulations on the surface and all muscles and fire underneath. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Now and forevermore, apparently. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1961," with David Jenkins, Ina Bauer, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): Eastward the course of empire, for a change, but not yet over the East River and into the trees. The palace guard has been instructed to assemble at the new headquarters on Friday, Jan. 27, and the bands of Freddy Alonso and Joe D'Orsi have been alerted to stand by.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room (at dinner every evening, and additionally at supper on Friday and Saturday), "Anything Goes," Cole Porter's account of America in homemade chaos, is being robustly sung in tabloid form by Jimmy Carroll, Wilbur Evans, Larry Douglas, and girl friends. There's also dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there is a potpourri of arias by Constance Towers, an accomplished and rather serious young lady ("Battle Hymn of the Republic" is among her more flippant moments) who is accompanied by a commentary, a choir, and enough other accoutrements to cause one to suspect that he is witnessing a rerun of the Creation. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

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Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing most of the evening in the vasty Grill to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, whose brass instruments are all sob sisters under the skin. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, there are disquisitions in song by Diana Trask, a modren-type sireen (to employ the vernacular). Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin). Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shelley Berman, a dinner and supper guest of the Empire Room, employs a special infrared ray by which he can view with alarm any number of things, not infrequently including himself. Ben Cutler, who's apt to remind lots of us of Yale Bowl and deb parties, runs a good, breezy dance band, and Theo Fanidi operates another. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ *The bosky dell called Peacock Alley* has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied by the piano of Jack Banan, a reliable old jazzhound. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): One big happy family, encompassing approximately three generations, all of whom get along vivaciously with one another. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Underneath a spreading greenwood tree that is always in leaf, Cy Walter inserts many an unexpected maneuver in his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Old-school Romans who have been rendering unto Caesar for these many years. Some of them stand and wait upon table, some of them—Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of mobile violins and a crew of mobile guitarists—make music that's more than a match for the tableside talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A hitherto unknown Florentine opera house, and cheerfully family-circle. A large part of the sound track (from Thursday through Saturday) is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio that involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A bar in which people love to put their crowned heads together. Lest state secrets leak out, George Feyer conducts one-man extravaganzas on his piano at what appears to be risk of his life and limb. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The long-ago zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy, who must have been an operetta hero himself, and Lili France, who warbles in the manner of French girl warblers, are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia,

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with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **PICASSO**, 45 W. 35th St. (BR 9-3250): An evening devoted entirely to the lifework of Bart Howard, whose ballads are all individuals in their own right. They are being sung at the rear of this bar-and-grill by Jackie Paris, once wholly a jump-tuner, and two heart-and-soul ladies named Barbara Lea and Anne Marie Moss. Around nine and around twelve are the hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The *mise en scène* may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening, and Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire, and Nila Amparo's fleet feet add emphasis to their remarks. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement is Alt Wien on the Susquehanna, but it's happy in its childish way, and the voices and music are at least distinguished by quantity. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists. Renato Rossini, the incumbent, will withdraw his deep-blue Mediterranean music on Sunday, Jan. 22, but other music will ensue. Nine-thirty to one is orbiting time. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. The most picturesque are the Radas Dancers, six Australians who use the stage as a mere launching pad. None of all these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Patti Page, songbird of the South, does the chirruping, and a new hand known as Guy Marks reads the funnies out loud. They're intertwined with a set of pert ballerinas whose proud boast is that no experience is necessary. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard, a myna bird who swoops from one tumultuous Mad Scene to another, will complete her breakneck course on Wednesday, Jan. 25. Those who will remain at their posts are Pat Harrington, Jr., a remarkably glib young man with a Damon Runyon view of life, and the Smothers Brothers, a pair of skylarkers intent upon removing all pretentiousness from folk music. On Thursday, Jan. 26, the oriole known as Martha Wright will join the cast. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty does lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are occasional outpourings of piano and trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," this season's annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent curative for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record, and the cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra.

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The firing times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): One part hey and two parts nonny is the recipe of the joint piano, bass-fiddle, and persiflage compote set forth by Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who may be expected at around ten. Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The décor involves two excellent specimens of the American wild flower—Isobel Robins, a snapdragon who can also do songs of sorrow to a turn, and Felicia Sanders, a pungent tuberose equipped with one of the best sopranos in the profession. Meanwhile, brimstone-and-fire philosophy issues from Milt Kamen, an international spy who has seen all, heard all, and suffered all. This revival of the spirit of the original Bon Soir is further enhanced by the brash music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, by the boulevardier ballads of Jimmie Daniels, prop., and by the intermission piano of Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. In the refectory, which is to the rear, there's a slapdash stage show—Latin as hell and involving the explosive pantomiming of Harry Mimmo—that is often surpassed by the miraculous footwork of the guests. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a minute Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve weekdays (no show Tuesdays) and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn, sometimes a cicada hailing a heat wave and sometimes a whippoorwill sweetening the dark hours, is surrounded by three tried-and-true assistants. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage, and Mr. Condon has fun visiting with the diners. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, practically the hub of the universe, is setting one song after another on fire. This laudable undertaking is brightly aided by Joseph Harnell's big but not bumptious band. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Picking up the pieces played by the Ornette Coleman quartet—he and Don Cherry going one way and his *soi-disant* rhythm section going another—can be an absorbing pastime that may end in honest bewilderment. Nina Simone, on the other hand, makes the hedonist point of view expressed by her voice and her piano clear from the start. She has two sidemen. There's an afternoon session every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Irwin Corey, whose sole connection with jazz is the way he puts words together, is delivering a number of important announcements that are splendidly garbled in transmission. The quintet of Cootie Williams, who must be well along in his third or fourth reincarnation, bangs away to no particular purpose, and Josh White, curator emeritus of folk music, lays down a few chanteys firmly and clearly. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is clattering away at precisely the sort of bumpety-bump this house has always specialized in. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by Red Allen's sextet, Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays and Tuesdays. The Bourbon Street Six replaces the Allens on Monday, Jan. 23. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, Cozy Cole's quintet moves upstairs, where it chimes in with Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The miniature revue entitled "O, Oysters!" will now, it appears, not be in season until Tuesday, Jan. 24, when a string of previews should commence. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tumult and shouting are every-night events here, and Jonah Jones' trumpet, which has something to say for itself, is not always given equal time. He has a quartet. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The quartet of John Coltrane is endeavoring to tell the gospel truth and nothing but the truth; it has a habit of repeating itself. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): In this forest primeval, the myriad bandsmen of Maynard Ferguson, a collection of performers assembled primarily for crying

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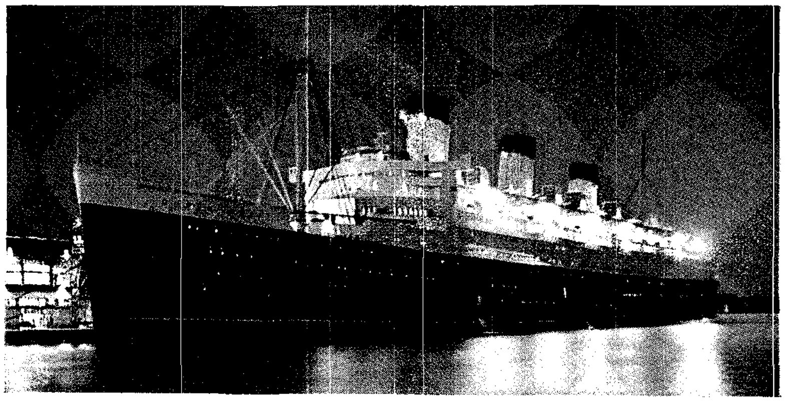

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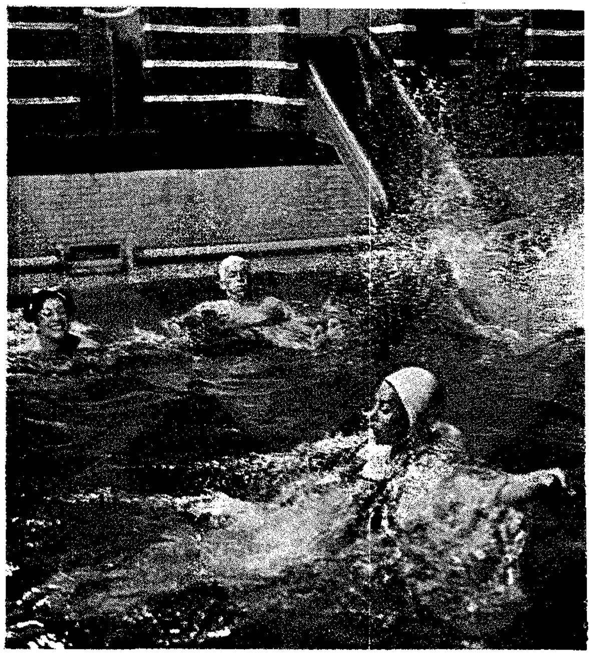

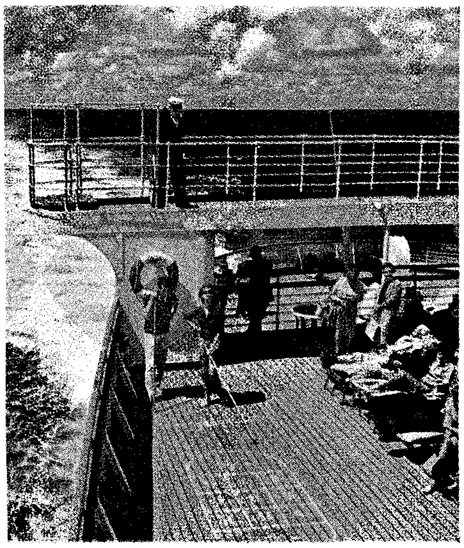

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out loud, and the sextet of George Russell are at work. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): This playpen, whose favorite prerogative is changing its mind, is now of the opinion that the foursome of the Montgomery Brothers, an outfit that makes exceptional use of the electronic guitar, will not be leaving until Sunday, Jan. 22. Next evening, the Gigi Gryce quintet will start knitting lace valentines. The scenery is extremely earth-bound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Every night is Blues Monday to Joe Williams, who declaims his woe-is-me ballads in a clap of thunder. The quintet of Harry Edison, a horn man seemingly tired of it all, bumbles along in the background. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, should be Jo Jones, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Nanook of the North lived here. Now it's the headquarters for Red Garland's threesome. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—A new set of large, cool, simplified oils, this time all figure studies; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PETER BLUME—A new, major painting, "Tasso's Oak," together with preparatory sketches and drawings for it; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

REMO BRINDISI—Large, fluent oils, mystical in concept. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 11. (Padawer, 112 Fourth Ave., at 12th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

CÉSAR—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNN CHADWICK—Bronzes and drawings (1956-60) by an English sculptor; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CHRYSSA—Plaques and wall reliefs in an interesting mixture of the abstract and calligraphic; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOE CLARK AND PAUL WALDMAN—Abstract oils; through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JORGE DAMIANI—Paintings and drawings by an Uruguayan artist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Figurative abstractions (oil on canvas) and welded-steel sculptures; through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Metal sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

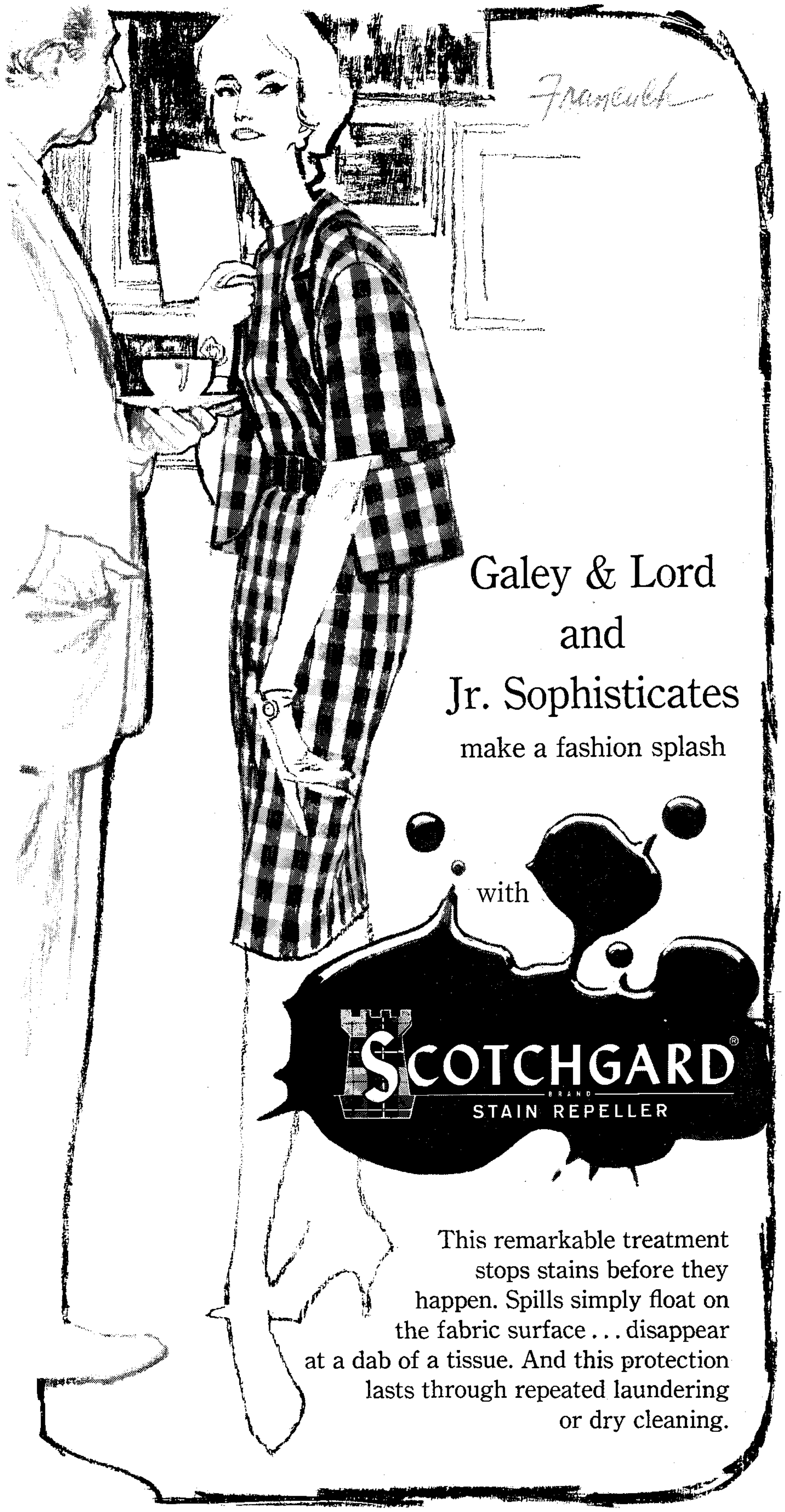
LUDVIK DURCHANEK—Sculptures in beaten bronze, copper, and silver; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMLEN ETTING—Still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits; through Feb. 4. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

SYLVIA FEIN—Landscapes (in tempera); through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Beach scenes and studies of horses, in a semi-figurative style new to



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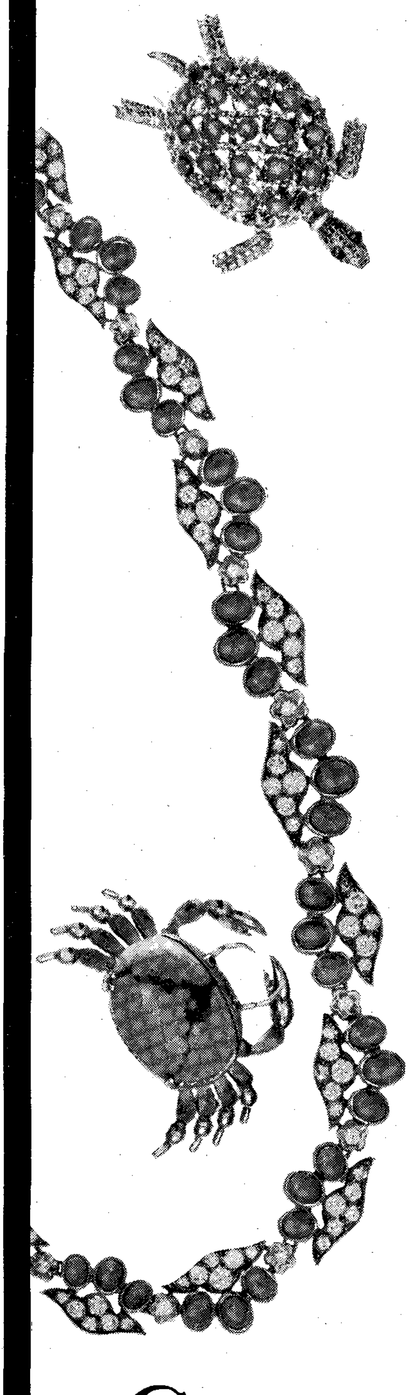

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this artist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Baptiste Armand Guillaumin (1841-1927)—A retrospective of landscapes and marines by the early Impressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Sculptures in brass, steel, bronze, and aluminum, as well as paintings and drawings; through Feb. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung and Willi Baumeister—Paintings and pastels by the former, a present-day Paris abstractionist, and paintings by the latter, a leader of modern art in Germany, who died in 1955; through Feb. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)

Reuben Kadish—Abstract sculptures in cast bronze and terra cotta; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Frederick Kiesler—Shell sculptures and galaxies by an inventive modern artist-architect; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Kinley—Oils by a young British painter. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Julian Levi—Abstract oils of the sea, poetic in concept and luminous in color, in a first showing in some years; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Harry Mathes—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Jan. 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

James Metcalf and William Copley—Nicely balanced abstract sculptures in sheet brass by the first; playful Dadaist oils by the second. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Peter Paone—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Robert Philipp—Genre paintings and still-lifes; through Feb. 4. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tadashi Sato—Abstract paintings by a young Hawaiian artist; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a Japanese modern artist; through Feb. 4. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Schmidt—Realistic paintings; through Feb. 11. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

John Thomas—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Donald Thrall—Paintings; through Friday, Jan. 27. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

David Weinrib—Welded-metal abstract sculptures; through Feb. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audubon Artists—Their nineteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and selected non-members; through Feb. 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Recent Drawings by New York Artists—Examples by a hundred painters and sculptors, including Milton Avery, Helen Frankenthaler, and Costantino Nivola; through Feb. 4. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

African Art—"Abstractions in African Art," a display mostly of masks and statues, in wood and ivory, from the Warega tribe in the Congo, the Dogon tribe in the Sudan, and so on; through Jan. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Pre-Columbian Art—A show called "Aspects of Surrealism and Fantasy in Pre-Columbian Art," comprising objects dating from 1500 B.C. to the Spanish Conquest; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters; through Feb. 18. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.: Frank Sepa and William Sildar (sculptors) and Hal Silvermintz (painter); through Friday, Jan. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The January show consists of water colors selected by John von Wicht, Gabor Peterdi, and Sidney Laufman; through Friday, Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Byron Browne, Hugo Robus, Stan Freborg, and other members or recent guests; through Feb. 4. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, George Inness, and Stephen Etnier; through Saturday, Jan. 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **D'ARCY**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including items by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Piet Mondrian, Fannie Hillsmith, John B. Flannagan, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paul Delvaux, Luciano Minguzzi, and Wilfrid Zogbaum are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Gris, Mondrian, and Giacometti; through Feb. 4. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show primarily of oils called "Trends of the 'Twenties in the School of Paris," consisting of works by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibit of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Jan. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art Treasures of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-size Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings done from 1945 to the present, including ten recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through March 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition, carefully selected, of small paintings on paper from the Rajput provinces of northern India; through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Pictures entered in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Illustrated Incunabula," an exhibition of illustrations in books printed in Europe before 1501; through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Sunday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ "The Precisionist View in American Art;" starting Wednesday, Jan. 25. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 23-24, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 19: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Cornell MacNeil, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 20: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Regina Resnik, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 21: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Laurel Hurley, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 21: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 23: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 24: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Anselmo Colzani, Jan Peerce, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 25: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hopf, Eberhard Waechter, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 26: A new production of von Flotow's "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lorenzo Alvary. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 27: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 28: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 28: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At **carnegie hall:** Paul Paray conducting on Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3 (all with Zadel Skolovsky, piano). . . . ¶ Alfred Wallenstein directing a performance of

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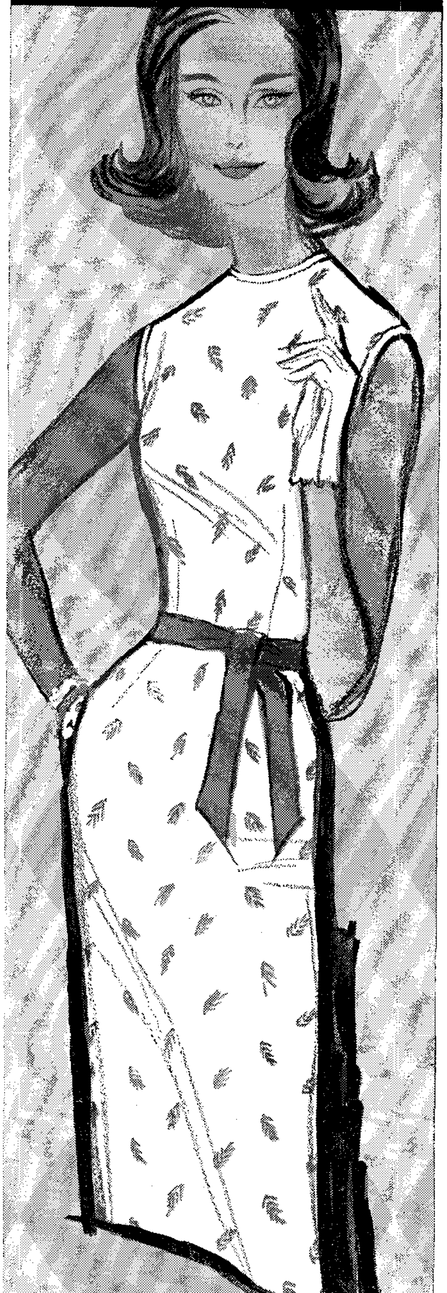

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" on Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3 (all with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Juilliard Chorus).... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Alfred Wallenstein directing another performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with the same soloists and chorus. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

ARS NOVA ORCHESTRA—Robert Mandell conducting a program including a performance of the Walton-Sitwell "Façade," with Hermione Gingold and Eric Berry, narrators. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—A concert version of Aaron Copland's play-opera "The Second Hurricane," performed by soloists and a chorus from the New York School of Music and Art, with piano accompaniment. Mr. Copland will act as narrator and take part in a discussion period following the concert. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Paul Boepple directing a program of Monteverdi's sacred and secular music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; Sterling Hunkins, cello; and other instrumental soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-9025.)

RECITALS

JANOS STARKER—In three Bach suites for unaccompanied cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—In an unaccompanied violin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

ARTISTS' CHOICE CONCERTS—Roland Hayes, tenor, with George Humphrey, viola. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The fourth concert in the series, this one by the Quartetto Italiano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.... ¶ Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:40.)

PAGANINI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

TOWN HALL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—The Fireside players in a program of chamber music. The third in a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

THEODORE BIKEL—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

RONALD TURINI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

MARCEL GRANDJANY—Harp. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

DONALD GRAMM—Bass-baritone. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

FRANK GLAZER—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF FIRKUSNY AND ERICA MORINI—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

KARL ULRICH SCHNABEL—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 5:45.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Paul Doktor and Rafael Puyana will give a viola-and-harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 23, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 24: Knicks vs. Boston.... Friday, Jan. 27: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Games begin at 9.)

BOXING—Rory Calhoun vs. Florentino Fernandez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Friday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Saturday, Jan. 21, through Wednesday, March 29.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Finals of the New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 20. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY** (programs primarily for children): "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, Jan. 22, at 5:30, and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Gondoliers" (preview), Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)... **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting, with the Fort Hamilton High School Mixed Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Hans and the Tulip." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **FAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.) . . . **HORIZONS:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNY-WHISTLE PLAYERS:** "A Little Bit of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Snow White." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30. and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Recital—Marais and Miranda in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Emperor's Nightingale," a film with a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors, narrated by Boris Karloff. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 11 and 2:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

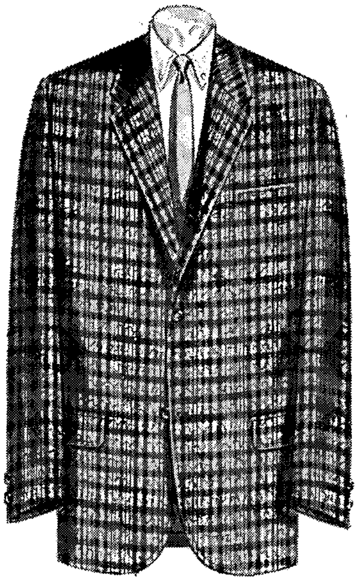
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Anthony Hecht and W. S. Merwin reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, French, English, Italian, and Oriental furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery School. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 19-24. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sunday, 2 to 9.)

National Motor Boat Show—A flotilla of five hundred new craft, along with myriad displays of engines and anchors and so on. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 19-20, from noon to 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 21, from 10:30 to 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 22, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; and Wednesday, Jan. 25, from 10 to noon.)—Thursday, Jan. 19, at 1:45: First editions, standard sets, art books, and other literary material; from several collectors, among them Nettie Gardner Ryan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, at 1:45: Georgian furniture, Stuart and Georgian silver, table porcelain, glass and silverware, paintings and drawings, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. Samuel A. Peck and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Nicolas de Staël, Mary Cassatt, Picasso, and Maurice Utrillo; from the estate of Barbara Church and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 21.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings skillfully enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. Based on a story by James Thurber, this British film has been aptly directed by Charles Crichton, and produced by Monja Danischewsky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 20.)

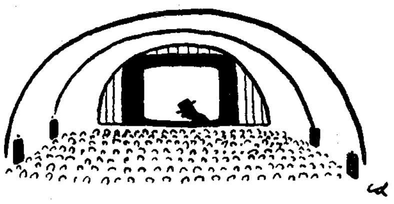
Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—From Italy comes this wonderfully high-spirited takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—Cervantes' picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a brilliant, sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Jan. 20.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—The brilliant director Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is magnificent in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 24, *tentative.*)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

The Rest Is Silence—"Hamlet," transposed into modern dress and modern German prose by Helmut Kautner, who not only produced and directed it but wrote the script. Although the picture is often static and fey, Hardy Kruger and Ingrid Andree, as Hamlet and Ophelia, turn in interpretations of these heavily spaded roles that are just about as striking as any that come to mind. The setting is contemporary Germany. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—Another prime example of English comedy-making. Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas set each other off perfectly, the former playing the part of a polite young ditherer, the latter playing a fierce and resourceful man-about-town. Fearful of being bested by Terry-Thomas, Carmichael applies for admission to the College of Lifemanship, presided over by the famous Stephen Potter (Alastair Sim). In the course of what is probably the worst-played and funniest tennis match on record, Carmichael's mastery of the art of one-upmanship reduces his rival to a bad-tempered pulp. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Jan. 24.)

Sons and Lovers—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's eminent dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Jan. 19.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous triumph. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 25. On Monday, Jan. 23, only, the last showing will begin at 1:30 P.M.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 21.)

Nanook of the North (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 23, at 7 and 9:30.)

No Time for Sergeants (1958)—Andy Griffith as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him into its ranks. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Jan. 23-24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 19: "Roman Holiday" (1953), with Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ Jan. 20: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), with Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ Jan. 21: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954), with Humphrey Bogart and José Ferrer. . . . ¶ Jan. 22: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (1954), with Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ Jan. 23: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955), with Frank Sinatra and Eleanor Parker. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "It Should Happen to You" (1954), with Judy Holliday and Peter Lawford. . . . ¶ Jan. 25: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Saturday, Jan. 21, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, *after 11 on the day of the showing* or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 22: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.
Jan. 23-24: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**, revival; and "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Jan. 25: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Jan. 23: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.
From Jan. 24: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 21: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
Jan. 22-24: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Jan. 25: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Jan. 19: **SONS AND LOVERS.**
From Jan. 20: **DON QUIXOTE.**

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Jan. 25 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 22: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.
Jan. 23-24: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**, revival; and "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Jan. 25: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 24: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Jan. 25: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 25: "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 21: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Jan. 22-23: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Jan. 24: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 25 (tentative): "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Jan. 24 (tentative): "The World of Apu" (in Bengali).
From Jan. 25 (tentative): "Home Is the Hero," with Arthur Kennedy and the Abbey Theatre players.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 24: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Jan. 25: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 24: "The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.
From Jan. 25: "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "The Island Sinner" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 22 (last showing at about 3): "A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.
From Jan. 22, at 8:45: "Two-Way Stretch," Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Jan. 19: "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.
From Jan. 20: **DON QUIXOTE.**

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 24: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Jan. 25: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 25: **THE BIRTH OF A NATION**, revival. (On Monday, Jan. 23, the last showing will begin at 1:30. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of **NANOOK OF THE NORTH**, revival.)

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 24: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Jan. 25: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 19: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), Maria Schell.
From Jan. 20: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx, Corey Allen.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 25: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 24: "The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.
From Jan. 25: **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 24: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Jan. 25: "Carthage in Flames," Anne Heywood; and "Sword of Sherwood Forest," Richard Greene, Peter Cushing.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 22: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.
Jan. 23-24: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**, revival; and "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Jan. 25: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

AUCTIONEERS
AUCTION THIS DAY

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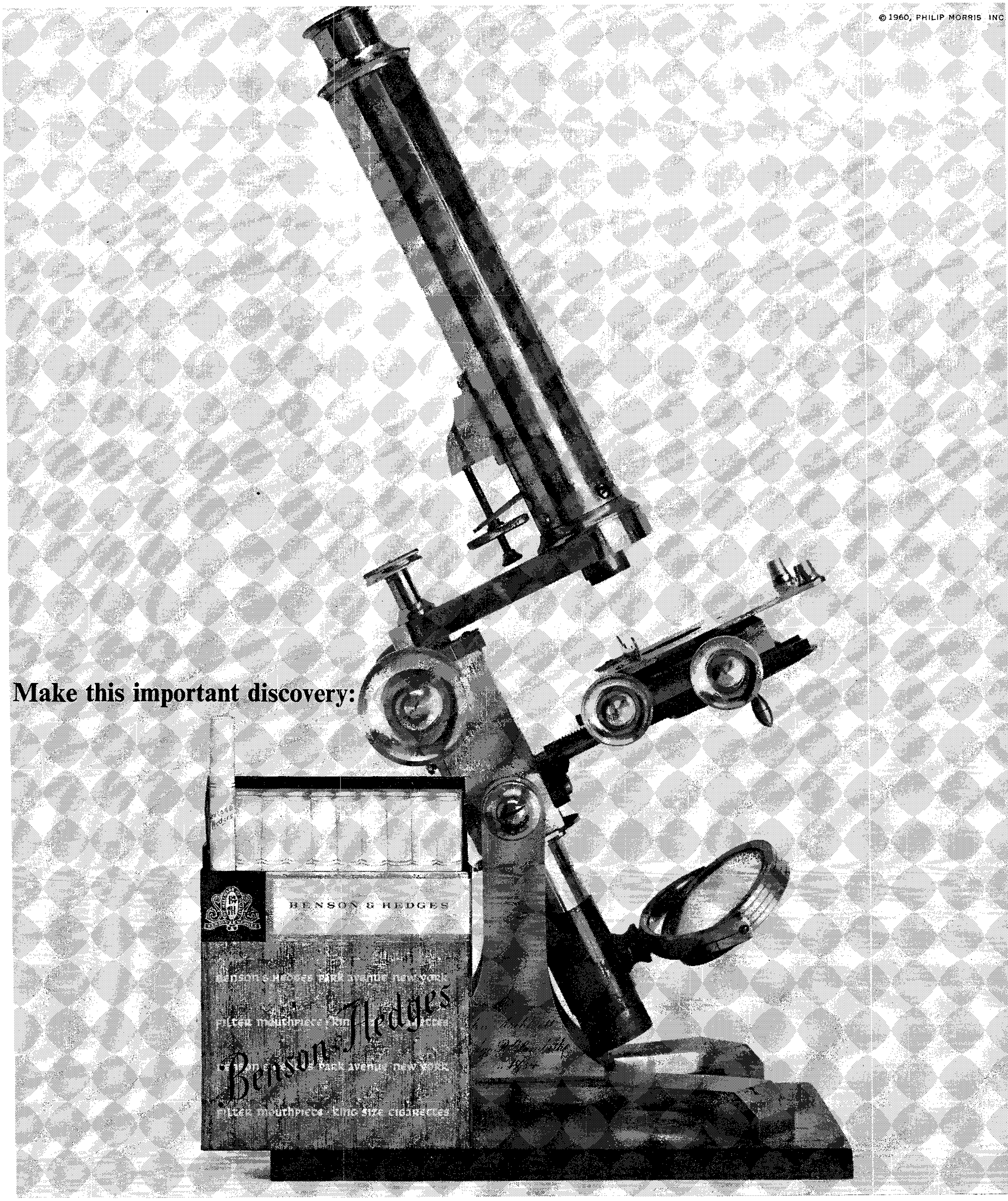
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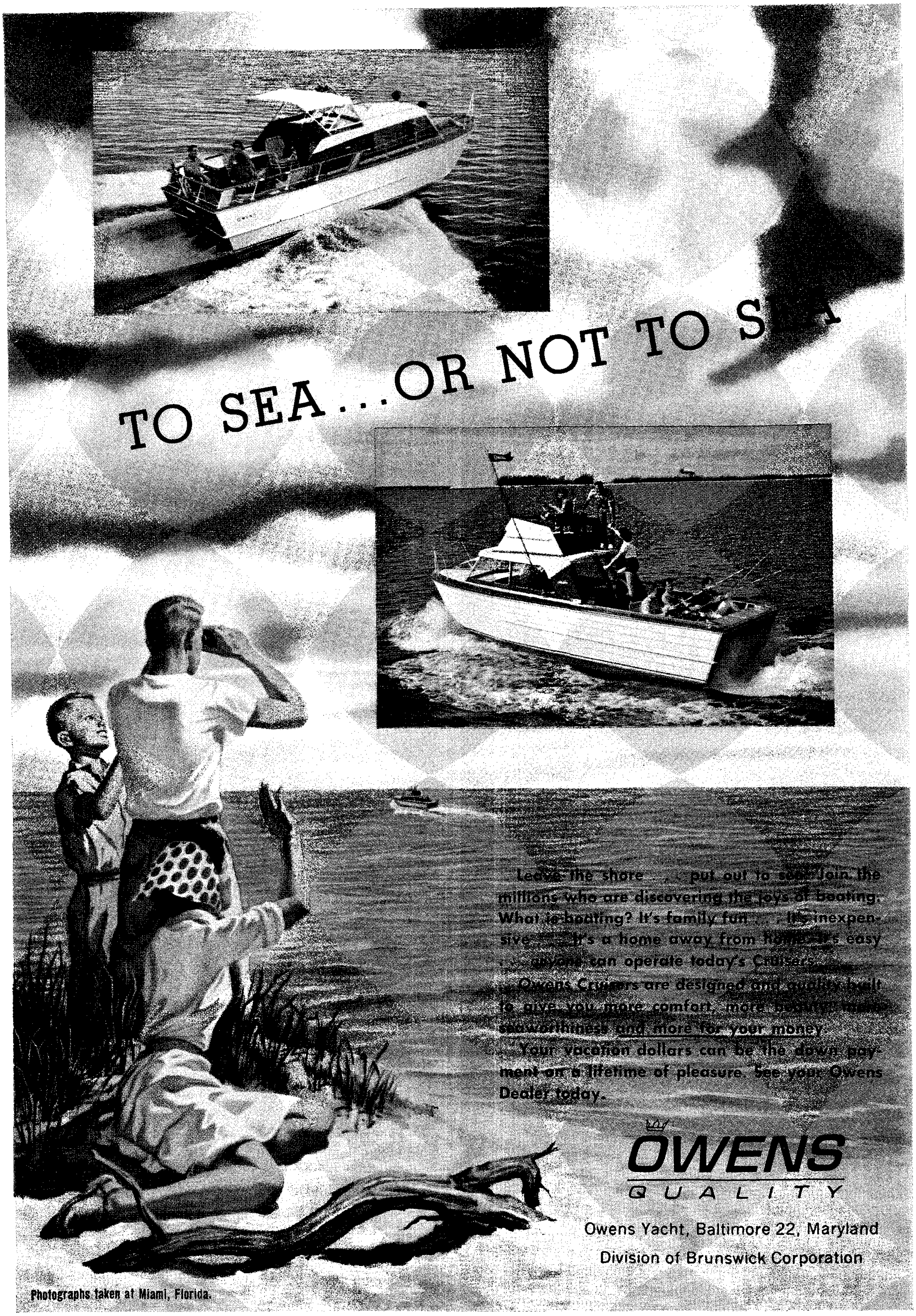

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LADY MANHATTAN IN CURACAO, N. A. . . . IT'S A TREAT TO GO ROYAL DUTCH KLM

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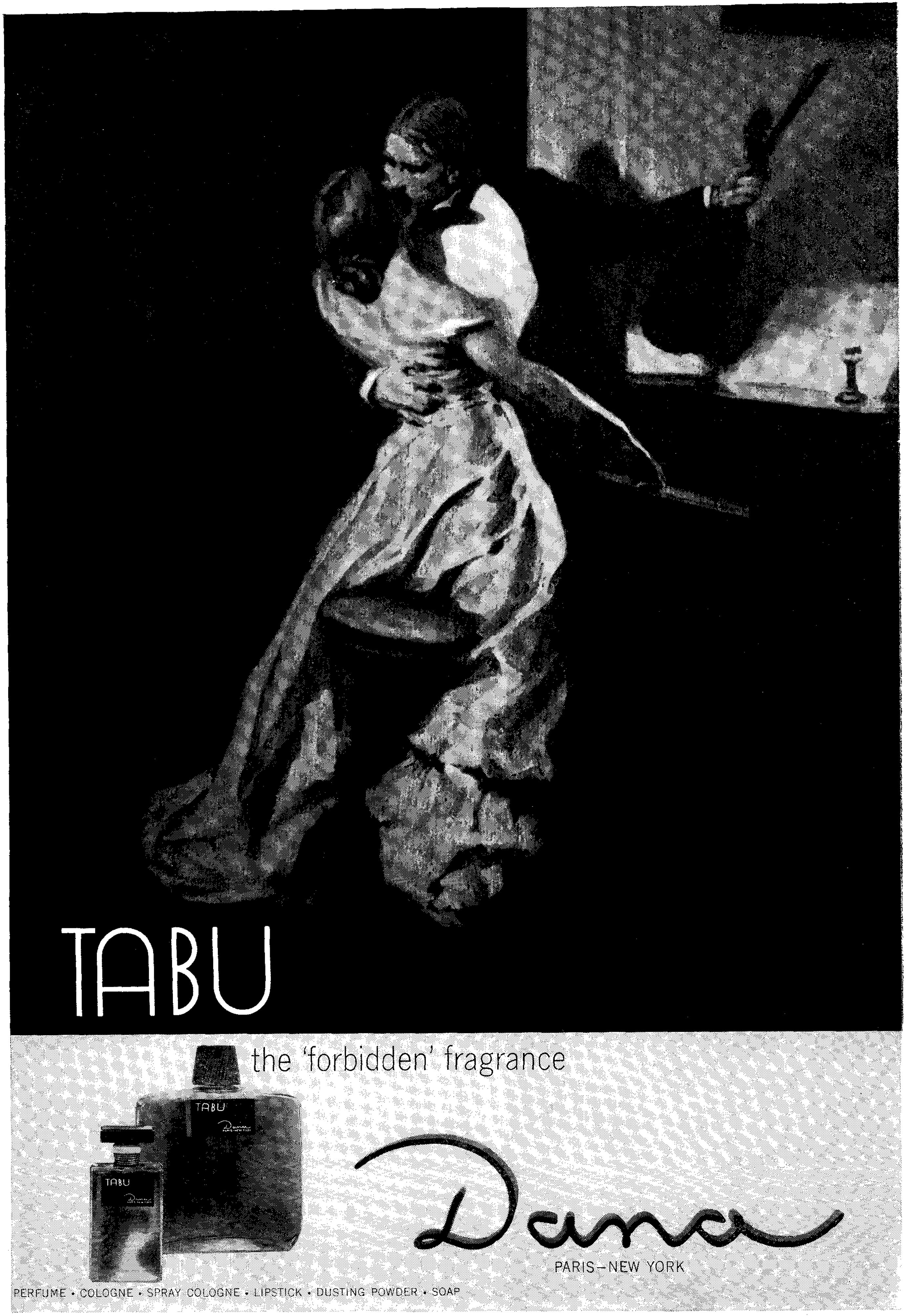
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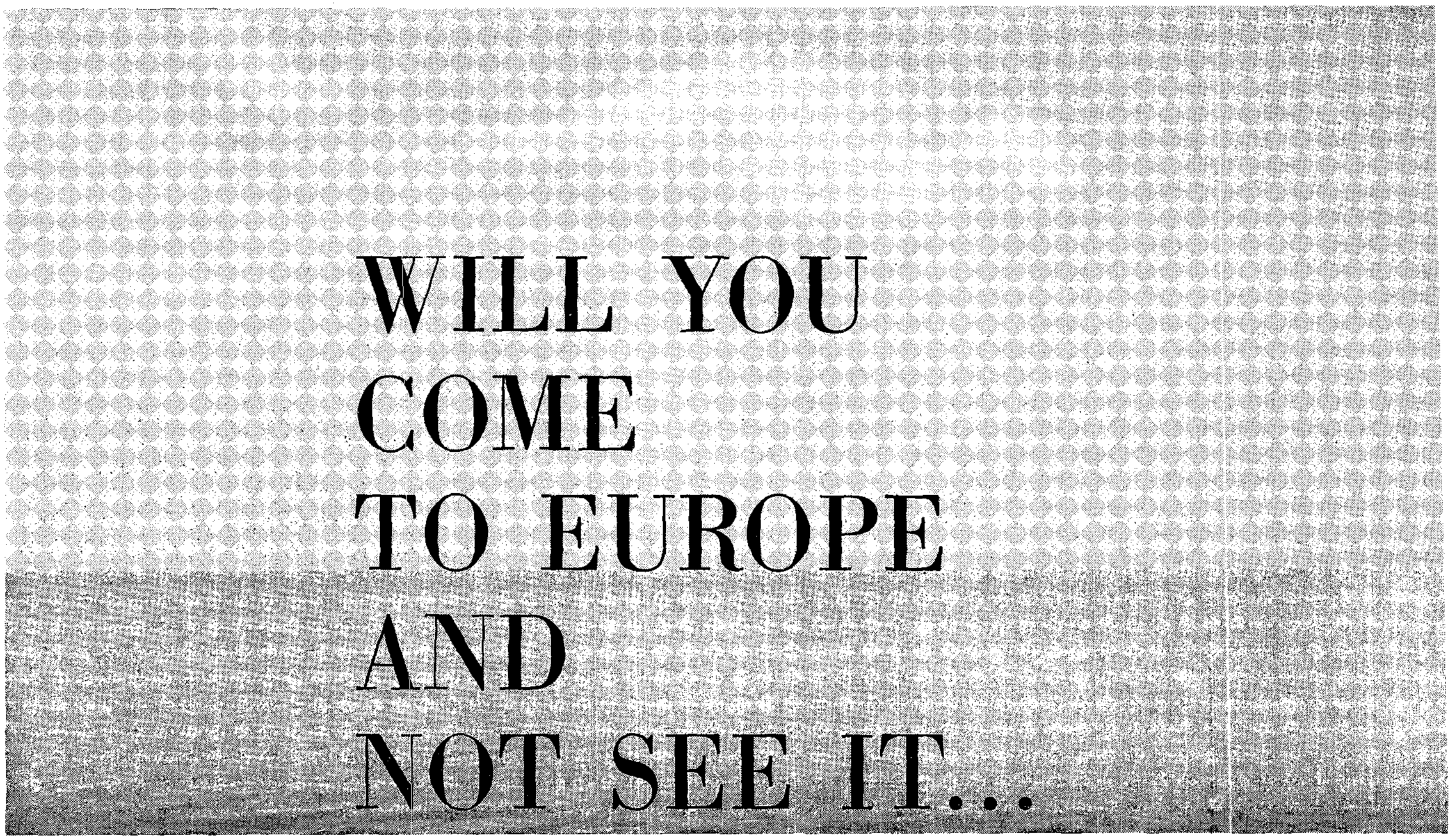

WILL YOU COME TO EUROPE AND NOT SEE IT... AGAIN?

Oh, yes, you did visit us once before—and more than once, perhaps.

You quick-tripped our capitals
when the tourist tide was at its crest.

You did the palaces and buildings of state,
toured historic halls and gaped
at greatness on the walls of our museums,
dined and stayed in big city restaurants and hotels
designed for you,
the American Tourist.

(How many miles of hard city pavement did you cover as you "saw" Europe, craning your neck all the while to see above the crowd?)

Come now.

Wouldn't you laugh loud (but friendly, as we do now)
if someone from our side of the Atlantic
said he had seen the U.S.A.
by visiting
New York
Chicago
San Francisco and L.A.?
And got the feel of your country simply by standing
in a block-long line for a ticket to the Radio City Music Hall?

When you were last in Europe,
how many Europeans did you talk to, shake hands with . . .
***other* than those who served you?**

How many people did you really get to *know*,
how many new names,
new places
away from the track beaten so smooth by the
feet of a million more?

Tell us.
Did you ever stand in front of the Mona Lisa
in silence
uninterrupted by elbows, voices?

Did you ever take your pick of the best tables in a restaurant,
or choose the room you wanted,
or say when *you*
wanted to do
whatever *you* had in mind?

Did you ever get into your own little car,
or on a bus,
train or plane,
and go looking for Europe in Europe?

Did you ever find a tiny town on your own private map
where the stream runs through
and the people smiled at you
as you walked through their village,
clicking on cobblestones that have waited centuries
for you to come home?

Did you ever have a family open the door wide
(knowing there weren't a dozen more behind you)
and invite you to stay awhile and see
their place, their home,
them?

Next time, do it. Promise yourself this:
Don't be tied to the tourist season—come any time.
Europe is always in Season!
Come see us as we really are—
at home.
And see us, too, away from the big cities,
where the air runs free,
where people are waiting to help you see
and feel, know, understand—
and put away into your memory the living sense of
having been somewhere,
while you carry away with you
a heart-full of invitations to come back!

See your travel agent to plan your trip, or write to the National Tourist Office of the country you'd like to see—P.O. Box 258, Dept. 140, New York 17, N.Y.

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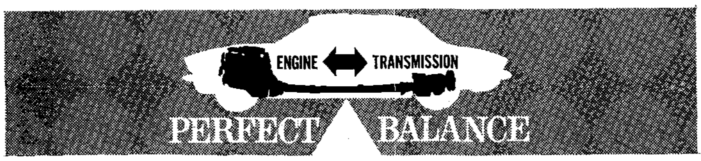
RUGGED RELIABILITY TEST: NEW TEMPEST DRIVEN ROUGH AND HARD BY TEAM OF TEENAGERS!

Six of the teenagers photographed at a rest stop in Denver, Colorado. Left to right: Roger Anthony, John Sheffler, Jay Hall, Larry Weber, Jim Bader and Bob Quaid.

THE HOT TOPIC IS THE NEW TEMPEST BY PONTIAC!



When you turn a couple of new cars over to a team of teenagers, you know the cars will get a real test of performance and durability. That's exactly what Pontiac did last July 1 with a Tempest Sedan and a Tempest Safari! The only instructions: "Keep them moving 24 hours a day. Treat them rough! Pile on the miles! Drive safely. Stick to the traffic laws."

The Tempest had already passed all the usual car tests (2,600,000 miles of testing by pro drivers and engineers). But this was the big one. A new and different kind of test. Pass this and the Tempest had it made.

It was a responsible assignment. The kids knew it and they bought it—100%! Sure they got tough with the cars. But that's what Pontiac expected—and wanted! That's the way you find out how much a car can take . . . how much it can deliver.

PONTIAC RELIABILITY PROGRAM PAYS OFF!

The test ended on October 15, 1960. The durability run proved conclusively that the new Tempest (with the 4-cylinder engine up front . . . transmission in the rear . . . flexible, triple-alloy steel drive shaft . . . 4-wheel independent suspension . . . integral body and frame) gives the others something to shoot for on ride, economy, performance and reliability.

THROUGH 48 STATES, CANADA, TOO!

Supervised by three Pontiac engineers, these teenagers really man-handled the Tempest through 48 states and 7 Canadian provinces. They rammed the cars over back country roads! Held it at the legal limit on expressways! Breezed it up and down Pikes Peak with no sweat! Scooted across scorching deserts.

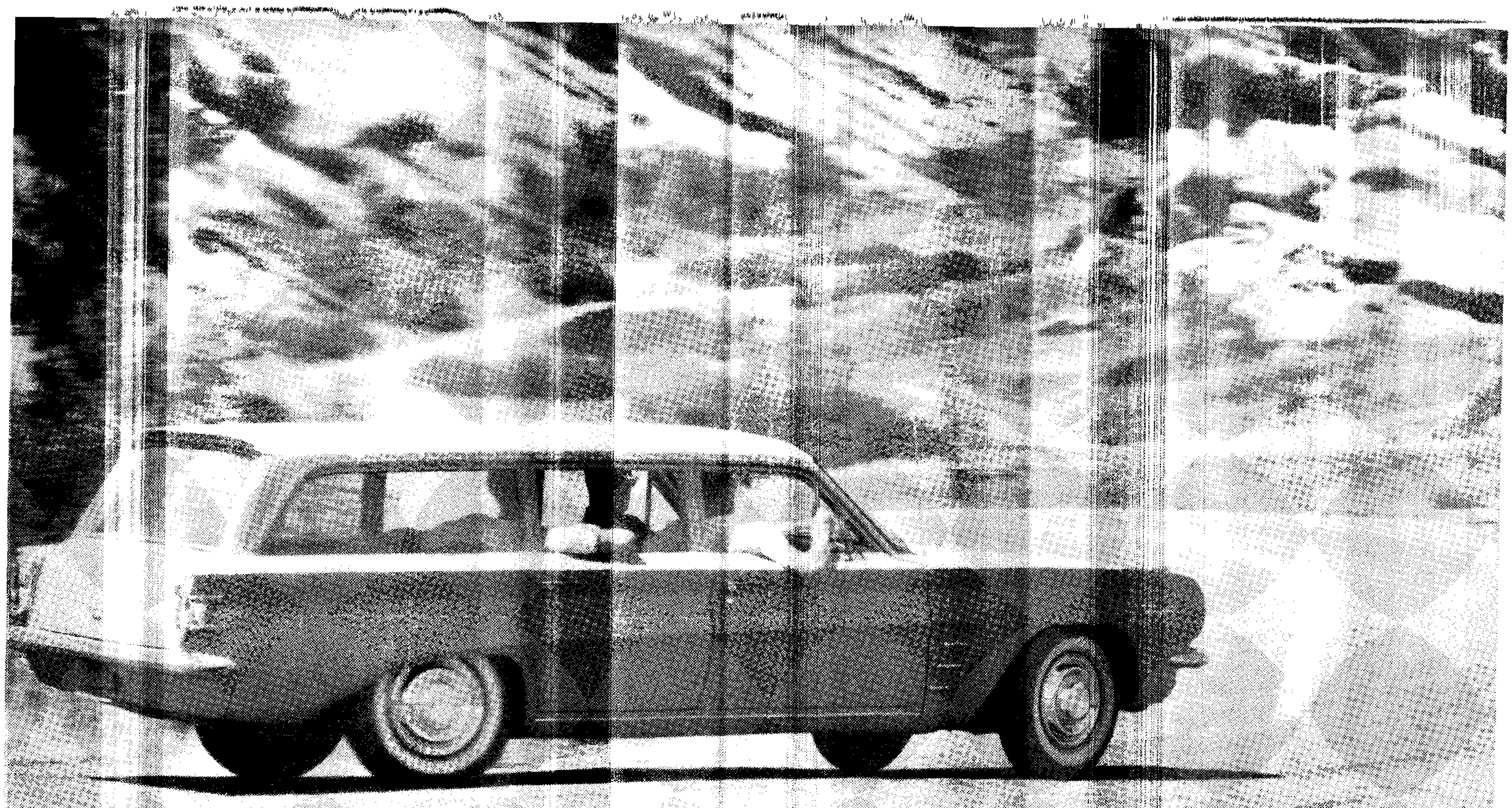
EQUAL TO SEVEN YEARS OF DRIVING

Day and night the miles piled up. 100,947 on the Sedan; 101,002 on the Wagon. Roughly the same as 7 or 8 years' driving. The cars got no special care. The protective maintenance procedures recommended in the Owner's Manual were followed—and it paid off! Plugs, points and fuel filters were changed every 12 to 15 thousand miles. Brakes were adjusted a couple of times but *never needed relining!* Tires were changed twice.

(Here are the other repairs. Sedan: 19,194 miles—starter solenoid changed. 20,701 miles—windshield cracked by stone. 40,094—left rear back-up light replaced. 62,765 miles—fuel pump replaced. 96,492—generator brushes replaced. 98,549—radiator leak repaired. Wagon: 4,576—light switch replaced. 16,192—stone chip in windshield. 40,591—heater switch connector loose. 51,368 miles—flying rock pierced gas tank. 96,527—generator brushes replaced. 97,210—rear wheel bearing replaced.)

That's it! And that's low-cost, trouble-free driving. Check the Tempest out yourself! See your Pontiac dealer. Get the keys. Drive it.

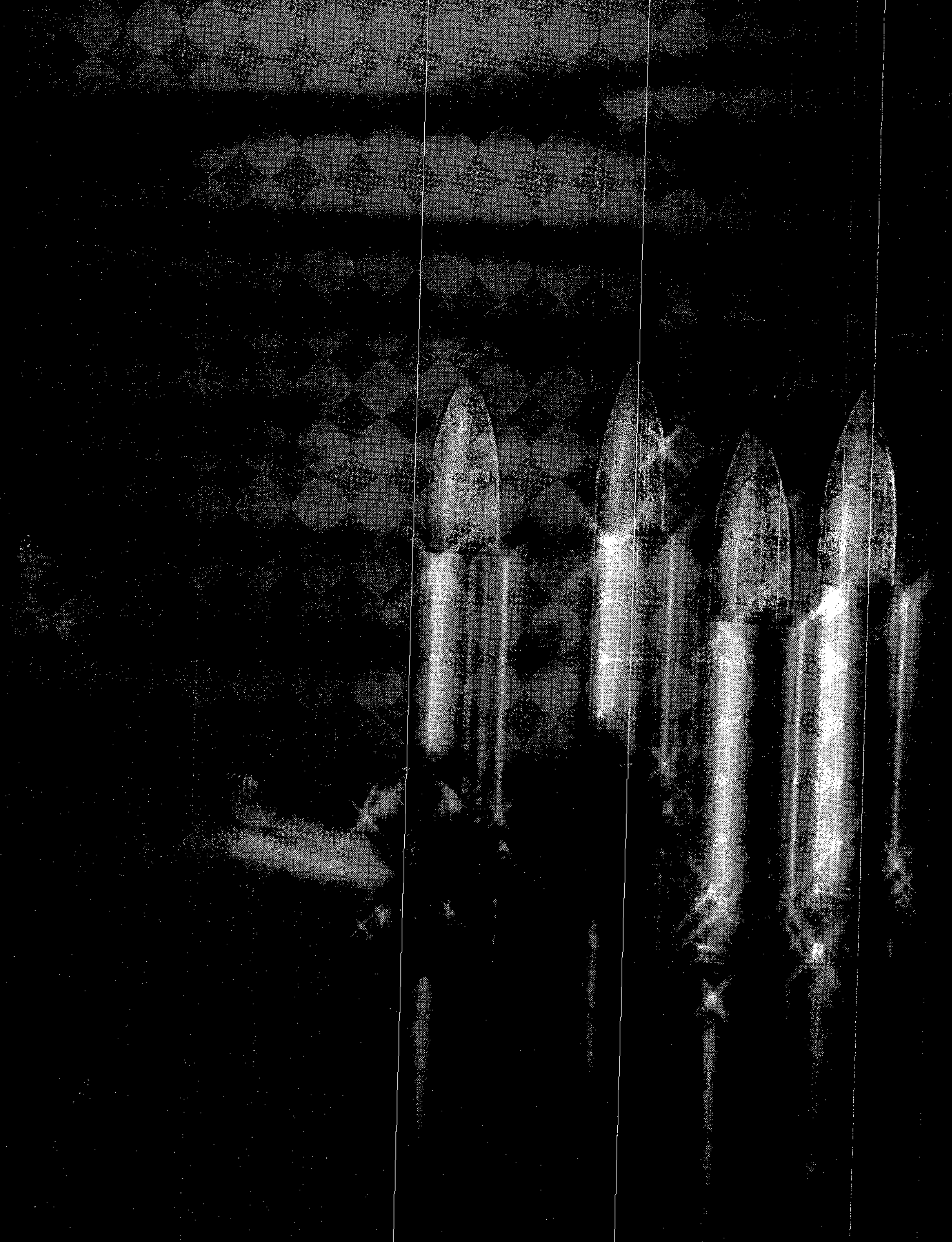
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



TEMPEST SAFARI RACKED UP
101,002 TOUGH MILES!
IN 107 DAY ROUND-THE-CLOCK MARATHON

TEMPEST SEDAN POUNDED
100,947 RUGGED MILES!
FROM COAST TO COAST, BORDER TO BORDER

Don't give your lips a rough time



AWAKEN your lips to the new ecstasy. Creamy saturated color that is Elizabeth Arden's own and keeps your lips smooth and moist and young. A glorious world of color luminous as light, shimmering shade upon shade. Try two colors together, one on the other. Forty colors blended for your lips by no other hand than Elizabeth Arden's. Click-Change Lipstick *1.75*. Refills *1.00*.

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

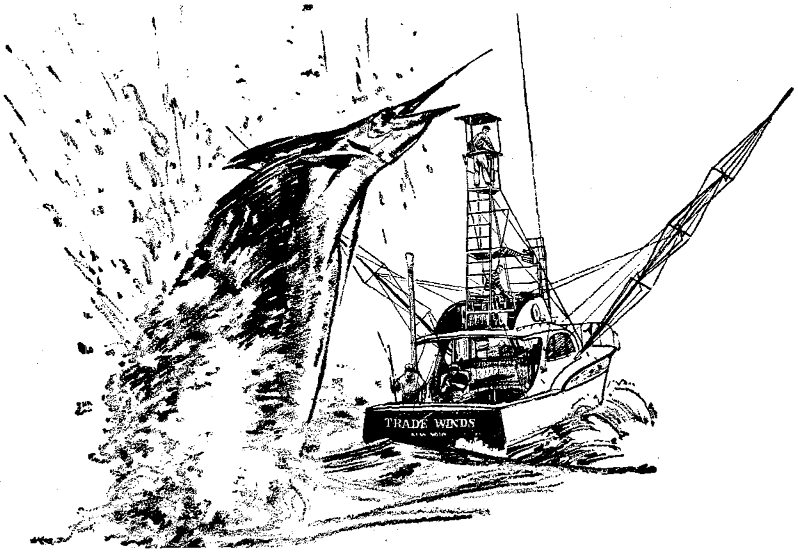
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

she sings, too?

Yes, yes. CONSTANCE TOWERS' beauty is purely incidental. It's the voice you won't be able to forget. She sings (mostly love songs) at The Persian Room. Shows at 9:00 and 12:15. With Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra, and Mark Monte's Continentals. Elegant hoopla, this, for a cold winter's night. Call PLaza 9-3000 for reservations. **The Persian Room at The Plaza**

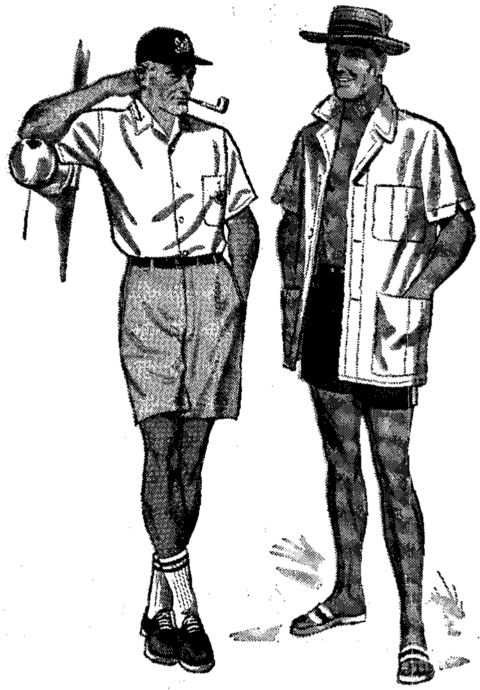
Hotel Corporation of America

"THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"



Heading South for Sun

The thermometer dips, the days turn gray, and the snowbound sportsman looks southward to the sporting delights of Florida and the Caribbean. First stop before the trip is a visit to A&F to replenish your gear and look over clothes picked with an eye to active days in the sun.



Nautical Motif Shirt. Fine, light cotton batiste for cool comfort. Pocket and collar feature jaunty nautical design. White or blue. . . . **10.00**

Kenya Shorts. Crisp, wrinkle-resistant blend of Orlon acrylic and rayon. Suntan, navy, oxford, light blue, medium gray, maize or lime. . **13.50**

Yachting Cap. Navy blue gabardine, flexible visor. Anchor insignia. · **8.95**

Imported Terry Cloth Beach Jacket. Exclusive import from Austria. Crisply styled yet wonderfully absorbent. White or maize. . . . **15.00**

Cotton Poplin Tailored Swim Trunk. Contrast trim. White, tan, black. **10.50**

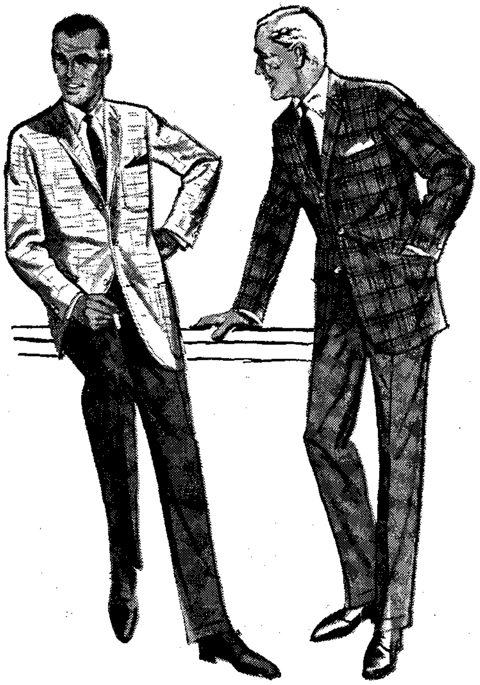
Plantation Hat. Imported lightweight straw with generous brim. . **5.00**

Linen Jacket. Imported, wrinkle-resistant linen keeps its good looks when traveling. Natural. . . **49.50**

Trousers. Our lightest weight Dacron polyester and wool. In oxford gray, ancient bronze, dark brown, moss green and burgundy. . . . **27.50**

Glen Check Jacket. Washable blend of Dacron polyester and cotton in exclusive A&F patterns in ancient muted gray, burgundy, moss green or brown. **42.50**

Dacron Polyester and Rayon Trousers. Washable. In dark gray, moss green, dark brown or natural. . . **16.50**



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK

CHICAGO SARASOTA PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM the University of Georgia last week there came stimulating news for everyone who is concerned with the progress of higher education. When two young Negroes arrived to enroll in that institution, the student body turned out in considerable force—not to welcome them, of course, but to exhibit hospitably the full depth and breadth of Southern intellectual attainments. There was, to begin with, the little band of scholars who, on hearing that the new students were in the office of the registrar, rushed into the corridor screaming, "Two, four, six, eight! We don't want to integrate!" At a single stroke, these virtuosi contrived to display their command of scansion and rhyme, to show the wide scope of their mathematical learning, and to deliver, with scholarly eloquence, their most profound judgment on a difficult issue of the day. The following evening was devoted to field work in the Southern social sciences. Five or six hundred students gathered outside the dormitory occupied by one of the new arrivals, Charlayne Hunter, to ascertain whether such a mob, armed with stones, fertile in obscenity, and untouched by any sense of the fundamental human decencies, had the power to frighten one girl. The results of this experiment appear to be ambiguous. It is quite possible that Miss Hunter, who is obviously a girl of courage, merely felt the same icy contempt for the demonstrators that is felt by the great majority of her fellow-citizens. After the young sociologists were finally brought under control by the police—who at first appeared reluctant to interfere with so interesting an experiment—the officials of the university announced that the two Negroes were to be suspended. This was a mistake. Both of them felt they had something to learn at college, and said so. But the polished young academics who secured their suspension clearly have no further need for education. Intellectually speaking, they can afford to withdraw from the university at once and take up those dainty occupations for which their studies have fitted them. Their proper place, we suspect, is in the legislature of their state.

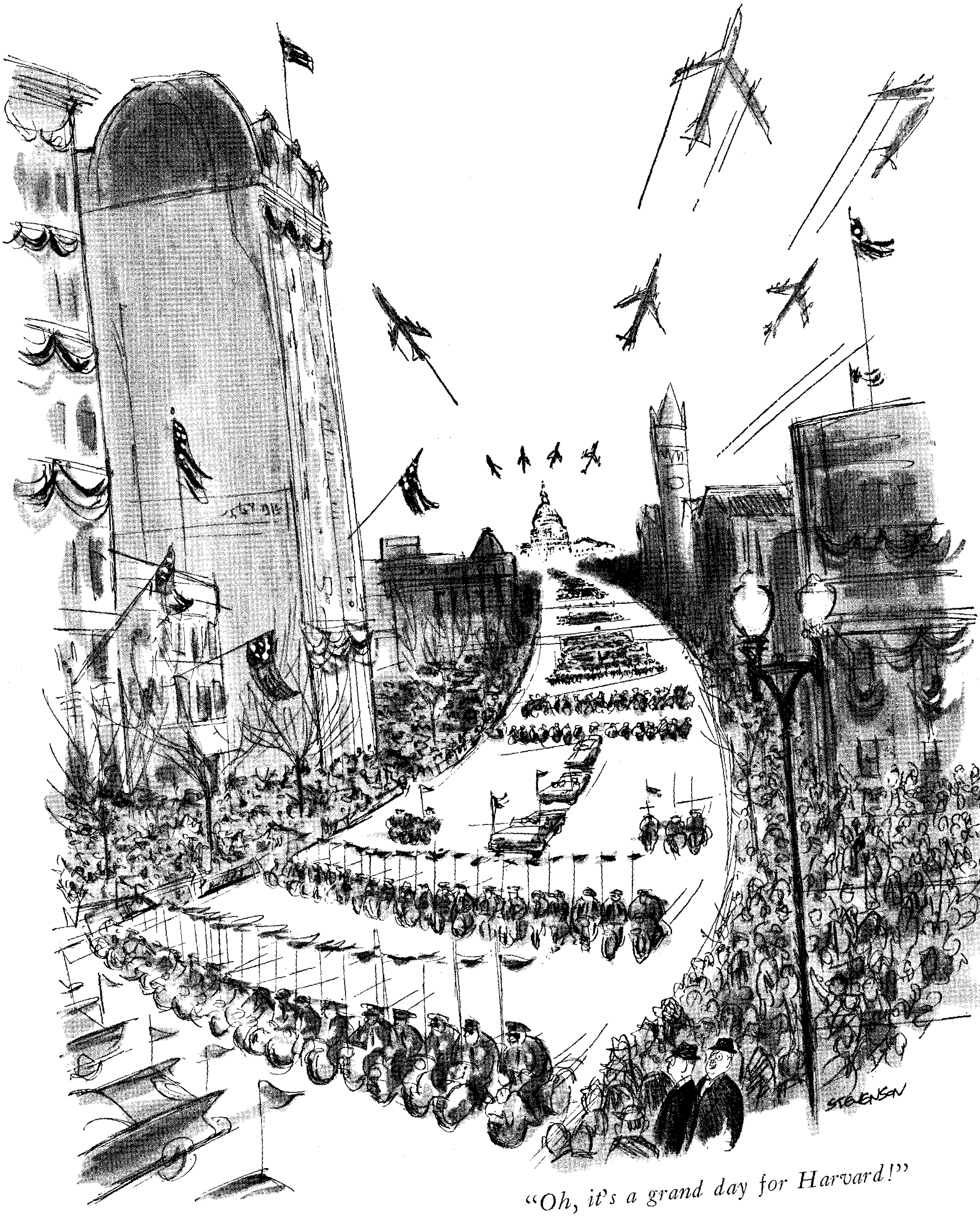
Horwitt's Horologe

AN aesthetic nudge from a man who keeps himself posted on the progress of industrial design sent us to the side of Mr. Nathan George Horwitt, of Lenox, Massachusetts, who, our informant said, "has invented a watch dial without any numerals and with only one reference point, a small disc, on its face." He went on, "The dial has been judged beautiful enough to go into the Museum of Modern Art's display of recent acquisitions. Apparently, one can tell time to the minute by the dial despite the paucity of reference points."

Mr. Horwitt frequently comes to town, and the other morning we caught up with him in the lounge of a midtown hotel, where he pulled two slim, cyclopean wristwatches from his pocket. One, for evening wear, was encased in silver and had a silver disc—at the position occupied in more humdrum timepieces by the number twelve—and silver hands on a black background; the other, for diurnal consultation, was encased in gold and had a black disc and black hands on a white background. According to a large old carriage watch, cluttered up with numerals of the hours and, indeed, of some of the seconds, that we carry in *our* pocket, it was ten after eleven, a fact that it was possible to learn, give or take a minute, from Mr. Horwitt's babies. "This dial evolved from one I invented around 1932," he said. "It had an hour number and a minute number in the center, which changed on the hour and on the minute; the thing looked like a scoreboard. I'd resigned as director of advertising for Squibb and Lenthéric a couple of years before to start a firm called Design Engineers, for which I created a few other products, such as a wall radio and a rotor refrigerator, but then I bought a dairy farm in upstate New York, and I was off designing for a while. I've stopped milking cows—I bought a four-hundred-acre cowless farm in Lenox in 1945—but I cut hay, prune trees, and collect mushrooms. I own a company, Braquette, Inc., which has its own building a hundred yards from my house, and there I direct the sales of an adjustable picture frame that I invented. We've sold two million frames to date."

Mr. Horwitt, who is sixty-two, trim, and mustached, told us that his watch is on sale at Black, Starr & Gorham and Neiman-Marcus and is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art. "The Patent Office rejected it at first, as 'not deemed to constitute a patentable advancement,' but on appeal this rejection was not sustained," he said. He reached into a briefcase and drew out a document from the Patent Office Board of Appeals, which read:

> Appellant has pointed out the utter lack of any suggestion in the references relied upon by the examiner, of the unique and simple design involved herein. We agree that merely because the prior art may show clock and/or watch faces with numerals and dots, or numerals alone, or dots alone to indicate each of the twelve hours, or may have numerals representing the



"Oh, it's a grand day for Harvard!"

twelve hours in association with a single dot-like area that this provides no suggestion for making a watch with only a single dot on the face thereof in addition to the hands. It seems to us that this is a concept directly contrary to the teachings of the prior art and thus would not occur to a routine designer in the exercise of his trade, and that it has resulted in a unique design in no way resembling the dials relied on by the examiner. In our opinion, appellant's design is distinctive, ornamental and aesthetically pleasing, and when viewed as a whole, in no way gives an impression of merely being a modification of any design upon which the examiner relies.

The decision of the examiner is reversed.

We congratulated the victorious appellant and, upon asking for pre-Squibb recollections, learned that he was born in Russia, came to New York when he was three, attended C.C.N.Y., and served in the Army during the First World War. "I started in the advertising business as a copywriter for Ruthrauff & Ryan," he said. "One of my hobbies is music; my wife and I live in Lenox because it's near Tanglewood. We have two sons—a sculptor of twenty-five, and a sophomore at Boston University. I still play touch football and tennis, but the thing I enjoy most is sitting on a tractor, cutting hay, early in the season. In 1951, when there was a famine in India, I sent that country twelve hundred pounds of wheat through the Indian Consulate here. Newspaper comment was favorable, and I received a great many commendatory letters, including one from Louis Bromfield and one from William Lescaze."

Mr. Horwitt reached into his briefcase and pulled out an album of laudatory newspaper articles and letters. "I'm an inveterate letters-to-the-editor writer in my area," he said. "My favorite subjects are politics, conservation, and refuse dumping. Will you have lunch?"

We pled a prior engagement, glanced at the three watches within our immediate purview, and said goodbye.

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MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE: The program for the East Berlin Komische Oper's production of "La Bohème" includes a chart that shows the incidence of deaths from tuberculosis in Paris between 1901 and 1905 according to age and social status.

Science

MEMBERS of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, some seven thousand strong, came to town a week or so ago for their hundred-and-twenty-seventh convention, holed up in assorted hotels, and began to kick around all sorts of ideas on such subjects as turtle courtship, flying telescopes, aggressive behavior in sheep, jack rabbits as strontium-90 monitors, North American phyllopod crustacea, lunar exploration, glaciation, and current problems in electrobiology. Since we didn't feel up to encountering our visitors at their headiest, we put off meeting them until they took a breather from their conferences to attend a blowout at the Commodore in honor of their retiring president, Paul E. Klopsteg, and his two successors—Chauncey D. Leake, who is serving in 1961, and Thomas Park, who will serve in 1962. Upon arriving at the Commodore's ballroom, where the party was being held, we were taken in tow by a tall, fair-haired lady scientist, more toothsome than any scientist we had ever met before. She told us that what we were attending was a symposium in the real sense of the word. "Here we shall have drinking, feasting, and good talk," she said gaily, and propelled us into a nearby auditorium, where the presidents—past, present, and future—and various other A.A.A.S. representatives had gathered to listen to good talk. The speaker holding forth as we joined them was a white-haired man with an English accent, who urged everyone to end fragmentation in scientific pursuits and to see to it that learning in one field blended with learning in another. While we were listening to this, our lovely guide slipped away, to be replaced by a jovial character who introduced himself as Dr. Sidney S. Negus, chairman of the Department of Biochemistry of the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond. Dr. Negus proposed that we join him in a spot of bourbon in a section of the ballroom reserved for the press. We went along with the Doctor, and presently, after a convivial glass, found ourself in a discussion of ecology with the Doctor and a friend of his named John Jacoby.

"I am interested," said the Doctor's chum, "in an ecological system that will make travel in space possible by employing plants to absorb the carbon dioxide exhaled in space flight and to supply needed oxygen."

The Doctor's chum seemed awfully young to us, and we asked him where he was conducting his experiments.

"At the moment, I'm a junior at Jamaica High School and attend special classes once a week at Columbia. I am fourteen," he said. "But to get back to ecology, in Texas they have already kept mice alive for a month under conditions simulating those that will be met with in space flight. It is estimated that a hundred and twenty pounds of pure algae would be sufficient to keep a man alive on the trip to Mars, which would take three years. Artificial photosynthesis would probably do away with the necessity for live algae, but at present the algae are absolutely necessary. It was algae that brought me together with Dr. Negus—three years ago, at an A.A.A.S. convention in Washington. I wanted a pure strain, and I asked Dr. Negus to help me out. He put me in touch with Dr. Constantine Sorokin, of the University of Maryland, who had some fine material."

"One of these days, this boy is going to win a Nobel Prize," said Dr. Negus.

"I think the goal of man should be to increase the scope of his knowledge," said Master Jacoby. "Where can we find more scope than in space? That is why I'd like to be one of the first on Mars."

We got our young scientist down to earth long enough to learn that his father is a lawyer and his mother an elementary-school teacher. "You probably wonder what I am doing here," he observed. "Actually, I do menial chores at the convention—run errands, empty ashtrays, sweep floors—but I do have time to listen to the symposiums."

We left Dr. Negus and Johnny to their ecological business and drifted out into the ballroom proper, which had by this time been furnished with tables bearing punch bowls. The presidents and their associates were milling about, and as we passed among them we heard comments on the convention, not all of them complimentary.

"One whole day, and not one exhilarating thought!" said an intense-looking dark-haired woman.

"I could not agree less on this attitude toward pre-growth," said a man with a beard.

"What's in this punch?" said a portly character.

"Grenadine, lemon juice, brandy, and soda," a young lady responded.

We asked her how she knew.

"I work for the hotel," she said.

The punch scholar moved along, and we were buttonholed by a man who asked us if we were interested in the construction methods used in housing by the Soviet Union.

"Yes," we replied.

"Most people have no idea of the Russians' skill in prefabrication and in the use of reinforced concrete," he said.

We said we found that very fascinating, and went our way.

Lighthearted Lender

THE palship that banks are trying to establish with their customers has now reached its cozy zenith. The other day, a lady we know wangled a small loan out of Chase Manhattan and received her check wrapped in a handwritten note that read, "Happy spending! Your friend at Chase."

Dame Edith

WE had a great lunch last week with a great actress, perhaps the greatest of all, in the opinion of many actors and actresses—Dame Edith Evans, who is here for the first time in over a decade and is rehearsing for her first American television play, "Time Remembered," an N.B.C. "Hallmark Hall of Fame" production scheduled for February 7th, the day before Dame Edith's seventy-third birthday. We called for Dame Edith at her rehearsal hall, the Central Plaza, at Second Avenue and Seventh Street, just as she was finishing a run-through of a scene. She detached herself, quietly and respectfully, from her producer-director, George Schaefer, and from a fellow-actor, Christopher Plummer, for one more walk over the floor markings that had just been worked out for stage positions in the play. The walk took no more than fifteen seconds, and it did our heart good every second of the fifteen to watch her—looking at least twenty years younger than her age, with her gray hair bobbed short and her shoes low-heeled and Britishly sensible, and wearing a gray tweed skirt, a dark-gray sweater with a gold pin at the neckline, heavy Indian silver bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, and bells, we'd swear, on her toes. As she finished her quick walk over the floor markings, she gave a nod of assent to herself and to her director, who freed her for lunch and suggested that we try Ratner's, the celebrated Jewish restaurant, which was right downstairs, so she wouldn't have to bother putting on her coat.

"Sounds wonderful," Dame Edith said. "Yesterday, I had a great big delicious Italian lunch, and it was too much. An enormous, delicious veal cutlet, and it was absolutely delicious. Today, I'd like to eat pancakes. I've been looking for pancakes or waffles ever since I arrived. All the old waffle places are gone. I looked for a place I used to know—Childs—and when I found it, I discovered that it had been torn down. I walked about with a friend, and we couldn't find any of the old waffle places, but then, luckily, we found some waffles at a Howard & Johnson."

Dame Edith put on a chic black stove-pipey hat, and we went down to Ratner's, where she asked our waiter for pancakes.

"Blintzes," the waiter said. "What kind?"

"What kind do you have?" Dame Edith asked.

"If I told you, would you remember?" the waiter asked.

"Yes," Dame Edith said.

"All right," the waiter said, and recited, "Potato blintzes, *kashe* blintzes, cheese blintzes, *lekwar* or jelly blintzes, and huckleberry, pineapple, cherry, and strawberry blintzes. All right?"

"Sounds wonderful," Dame Edith said. "I shall be very pleased to try cherry blintzes."

"In the meantime, eat a pumpernickel bagel," the waiter said, indicating a basket of rolls on the table.

Dame Edith peered longingly at the basket. "It would be too much," she said. "Last night, I couldn't eat more than porridge and a glass of milk after that delicious veal cutlet. I'm staying at a small hotel near here. I couldn't face coming all the way down every day. I have no luxuries, like hot milk at night, and no night services, but I have a nice little bed and a nice little bath, and I love to find my way about. I love walking. I walk to rehearsal from the hotel through streets that are a quiet part of the world. I love old city. Last time, I stayed at a hotel on Fiftieth Street, and I loved walking about, looking for gardens and little houses. I think new city should be new, but leave the old alone. I've been here for several days, and I can't say I was at all tired when I arrived. I am very fortunate that way. I travel by plane, and the minute I leave England, I start thinking American time. On arrival, I just get a bath and go out to dinner. I need only six or seven hours' sleep a night, but I seldom get them in one whack. I get them in three or four goes. I am very, very lucky that way."

The blintzes arrived, and Dame Edith tasted one. "Delicious!" she said.

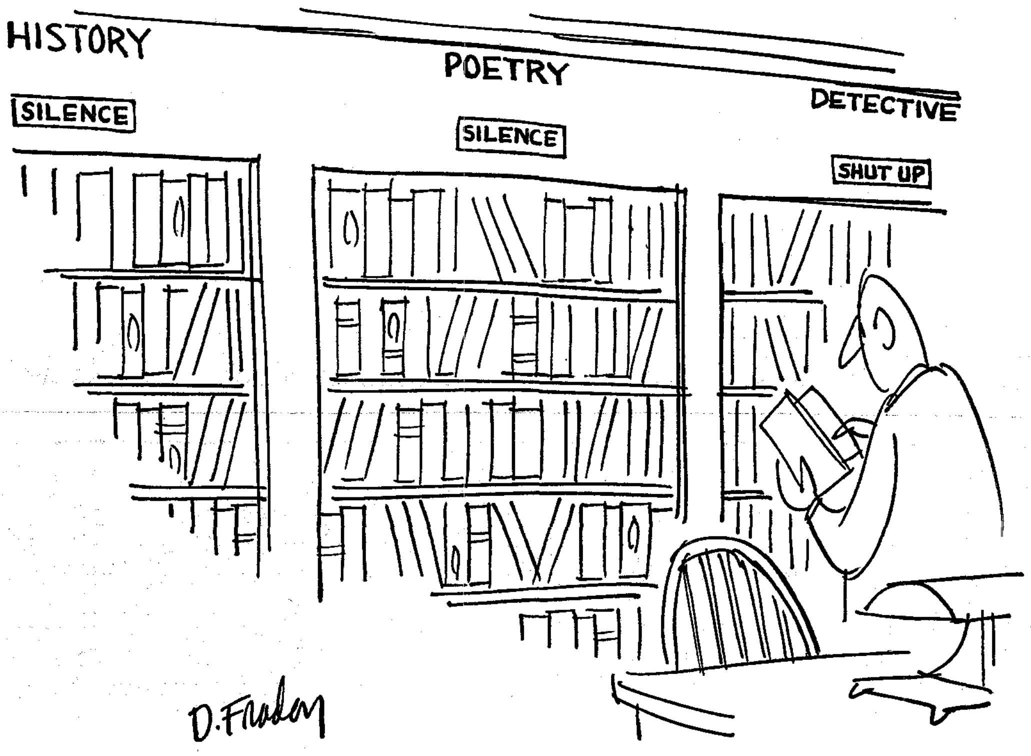
The waiter looked pleased. "Fifty years ago, people would come in here and for ten cents they would get a blintz that big." He measured off a foot with his hands. "Now it costs three times as much, and look at the size!" He shook his head.

"I don't know how working people can afford to eat," Dame Edith said. "You have to pay so much for everything."

"You said it!" the waiter exclaimed. "Now eat."

Dame Edith ate. Between bites, she told us that although this play was her first try at television here, she had made several television appearances in England, and that she liked acting in any medium. "Good acting is good acting all over the world," she said. "And bad acting is bad acting anywhere. I'm satisfied as long as I have a sensitive director, and not someone who wants to be tricky. Tricky is always bad. In rehearsing for television, you have two or three weeks to make up your mind about how you're going to play a part, and you don't have much more than that for a play. I like to find a way to do things that gets the biggest result with the least amount of effort—that is, effort that can be seen. I'm a great believer in the process of deletion. I don't do more as I go along in rehearsal. I do less."

After a pause for a few more bites of cherry blintz, Dame Edith went on, "I was very lucky, very lucky. I didn't have to fight to get on the stage. I was put there. And I started late. I didn't go on the stage until I was twenty-four. Before that, I was a milliner for ten years. I made hats. I always worked for someone else, and I did



like it, but when I went on the stage I knew I was home. I felt comfortable. I don't make my own hats any more, but I do watch them. When we made hats, we used to stretch the velvet onto canvas. I think they stick everything on now. When I buy a hat, I know what to do to it if it's not quite right. I was never interested in the stage before I went on it. I never acted as a child. My father was a civil servant. I was an only child, and very, very active. I had a brother, who died when he was four years old and I was two. I had a great deal of physical energy. As a child, I was considered naughty. At church, I would kneel on the seat and look round and sing very loudly. My poor mother! I read a lot and played rough games. I was always overactive. The energy is all right now. We've got it harnessed. But it's taken a long time. Because I was put on the stage—a friend put on Shakespeare, and I went into it and was seen by a famous old producer, and he gave me a contract—I've always been aware that things came easily to me, and I've always felt I must not take advantage of it.

"Say, you're all right!"

• •

"In the old days, you made your way up by steps. It was lovely, because you learned to speak, to be heard. Nowadays, a good many actors are too busy talking with microphones. I learned with good people—all good actors. The older actors would teach me how to make the best of myself. You were told the way you moved, the way you looked, the way you spoke. The older ones were professional. On the dot. The word 'amateur' may come from the word 'love,' but the professional makes the final sacrifices. Ellen Terry was a lovely person and a great professional, too. In 1918, a few years before I was married—my husband died twenty-six years ago; he was an oil mining engineer—I toured with her, when she was a very old lady, in variety theatres. She was gracious, kind, charming, thoughtful. She was someone you loved. And you could hear what *she* said. There was no television then and no cinema—just theatre and concerts. She'd say to me, 'Smile, child. *Smile*, child. You have a lovely smile.' I was shy and nervous and young and just beginning and gauche, and the older ones knew how to say things to make you feel good and to make you happy. All the older ones were like that.

"It's not as easy to help some of the young ones today. I've heard over here that so many of the young ones go to psychiatrists to find, as they say, their 'real selves.' Rubbish! I don't know any actors myself who go to a psychiatrist, and I'd think they were potty if they did. They're skipping *life*. They're shirking. You find your real self by getting around, battling life, keeping your end up. When I was young, I was always looking about. I wasn't a very conventional anything. The good actors, I believe, don't go about thinking about themselves all the time. You go about with your eyes open. You are open to all experience that comes your way. Character counts tremendously. It's the vase in which you hold the talent. I used to watch a young friend who had great talent, and I'd wonder if his character would someday equal his talent, as it would have to if he were to develop into a fine actor, and it did eventually. Today, it's difficult for the young person of talent, because of all the temptations to do things for money. Or, as soon as a young actor shows talent, he's immediately booked for films."

Our waiter returned and said to Dame Edith, "You left one blintz. You should eat it."

"I can't," Dame Edith said.

"You should have ordered one for two," the waiter said.

"I didn't know any better," Dame Edith said. "Would it be awful if I broke a piece off this—just a piece?" She pointed a finger at a pumpernickel bagel.

"You should eat the whole thing," the waiter said.

"Just a little piece," Dame Edith said firmly, and broke it off. "And I'll have a little bit of butter." She put the bit of butter on the bit of bagel and sighed. "I've been fortunate," she said. "I've had the most wonderful opportunities, and they're still coming."

OVERHEARD on the Columbia campus: "Of course it's a crazy world we live in, but I bet it's the same everywhere."

THE SHORT CUT

BUT for the map, the incident wouldn't have happened. It was one of a series of road maps that a drug company had sent him; being a doctor, he received all sorts of unsolicited gifts. First had come a map of Italy (his practice was in Rome), then one of France. By the end of the year, he had maps of all Europe. They weren't very good, though. They gave the main roads, the towns, and the mileage, but no markings to tell a plain from a mountain, and no indication of heights.

It was the drug company's map he was using on the trip back to Italy from England, where they had gone for Christmas and New Year's. She was twenty-eight—a slender, pensive American girl with long, chestnut hair. He was a few years older, dark and broad-shouldered. Most people didn't think he looked like a doctor, but they were probably wrong. Once, in a train, a little girl about two, sitting opposite him on her mother's lap, had looked at him for a long time and then, pointing at him, had said, "*Dottore*."

He and the girl had met two summers before, when she had fallen ill while in Rome as a tourist. He had seen her a few times, and an attachment had developed between them that soon brought them to a relation different from that of doctor and patient. After much debate, she had left for New York on the day for which her passage was scheduled. But the next spring she had surprised him in Rome. She had looked for a job that would keep her in Italy, and at last she found one in Bologna. It was a long way from Rome, but once or twice a month, on weekends, she would come down for a visit.

His car was a small, green, twenty-year-old convertible Fiat, all nicks, patches, and crusts, which he had bought two years before for about fifty dollars from a second-hand dealer in Rome. She thought it was cute. Because of its smallness and age, it was out of the contest, out of the tedious fray that cars, especially in Italy, have with one another. It was only a match for bicycles. Uphill, the cyclists often raced with it in sport, and, more often than not, overtook it. Sometimes, on small country roads, big sheepdogs would chase it and keep barking alongside for hundreds of yards. It was the only car he had driven that spared butterflies—they always had time to get out of its way—and this was one reason he kept it. It often broke down. Once, in Piazza di Spagna, during the afternoon rush hour, the front axle broke, and the car went down like a horse on its knee. Before leaving on the trip to England, however, he had had it checked and had bought two new tires. Except for a flat and a consequent crack in the wheel rim at Dieppe—they had had to buy a new wheel—the car had given them no trouble whatever.

To cross the Alps on their way to England, they had loaded the car on a freight train and gone through the St. Gotthard through a tunnel. Now, coming back, they planned to avoid the Alps by driving down to the Côte d'Azur and the Italian Riviera. But at Lyon, instead of going south along the Rhone to the coast and then east to Nice, a love for short cuts induced him to drive directly southeast toward Grenoble and Nice. As a result, about thirty miles out of Lyon the Alps began to loom, their white crests hovering over the dim horizon in the east.

"Are we going to have to go over them?" she said.

"No, no," he reassured her. "We'll be skirting them."

The lacy white fringe of peaks became clearer and clearer, then disappeared behind a brown, wooded mountain that stood in the way. They began to climb this one, and for a long time the Alps remained hidden. When they reached the top, they saw them again, but now they weren't just to the east; they were also to the north and the south.

"We *are* going to have to go over them; they're on all sides of us. Look at those," she said, pointing at some particularly high peaks to the southeast, on the other side of the valley. "Do we have to go over those?"

He stopped the car and studied the map. "I thought we'd be able to skirt them," he said. "But now I don't know. This damn map—I wish I'd bought myself a good one."

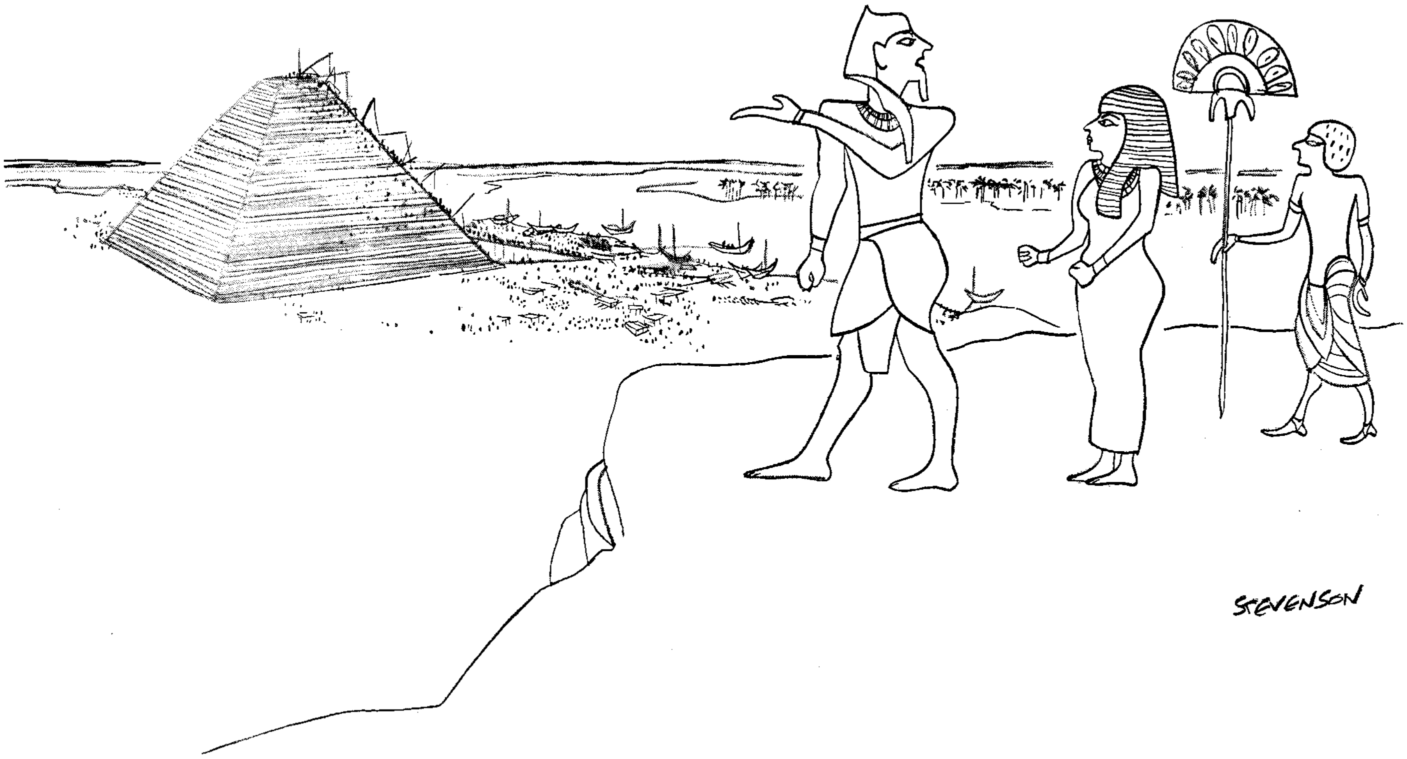
"In America," she said, "you can get good maps at gas stations, free."

"Here you have to pay for anything decent," he said. "Well, we'll find out in Grenoble," he added, slapping the map down on the floor of the car.

Going down the mountain, they had a flat tire. He found that the rim of the wheel had cracked, as in Dieppe. Metal fatigue, he thought, and proceeded to change it. In Grenoble, he stopped at the first Fiat-Simca garage they came to, and they bought another new wheel. This left them with only about twenty dollars between them. He asked the mechanic who fixed the tire about the way, and the mechanic replied that if they were going to Italy they might as well cross the main chain of the Alps to Piedmont as drive to Nice. "To go to Nice," the mechanic said, "you have to go over the Alps, too, and that way they are higher."

"Oh," he said, and looked at her.

"Yes," the mechanic continued, "and with this car, I'm afraid . . ." He didn't finish his sentence, but just gave a second-hand deal-



"But, dear, I thought you wanted it shaped like a pyramid."

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er's disparaging kick to the bumper.

"Perhaps we could put the car on a train," he said. "Is there a railroad tunnel through this part of the Alps?"

"There's the Fréjus," the mechanic said. "But it's a long way from here—at Modane. If you want to avoid the Alps, you have to go back to the Rhone."

"We'd better," she said.

"I don't feel like driving back to the Rhone," he said. "I'm tired." Suddenly, all trace of weariness went out of his voice. "Let's go over the Alps."

"I knew you'd say that," she said. "I knew all along that what you really wanted was to cross the Alps!"

"Yes, let's cross them," he said. The thought made him feel buoyant. He saw the fringe of peaks, the many summits, fantastically white; he was almost level with them. "Let's!" he said. "The map didn't show them, and I thought we could drive to Nice and stay clear of them, but now—"

"That map!" she said. "Why don't you buy a good one?"

"There's not much use buying one now; the mistake's been made. Look, there's one," he said, pointing at a wall map in the office of the garage.

They both went over and looked at it. Grenoble was in a narrow valley. Its river, the Isère, flowed deviously southwest toward the Rhone, and the only mountain around that was a reasonably light shade of brown was the one they had come over. All the others were a disquieting dark brown. Here and there, whitish-blue streaks denoted glaciers.

He took her hand. "Let's go straight to Italy, over the Alps," he said.

"No," she said. "It's mad at this time of the year, in that car."

"Our back tires are good. We could get chains . . ."

He asked the mechanic how much chains cost, but found the price was more than they could afford.

They left the garage and called at the municipal tourist bureau to inquire about road and weather conditions.

"The Alpine passes are open," the clerk said. "Naturally, conditions may change from hour to hour."

"Let's go," he said enthusiastically.

"You've never driven over the Alps, have you?" she asked him.

"No, never," he said, as though that were a good reason for doing so now.

"I don't think we should go."

"We practically have to. It's the quickest and cheapest way, and we don't have much money left, or much time."

"I don't have to."

"No, you don't. But I feel as if I have to cross them if it's the last thing I do—I feel sort of committed to cross them."

"Oh, all right," she said with a sigh. "I'll go with you."

It was rather late, and they decided to spend the night in Grenoble. They drove about the darkening town, along old, sombre streets and dim alleys that sometimes led to squares and sometimes had desolate endings one wanted to get quickly away from. Every once in a while, they would come to the river, like a wider street.

IN the morning, they checked at the tourist office again.

"The passes are still open," the clerk said.

He rubbed his hands together with satisfaction. "At eight o'clock tonight we'll be in Turin and dine at the Cambio," he said, "near the table they still keep set for Cavour."

They hurried out of the office. On the sidewalk, she paused. First she looked at him, and then at the car.

"You don't have much confidence in it, do you?" he said.

"Yes, I do," she replied, and got in.

It was cloudy but not very cold as they left Grenoble and followed the course of the river Romanche toward the heart of the Alps. Very gradually the valley narrowed to a gully. Soon they met the first snow. At first it was just on the sides of the road, but later, as they continued to climb, it stole more and more of the surface, until soon there was only left a wavy, bare strip in the middle. Then this, too, disappeared and the road was all white.

"We haven't met a car for quite a

long while," she said. "Do you think the pass is open?"

"Well, there are still tracks," he replied, "and it isn't snowing."

They passed a cluster of abandoned, doorless, shutterless houses. "Open but not inviting," he said.

Below them, from time to time, they could hear the rushing of water. Notices posted along the road warned against walking down to the river or along its banks, as sudden floods took place when water was let out from a hydroelectric plant farther up. They came to the plant, a dam, and a reservoir. Higher up, the fir trees, which below had been thick and healthy, became more and more stunted. Soon there were no more trees, or bushes, or any form of vegetation that showed above the snow. The mountain looked bleak above and below. A few hundred yards away, it blended imperceptibly with the sky. They couldn't see farther, in any direction. Rare flakes of snow hit the windshield. The road was now a channel of hard-packed snow that zigzagged up the white slope. On either side were mounds of cleared snow, where the plow had gone through, but they were not conspicuous in all the whiteness, and it would have been difficult to keep to the road if some red dye hadn't been thrown here and there to mark its borders. The dye tinged the snow and kept them on the right path, but it was worrisome to be reminded that there was need for such a measure, especially since the flakes, which were falling faster now, threatened to cover it. Already it was hard to tell whether there were any recent tire tracks on the snow. They went up in first gear, at all the speed he could get from the worn, little motor, the arrow of the speedometer oscillating between five and fifteen miles an hour. From time to time, whenever the tires lost their traction, the arrow would dip and strike zero, the car would almost stop, the tires would whine, and they would look at each other, then breathe with relief as the spinning ceased and the car moved forward again. On one side—the left or the right, depending on the zigzag—there was the steep, white slope that seemed to have no top; on the other, the steep, white slope that seemed to have no bottom. The snow that had been cleared off the outer side of the road had been dumped or had fallen down the incline, and there was no mound to protect them from skidding over the edge. He steered to keep close to the inner side of the mountain. They came to a stretch where the slope below them was precipitous.

TELEPHONE POLES

They have been with us a long time.
They will outlast the elms.
Our eyes, like the eyes of a savage sieving the trees
In his search for game,
Run through them. They blend along small-town streets
Like a race of giants that have faded into mere mythology.
Our eyes, washed clean of belief,
Lift incredulous to their fearsome crowns of bolts, trusses, struts, nuts, insulators, and such
Barnacles as compose
These weathered encrustations of electrical debris—
Each a Gorgon's head, which, seized right,
Could stun us to stone.

Yet they are ours. We made them.
See here, where the cleats of linemen
Have roughened a second bark
Onto the bald trunk. And these spikes
Have been driven sideways at intervals handy for human legs.
The Nature of our construction is in every way
A better fit than the Nature it displaces.
What other tree can you climb where the birds' twitter,
Unscrambled, is English? True, their thin shade is negligible,
But then again there is not that tragic autumnal
Casting-off of leaves to outface annually.
These giants are more constant than evergreens
By being never green.

—John Updike

• •

"If we go over," he said, "they'll find us next summer."

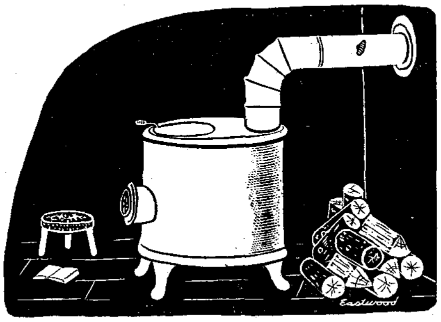
She refused to look.

They followed the red marks and were grateful for them. Without skidding or stalling, the car continued up. He wanted to say something about it, praise it, tell her what a good car it was, but he was superstitious enough not to do so. They just went on and on, up and up, zigzag after zigzag, until at last they reached the top.

"Col du Lautaret," a sign read, and gave the height. It was nearly seven thousand feet.

They started descending. "Briançon is only a few miles away," he said. "We'll be in Italy soon."

If he put the brake on, the car skidded, so he cautiously drove down in low gear. They came to a plateau, a stream, and then to the small town of Briançon. There they stopped at a gasoline station, near a café.



"How far is the Italian border?" he asked the man at the pump.

"Five miles, but I don't think the pass is open."

"What pass?"

"The Pass of the Montgenèvre."

"You mean to say there's another pass? I thought we had done all the climbing."

The man laughed. "No," he said. "You have only done half of it. There it is—the Montgenèvre," and he pointed east.

Faintly, one could see the wooded base of a mountain.

"And you say the pass is closed?"

"Yes, I think so."

Two men, in different cars, stopped at the gasoline station. One said the pass was open; the other said it was not. Both were vague.

He looked at her.

"I am not going over another pass," she said. "One is enough."

"Is there a train to Italy from here?" he asked the man at the pump.

"No. The train goes to Gap."

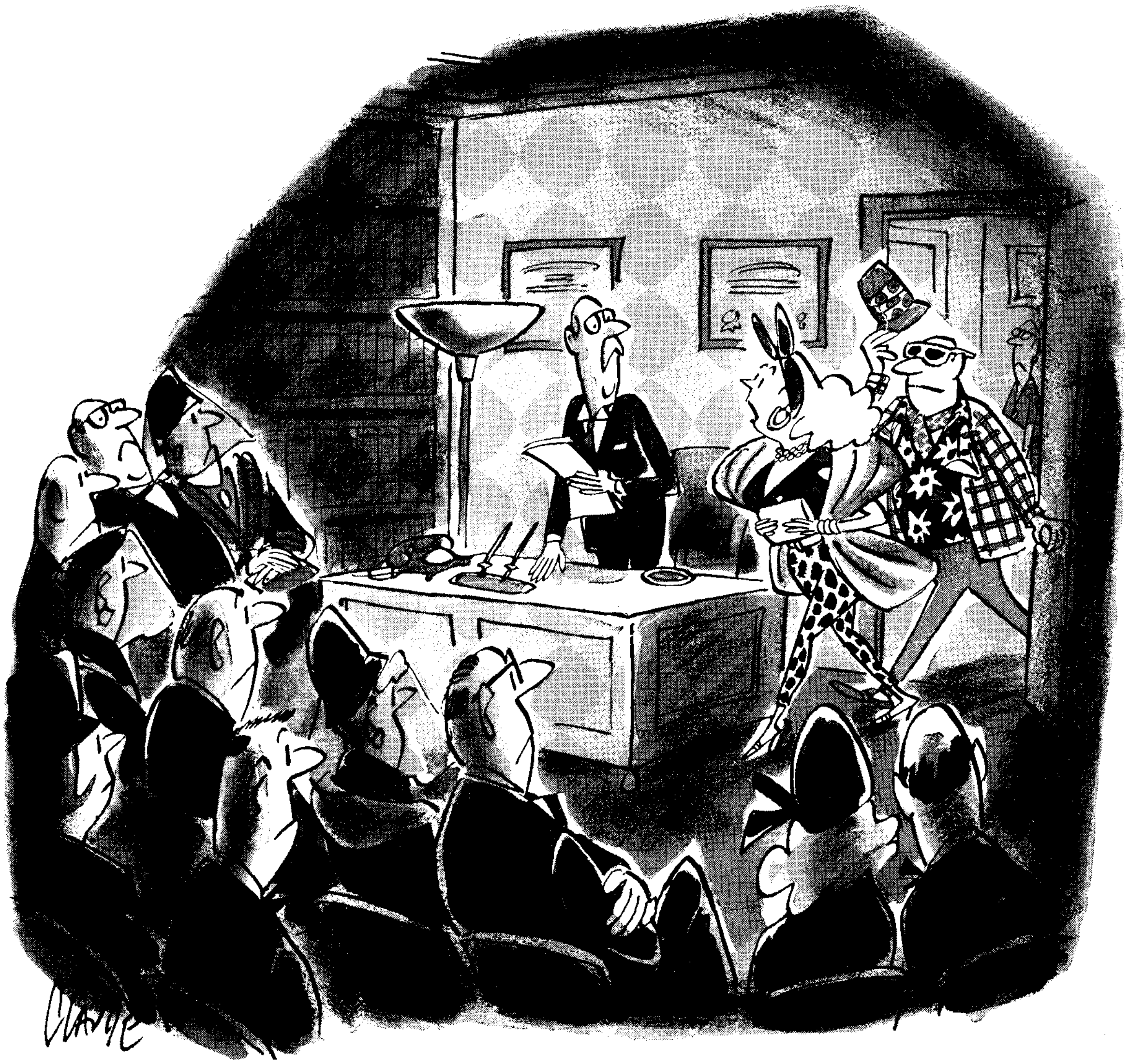
"Gap," he said. "That's way back inside France. It's no good taking a train."

"Yes," she said.

"I am going on."

"*I* am not."

"Oh, come with me," he said. "We've gone so far together, and now



"We flew up as fast as we could."

there's only this little stretch of five miles."

"No."

"Well, I'll go alone," he said, and looked east, at the mountain.

She stood, ready to leave, her mind divided; then at last she said, "I'll go with you."

THEY had a cup of coffee and hurried on. "We must reach the top before the temperature falls," he said, "or we'll never make it. It's almost three o'clock."

The Montgenèvre was easy compared to the Col du Lautaret. It wasn't bleak and desolate. There were trees all the way, and he had the feeling that if the car should skid off the road, the trees would hold them.

"This road's a cinch," he said.

"Oh," she said, disapproving. She didn't like to hear him use American slang.

Near the top, icicles bigger than he had ever seen hung from a rock. They had blue reflections.

"I didn't think blue ice really existed," she said, looking pleased.

At the top, on another rock, a huge inscription said that Napoleon had taken this route to invade Italy and Austria in 1796. For a moment, he could almost see the army trailing its cannon, Napoleon ready to swoop.

They crossed into Italy halfway down the mountain, at a place called Claviere, and found themselves in the midst of parked cars, buses, and people in ski clothes. There was a bakery and coffee shop. He parked the car and they went in and had a tangerine punch. The place was run by a Neapolitan couple. In a husky voice, the husband complained to them about the confinement and heights to which necessity had brought him. Yet the café seemed to be doing very well.

With cars in front and behind them, they descended the Montgenèvre. Night fell as they reached the foot. They crossed a river. And still there was another mountain, but it was low—no higher than the one they had gone over before Grenoble. At last they reached the plain. She was tired, and they drove in silence toward Turin. From time to time he looked at her and wondered if she were sleeping.

"Are you awake, Chestnut?" he said.

She stirred and looked at him.

He glanced at her, then resumed looking at the road in front of him, flat and smooth.

"What?" she said.

"I just wanted to know if you were sleeping."

"Oh," she murmured and sat back, bundling herself up in her blanket.

He looked at her again. It was good to have her beside him. He thought of the first time he saw her in his office; he thought of the way she had surprised him, coming back from America; of her journeys from Bologna to Rome; of her sitting beside him wrapped up in a blanket in the small seat of the shaky, cold car each day of this long journey; of her going with him into hotels that she would never have gone into alone; of her weathering his moods, his complaints, his impatience; of her agreeing to go over the Alps. "Chestnut," he couldn't help saying again.

"Yes?" she said, peeking out of her blanket.

"No, nothing; I'm sorry," he said.

By eight o'clock they were in Turin, at the Cambio, sitting near the table set for Cavour.

NOT long after this trip, they were married.

"Who went over the Alps with me?" he would say to her sometimes.

"I did," she would reply.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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We specialize exclusively in protection of property against Wood-Destroying Insects, using dependable TERMITES and other engineering methods. We are not simple exterminators. —*Adv. in the Millburn & Short Hills (N.J.) Item.*

You certainly don't *sound* simple.

THE WEEPING CHILDREN

Joe Saunders and his wife, Brigid, had been married a year and were living in a development about twenty miles outside London when they had their first baby, a little girl they called Nance, after Brigid's mother. Brigid was Irish, and Joe, who was a Cockney, had always had a feeling that there was some affinity between the Irish and himself. She was a Catholic, and though he had never been able to believe in anything himself, he liked it in her and encouraged her to put up holy pictures and statues about the house. He even went to Mass with her occasionally, but she said mockingly that he put her off her prayers by his airs of devotion. She made him laugh, and he liked to be made to laugh, because he had a natural gravity that turned easily to melancholy and even to tears. She had good breeding as well, and Joe liked that, too, though she sometimes upset him by the way she unconsciously patronized his mother and sisters. She had kept her youthful gaiety and her delight in flirting in the most abandoned way with any man who fancied her. It amused Joe, because for all her charm he knew the innocent, chaste streak in her, and realized that the wide boys had very little chance with her.

After Nance's birth Joe felt that life had done him well. There were times when he saw everything with a sort of double vision, as though he were not only doing whatever he was at the moment—like pushing the pram round the development, or creeping into the back room at night to make sure the baby was covered—but was observing himself do it. And the conjunction of the two visions gave the experience an intense stereoscopic quality. He was sure this must be what they meant by happiness.

But he realized that it was different for Brigid. Though she could forget herself and play with the baby like a little girl with a doll, she was often gloomy, tearful, and irritable. This wasn't like her. Joe's great friend, Jerry Cross, called it something like post-partum psychosis, and though Joe had no great faith in the long names Jerry loved to tag on to things, he took Brigid for a week to Brighton. This did her good but the effect didn't last. Joe thought he knew how she felt—a wild girl with a vivacious temperament, who loved outings and parties, trapped by a morsel of humanity that took everything and gave nothing. He was attentive to the point of officiousness, seeing that she went to the cinema and visited friends and had them to the house. But even to old friends she had changed, and she took a positive dislike to Jerry Cross. Jerry was the only man who came to the house who was always circumspect with her, and now she chose to interpret this as resentment. With a sort of schoolgirl pertness that drove Joe to despair she jeered Cross on his overheated bachelor flat, his expensive gramophone and collection of records, and his liquor cabinet that always seemed to contain some new exotic drink, which Jerry plied them with in his effusive, enthusiastic way, rubbing his hands and saying modestly, "It isn't bad, is it? I mean, it really isn't bad." Twice, to protect Cross, Joe had had to reprove her, and though he did it gently, it cut him to the heart to have to do it at all.

"Why in God's name can't you be nice to Jerry?" he asked when they were going home. "He hasn't so many friends."

"He has none at all, if you ask me," Brigid replied coolly. "He's too bloody selfish to afford them."

"Selfish?" Joe exclaimed, stopping dead. "Haven't I told you how when I was going bust he waited till I was out of the room to put a check for two hundred quid on the mantelpiece?"

"You told me often enough," Brigid said contemptuously. "Damn well he knew you wouldn't take it!"

"He knew more than I did," said Joe, resuming his walk. "Anyway, it's not the money that mattered. It was Jerry's confidence in me. It gave me confidence in myself. I tell you, girl, there's things between men you'll never understand, not till the day you die."

But reasoning had no effect on Brigid except perhaps to give her fresh grounds for spite. One evening at Joe's house, Cross was boasting innocently about some shady deal he had refused to be connected with, and Brigid with an air of mock admiration drew him out skillfully. It was one of Cross's little weaknesses that he liked to think himself a really shrewd businessman.

"You always play it safe, Jerry, don't you?" she asked at last.

"What's that, Brigid?" Cross asked eagerly, too surprised to be aware of her malice.

"Brigid!" Joe said warningly.

"Anyone that had anything to do with you would want to watch out," she said.

Cross got up and clutched the lapels of his coat as though he were going to make a speech. It suddenly struck Joe that he was a little man who lived in the expectation of having to make speeches—unpleasant ones.

"I can assure you, Brigid," Cross said overloudly, "that nobody who had anything to do with me ever had to watch out, as you put it. I do play it safe, though. You're right there. I do. And for the future I'll play it safe by not calling here, the way I've been doing."

Then he made for the door, and Joe, holding his coat for him, realized that he was shivering. He opened the door, put his hand round Cross's shoulder, and walked down to the gate with him. The estate road went uphill to the bus stop on the tree-shaded suburban road, and the two men went together like that till they reached it. Then Joe took Cross's hand in his own two.

"Try to forget it, Jerry," he said in a low voice. "You know she doesn't mean what she says. The girl is sick in her mind."

"She is, Joe, she is, she is," Cross said eagerly. "I thought it from the first, but now I'm sure."

It was only when he had waved goodbye to Cross from the pavement that Joe gave way to tears. He walked slowly up and down the ill-lit suburban road till the fit had passed. As he entered the house, Brigid was waiting for him in the sitting room, exactly as she was when he left.

"Come in, Joe," she said quietly. "We have to talk."

"I'm sorry, Brigid, but I don't want to talk," he said, feeling sure that if he did he would weep again.

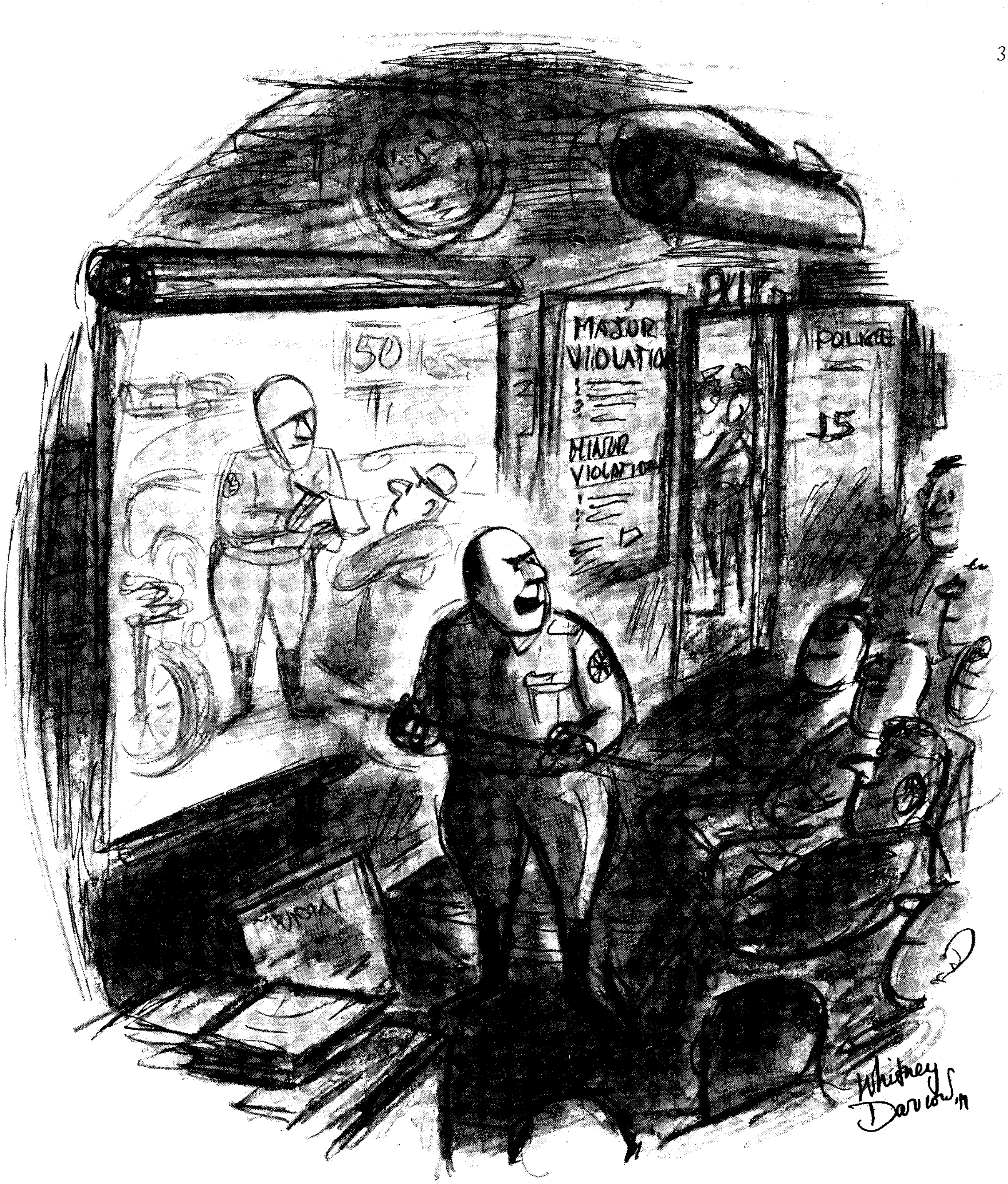
"I do," she said in a flat tone. "It may be the last chance we'll get. I'm going to clear out."

"What's that?"

"I have to clear out," she said, and he knew that she meant it.

"Clear out, dear?" he asked mildly, taking a seat inside the door and joining his hands before him. It was at moments like this that all the wise passivity in Joe came to the top. He knew you had to give in to things. "Why?" he asked.

"I don't want to ruin your life the way I ruined my own," she said.



"At this point, men, if you can't think of anything unpleasant to say, don't say anything."

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"Well, I've got something to say to that," he said. "So has the baby, of course. Or were you planning to take Nance with you?"

"I wasn't," she said with artificial casualness. "I daresay your mother can look after her."

"I daresay. But I don't suppose that's what any of us wants."

"At least your mother won't insult your friends," Brigid said bitterly. He knew then that she had no illusions about her behavior to Cross, and his heart softened.

"You mean more to me than any of my friends, dear," he said steadily. "Even Jerry—and Heaven knows he means quite a lot. What is it, Brigid? Why don't you trust me? Is it another man?"

For a moment Joe thought she was going to strike him. Then she gave a weak grin. "Ah, for God's sake don't be a bloody fool!" she said in the brisk, good-humored tone that was most characteristic of her. "Sure I never looked at the side of the road a man walked on since I married you."

There was no mistaking the truthfulness of that, and again he felt a sense of relief, and with it the old tenderness and admiration.

"Naturally that was what I'd hoped,

dear," he said evenly. "And I don't see that anything else matters."

"Not even the ones I met before I did marry you?" she asked mockingly.

"I see," he said after a moment. "You mean there was someone else?"

"I do," she replied. And then, as though reading his thoughts, she reverted to her tone of exasperated amusement. "And, for God's sake, if you think he's waiting for me this minute in London and that I'm crazy to get back to him, forget it, boy! I hope to God I never lay my eyes on him again—and I wish I could say the same about his daughter."

"His daughter?" Joe repeated stupidly. "You mean you had a child already?"

"What do you think brought me over to London in the first place?"

"I don't know," Joe said with simple dignity. "I just thought you might have been telling me the truth when you said you came over to get a job. I suppose you're right to think I'm a bit simple-minded."

"I never thought you were simple-minded," she replied furiously. "I thought you were too bloody good to be true, if you want to know what I thought."

"How old is this child?"

"She's two."

"And you have her here?"

"No. At home, outside Cork. I suppose I wanted her as far away as possible. And, as I'm about it, there's another thing. I pinched some of the housekeeping money to support her. After I left the job I had nothing of my own."

"You could scarcely have left the child to starve," he said. "That doesn't count beside the other things."

"What other things?"

"All the lies you've told me," he said sternly. "Look, Brigid, it's no use pretending I'm not hurt. Not by what you've just told me. That was your business. But you might have told me that before you married me."

"So that you needn't have married me?" she asked.

"I mean nothing of the sort," said Joe. "I mean you might have trusted me. As I trusted you."

"As if the two things were alike!" she retorted. "I told you I thought you were too good to be true. You weren't. But for a girl to get to know you that way she has to marry you, and to marry you she has to tell lies. At least, that's what I thought then. And a hell of a lot of good it did me!"

Joe sighed. "Anyway," he said, "we have to think what we're going to do about this kid, and that's something that can't be decided tonight."

"There's only one thing to do, Joe," she said. "I'll have to go back to London and get a job."

"No," he said. "We don't have to break up this house. At the worst, we can still bring her to live with us."

"But I don't want to bring her to live with us. Can't you understand? It was all a miserable bloody mistake, and I don't want to have to live with it for the rest of my life. It's just that I feel such a bitch, having every damn thing in the world I want while she has nothing."

"I see that," Joe said gently. "We'll have to think of something, that's all."

HE thought about it a lot that night, but less of what they were to do with Brigid's child than of the disaster that had overtaken his beautiful world. Again he could see himself acting, doing whatever he finally decided was necessary, but beyond that he could see it all as though it were happening to someone in a book or a movie, only this time it wasn't happiness but grief. Yet when Brigid waked him, bringing him a cup of tea in bed, it seemed to have taken nothing out of her. Unburdening herself of the secret seemed to have given her back all her native liveliness.

When he got home that evening, he was astonished to see Cross waiting for him in the front room, and he knew from Cross's manner that, however she had managed it, Brigid had made her peace with him. At any other time this would have made him happy, but now it didn't seem to matter. As he saw Cross off, Cross said urgently, "You won't think I'm interfering, Joe, but Brigid came to the office and told me about your little trouble. I only want to say how sorry I am."

Joe was amused at Cross's delicacy, and touched that Brigid, for all her fierce pride, had humiliated herself so abjectly before him, but that no longer seemed to matter, either. "I know, Jerry, I know," he said, squeezing his friend's arm, but Cross was full of the subject.

"It's going to be terrible, however you arrange things," he said, "and I only want you to know that if there's anything I can do I'll be delighted. Delighted! Because I have a great admiration for Brigid, Joe. You know that."

Joe realized that by ways that could have been no great pleasure to her Brigid had at last managed to pierce Cross's defenses. Being

AMERICAN HERITAGE
P Barlow

Cross, he was doing more than intercede; he was hiding the check on the mantelpiece.

After supper Joe said to Brigid, "I've been thinking this thing over, dear, and I can see only one way out of it. We have to bring the child here."

"I've been thinking it over, too," she said hastily, "and I don't see the necessity for that at all. To tell you the truth, I think 'twould be impossible."

Joe could see what she was thinking. Now that the burden of the secrecy had been lifted, she had fled to the opposite extreme of self-confidence. Only a wild outburst of self-confidence could have given her the courage to go to Cross's office like that. But with self-confidence she had regained all her old personality, and was planning how much she could retrieve from the wreck and how she could avoid humiliating herself before the neighbors and Joe's decent working-class family.

"Not impossible," he said. "Difficult, I grant you. We've made a good many friends on the development and it's going to take some explaining. But others have had to do that and worse."

"It's easier for a man than for a woman," Brigid said ruefully.

"It's not easy for anybody, but it doesn't count compared with a child's life."

"And there's your mother," she said.

"Exactly. There's Mother, and there's Barbara and Coralie, and we know what they'll say. And that's not the worst. We may get the kid too late for her to be able to fit in. But at least it will be easier now than it would be in ten or fifteen years' time."

"I don't know, Joe," Brigid said earnestly. "I cracked up on you because I was trying to handle the whole thing on my own. I won't do that on you again, and I think there are a lot of things I can do without making the pair of us miserable."

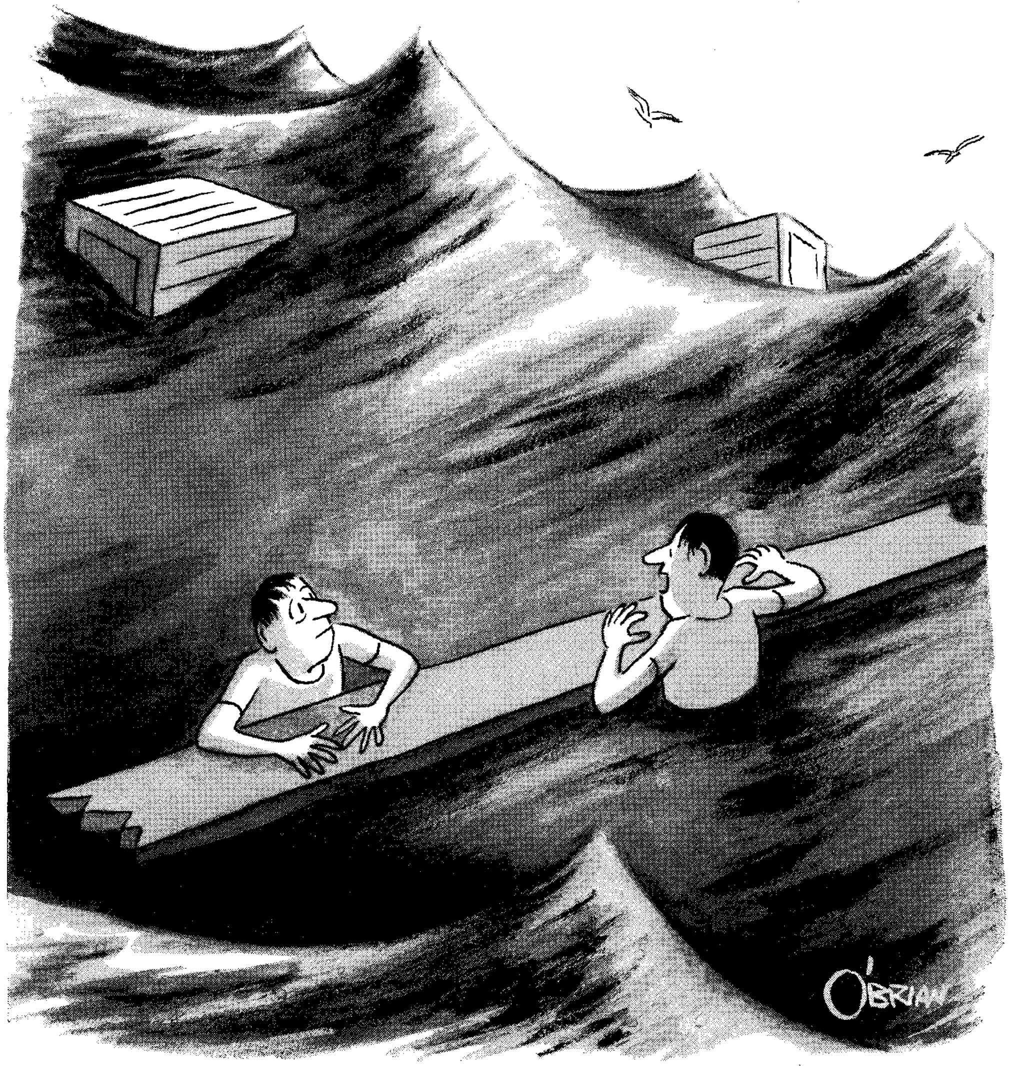
"Such as?"

"Well, it was really Jerry who suggested it—getting her over here to someplace where I can keep an eye on her; maybe taking her away on holidays with Nance and seeing that she goes to a decent school when she's old enough."

"And I suppose Jerry offered to help?"

"He did," she said slowly. "He's damn decent."

"He is, but he's wrong," said Joe. Like many gentle souls he had a streak of iron in him, and when he made up his mind about something he could be very obstinate. "Jerry is a bachelor. He doesn't know what he's talking about.



"No, let me explain. If this thing had been thrown overboard, it would be jetsam. But the way it happened, it's flotsam."

• •

You can cut off a man or a woman as a loss and feel that maybe they'll keep afloat, but you can't do that to a child. A child is too helpless. And this time it isn't only you who have to live with the consequences. If anything happened to that child, you and I would both be murderers."

A FORTNIGHT later as they were flying in over Dublin from the sea, Joe asked, "Feeling frightened?" and Brigid said, "Wouldn't you be?" He squeezed her hand. When they travelled into the city on the tall, bumpy, swaying bus, she kept silent, and when they reached their hotel room she broke down.

"Look, Joe, I can't face it," she said.

"Now, Brigid, you've done things a great deal more difficult than this," he said comfortingly.

"I haven't, Joe," she said. "You don't understand. I can't go down to Cork tomorrow and meet people I used to know and start inventing explanations for coming back."

"You don't have to invent explanations. You're just there with your husband on a holiday. What's wrong with that?"

"And carry a two-year-old baby

through the town in my arms!" she said bitterly. "I tell you, Joe, I don't care what happens to her, I'm not going down."

"Do you think they're going to come after you with knives?"

"There are worse things than knives."

"Like what?"

She didn't answer.

"Very well, dear," he said. "I'll go. I daresay your family can direct me."

"I suppose they can," she said doubtfully. "But if you have any consideration for them you'll keep as far away from them as you can."

He knew it was unsafe to argue with her. She was too close to hysteria.

"Very well," he said. "If you say so, I will."

The trip on the train to Cork was pleasant, and his only regret was that he hadn't Brigid with him to tell him about the places of interest he passed. It seemed like the waste of a good excursion. The city itself looked pleasant enough, too, and he had a good view of the river from his bedroom window. Downstairs, he talked to the hotel manager, who was big-boned, deep-voiced, and amiable, and who seemed to throw himself into the business of getting Joe to his destination as though he had no other aim in life. He heaved himself across the desk, looking at a map and studying a timetable, bellowed softly to members of the staff who might help, and even called to casual passersby. This rather scared Joe, because he didn't want his business made public at once. It would be time enough for explanations when he returned with a child. But the last ten miles of his journey seemed to be the most difficult of all.

"It's all right, Mr. Coleman," Joe said. "I'll hire a car."

The hotel manager glanced at a clock in the hall and said in his deep voice, "You won't hire any car. I'll take an hour off after dinner and drive you."

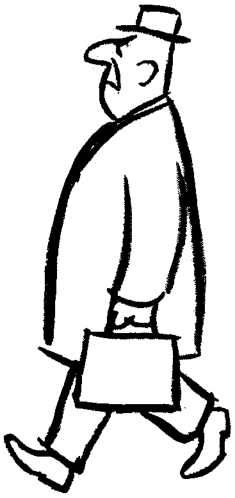
"That's very kind of you," said Joe, "but it might be better if I ordered a car. You see, it's rather a delicate matter."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be inquisitive," Coleman said.

"No, no, you're not being inquisitive," said Joe. "I haven't anything to hide, and anyhow I'd have had to tell you. Sit down for a moment and let me explain."

The two men sat in a corner of the lounge and Joe explained. The hotel manager listened with a vague smile.

"So far as I'm concerned," he said, "I can keep my mouth shut, but don't be surprised if a lot of the staff know who you are already. If they don't know it tonight, they'll know it tomorrow. This may seem a big city to you, but it doesn't seem so big to those who have to live in it. Mind you," he added with a fat chuckle, "I wouldn't let that disturb me too much, either. Will I get a cot into your room?"



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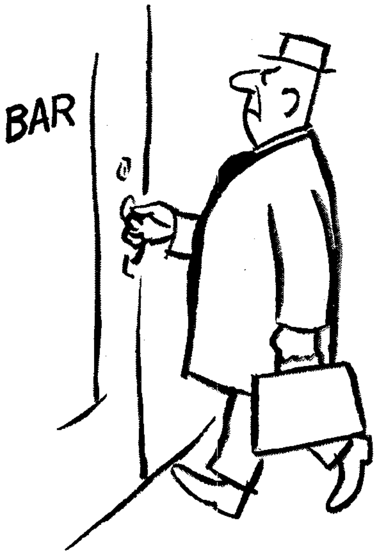

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"Not just now," said Joe. "I've tried to think this thing out. I don't feel it would be fair to the kid to bring her back tonight. Even if my wife was here it would still be a shock. I thought I'd go to this house and let the kid get to know me and then bring her back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow I have the whole morning clear," said Coleman.

"No, I didn't mean it that way," Joe protested. "I can hire a car. Damn it, having come all this way, I can afford to hire a car."

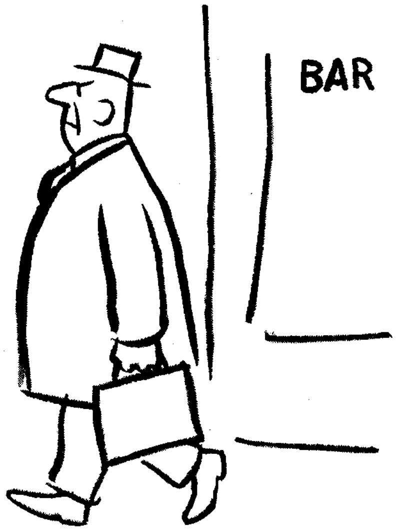
"No reason you should unless you want to," said Coleman gruffly. "I agree that you're right not to bring her tonight. I'll see you in the lounge after dinner. I'd try the roast beef, if I were you."

After dinner the two men set off down the quiet street in Coleman's old car. After a few moments Coleman spoke. "This isn't an aspect of life you get much advice on when you go into the hotel business," he said in his bluff, good-humored way. "But if you'll excuse my being personal, Mr. Saunders, you seem to me a rather unusual sort of man."

"Do I?" asked Joe in surprise. "I should have said in my circumstances most men would have felt the same."

"Felt the same I've no doubt," said Coleman. "I'm not so sure that they'd have acted the same, though. Naturally, the first thing I did when you told me your story was to ask myself what I'd have done in your place."

"Yes?" said Joe.



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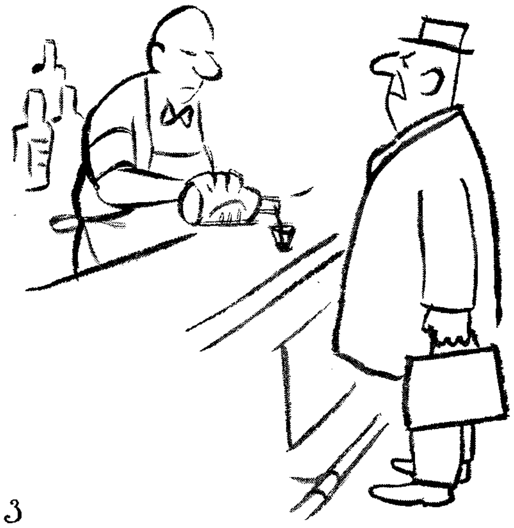
"I decided that I'd think twice about it, that's all," said Coleman.

"Don't worry, old man," Joe said with a laugh. "I did. I thought about it three or four times, as a matter of fact."

They had passed the city boundaries and were driving along a riverbank with a river walk at the other side of the water, lined with old trees. The main road led along another river, with trees down to its banks. Finally they reached a little village with a church and pub, where they went off on a byroad that wound uphill giving views of the river and harbor. They stopped to inquire their way, and drove for several miles along a deserted upland road far above the development that fringed the harbor. It was darkening, and Coleman drove slowly. There was a cottage on their right, and a small boy and girl with bare feet were playing in the roadway outside it. He stopped the car.

"I fancy this is the place we want," he said, and bellowed to the children, "Is this Mrs. Ryan's?"

"What's that, sir?" asked the little boy.



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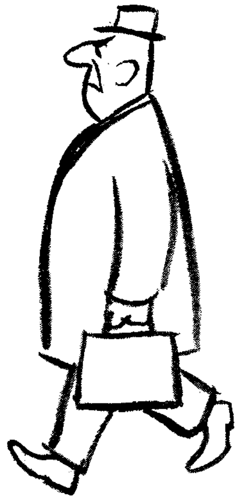

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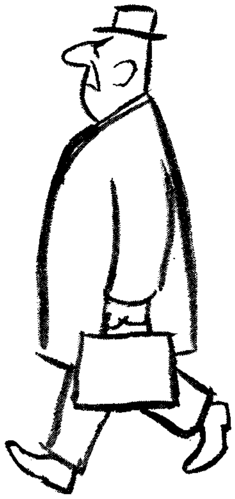

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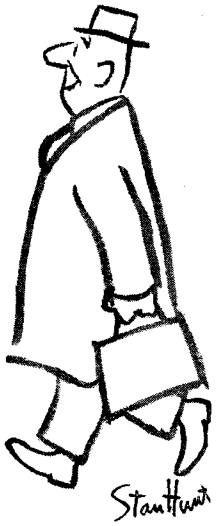

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"Mrs. Ryan's, I said."

" 'Tis, sir," said the little boy.

"And is this Marie?" Coleman asked, pointing to the little girl who accompanied him.

"No, sir," said the little boy.

"Then where *is* Marie?" Coleman asked, and suddenly a tall, rough-looking countrywoman with rosy cheeks appeared by the white gatepost. Afterward, Joe thought he would never forget that first impression of her with the white gatepost and dark fuchsia bushes, cut out against the sky.

"Is this the gentleman from England?" she called. "Marie is inside, gentlemen. Won't ye come in?"

Joe got out first and held out his hand. "I'm Joe Saunders, Brigid Healy's husband," he said. "And this is Mr. Coleman, the hotel manager. He was kind enough to give me a lift."

"I was after giving up expecting ye," she said, showing her teeth, which, like her face, were big and rough. "Come in, let ye. I'm afraid the house is in a mess, but 'tis only the children."

"Oh, you don't have to apologize, Mrs. Ryan," said Joe. "I come of a large family myself."

But even Joe's large London family had not prepared him for the little cottage, even if the shadows inside gave small opportunity for deciding whether or not it was in a mess. An open door into the bedroom suggested that the big bed hadn't been made, and the walls of the kitchen were bare except for a grocer's calendar inside the door. Sitting round the open fire were three other children, whose faces he could barely see, but it was clear enough that the little barelegged girl who toasted her feet before it was Brigid's child.

"This is Miss Healy's little girl," said Mrs. Ryan. "She's the spit of her, but ye can't see. I'll light the lamp. I suppose ye'd like a cup of tea after yeer journey?"

"No, thanks, Mrs. Ryan," said Joe. "We've only just finished dinner. Besides, we're not staying long. We thought we'd come back tomorrow for Marie, just to give you time to get her ready. . . . Hullo, Marie," he said, taking the child's hand. "I bet you don't know who I am."

"Hullo, Marie," Coleman said with casual amiability, and he, too, took the child's cold and dirty hand. She looked up at them without expression, and Joe suddenly recognized the resemblance with Brigid.

"Run out and play with Martha and Michael," Mrs. Ryan shouted. "And bring Kitty with you." Silently the two children got up and went out, closing the half door behind them. They did not act as though they were frightened but as though they saw no reason for disobeying, and for some reason this impressed Joe even more than if they had showed fear. Mrs. Ryan lit the lamp.

"Wisha, sit down, let ye," she said, pulling up two chairs and wiping the seats vaguely with her apron. "And how is Miss Healy? You'll have to forgive me. I forget her married name."

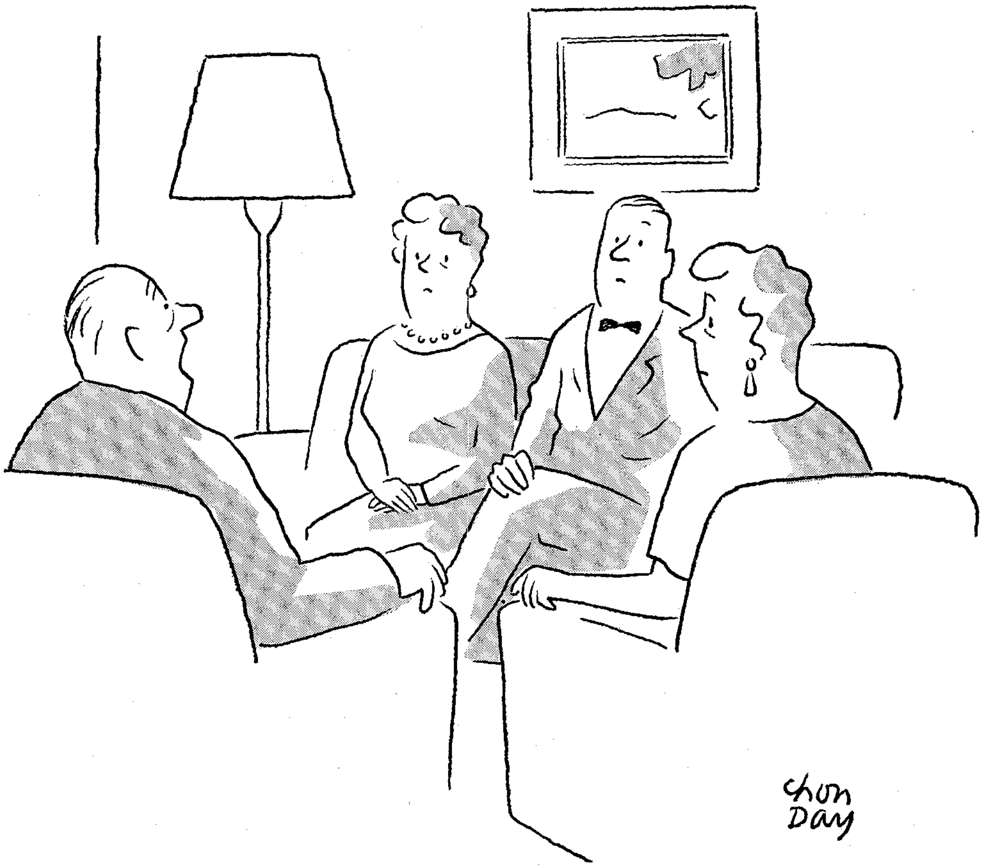
"Saunders," said Joe, sitting down and opening the little case he had brought with him. "She's fine, Mrs. Ryan. She probably told you that we have a little girl of our own now. She wasn't well when we got to Dublin or she'd have been here herself. As I say, I don't want to rush you. These are a few clothes I brought, and perhaps you can tell me if they'll fit."

He passed the frock, the overcoat, and the hat to her, and she held them to the light with a vague smile.

"Wisha, aren't they lovely?" she said. "Aha, Marie, aren't you the lucky girl? Ye're sure ye won't have tea? 'Twouldn't take me a minute to boil the kettle."

"Certain, thanks," said Joe, crossing to the half door. Again he got an image that he felt he would not forget, of the lamplight on the hedge and gatepost, where four children were crowded together, talking in whispers. "You'd better come in now," he said with a laugh. "I bet you heard every word we said. Are these all yours, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Ah, no, sir," she replied almost re-



"That reminds me of a very funny story I'm much too sleepy to tell."

• •

proachfully. "We had none of our own."

The four children came in and stood fidgeting by the dresser, two little boys and two little girls, apparently well fed if not well dressed or clean, but somehow lacking all the spontaneity of other children. Joe took out a fistful of coins and distributed them. The children took the money meekly.

"Well, Marie," he asked, stooping over the child on the stool, "how do you think you're going to like me for a daddy?"

"She's strange," Mrs. Ryan said apologetically when the child said nothing. "Most of the time she have plenty to say for herself."

"That's right," said Joe. "And in a couple of days she'll be giving me cheek as well. I know that young lady."

They sat and talked for a few minutes longer. Then Joe said good night, kissed Marie, and patted the other children on the head. On the road it was already dark, and he was glad of the headlights, which made the green banks seem theatrical.

"Well," said Coleman, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm ready for a drink."

"What I should like is to buy a few toys for the other kids," said Joe.

"Too late for that, I'm afraid," said Coleman. "The shops are shut till Monday. You might be able to pick up a few cheap toys in a sweetshop, and maybe a couple of bags of sweets. If you mean they won't have the money long, I'm inclined to agree with you."

As they entered the hotel, the tall night porter looked up from his evening paper and said, "Night, sir. Night, Mr. Saunders," and something in his manner revealed to Joe that already his business there was being discussed. The waiter who brought them their drinks in the lounge seemed to know as well, and Joe thought he approved. The waiter might even have known Brigid. She and Marie's father might have sat in this very lounge, like any of the couples who sat here now under the bright lights. It was only the other side of the picture he had been looking at that evening in a lonesome cottage on the hills.

He felt more cheerful next morning. He woke to the sound of the bells. He had never heard so many bells, or else they sounded louder in the hollow of the city. As they drove out of town they saw the well-dressed crowds on their way to Mass. In the little village there was a large group outside the church and a smaller one outside the public house. The four elder children were waiting for them in the roadway, and as the car approached, two of them rushed in to give warning. They had all been washed, and two of them wore boots. When the two men went in, Marie was sitting stiffly on a low chair by the kitchen door, as though she had been glued there to keep her from soiling her new dress, and she looked up at them blankly and pointed to her shoes. "Look! Shoes!" she said shrilly, and Joe, stooping to admire them, saw that they were too big.

He distributed the few presents he had managed to buy, shook hands with Mrs. Ryan, and carried Marie out to the car. The other children followed, and he shook hands with each in turn. Over the low wooden gate he could see the tall figure of Mrs. Ryan holding the doorpost and gazing up and down the deserted road. As the car started, he turned to wave to the little group of children. They stood in the roadway, their presents clutched in their hands, and he saw that they were all weeping quietly. It seemed to him that they weren't weeping as real children weep, with abandonment and delight, but hopelessly, as old people weep whom the world has passed by. His first thought was to shut the sight off from Marie, but he needn't have worried. She was leaning forward, trying to touch her shoes. Coleman was driving with his eyes fixed on the winding roadway across the hills, and his fat face was expressionless.

"I wonder if you saw what I did," Joe said at last, and Coleman stared at him.

"I'm in dread I'll never forget it," he said.

—Frank O'Connor

•

STOP

In grimy winter dusk
We slowed for a concrete platform;
The pillars passed more slowly;
A paper bag leapt up.

The train banged to a standstill.
Brake-steam rose and parted.
Three chipped-at blocks of ice
Sprawled on a baggage truck.

Out in that glum, cold air
The broken ice lay glintless,
But the truck was painted blue
On side, wheels, and tongue—

A purple, glowering blue
Like the phosphorus of Lethe
Or Queen Persephone's gaze
In the numb fields of the dark.

—Richard Wilbur

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A CERTAIN CONTRIBUTION

AMONG the numerous scientific problems under investigation in the laboratories of the Midwest Research Institute, at Kansas City, Missouri, in the fall of 1959 were two involving snakes. One was a study for an industrial firm of the effect on snakes of certain chemical compounds. The other had been commissioned by the New York Zoological Society, and its purpose was to develop a satisfactory method of controlling the parasitic snake mite *Ophionyssus natricis*. Both these projects were under the general direction of William B. House, principal chemist at the Institute, but the bulk of the laboratory work, which included the care and handling of some thirty snakes, was carried out by a young herpetologist named Gary K. Clarke. Most of the snakes in his charge were harmless—bull snakes, coachwhips, corn (or red rat) snakes, speckled king snakes, prairie king snakes, Eastern yellow-bellied racers. Nine, however, were venomous. This group consisted of three prairie rattlesnakes, two Southern Pacific rattlesnakes, a timber rattlesnake, a Western diamondback rattlesnake, a red diamond rattlesnake, and a copperhead. All, as required by the studies in progress, were excellent specimens of their kind, but the red diamond was in every way outstanding. It was the oldest (about ten years of age), the longest (fifty-two inches), the heaviest (nearly six pounds), and, since the species is restricted in range to the southernmost tip of California and the more desolate reaches of the upper Baja California peninsula, by far the rarest. It was also, for a rattlesnake, an uncommonly docile creature. Or so Clarke was inclined to think until the afternoon of November 4th.

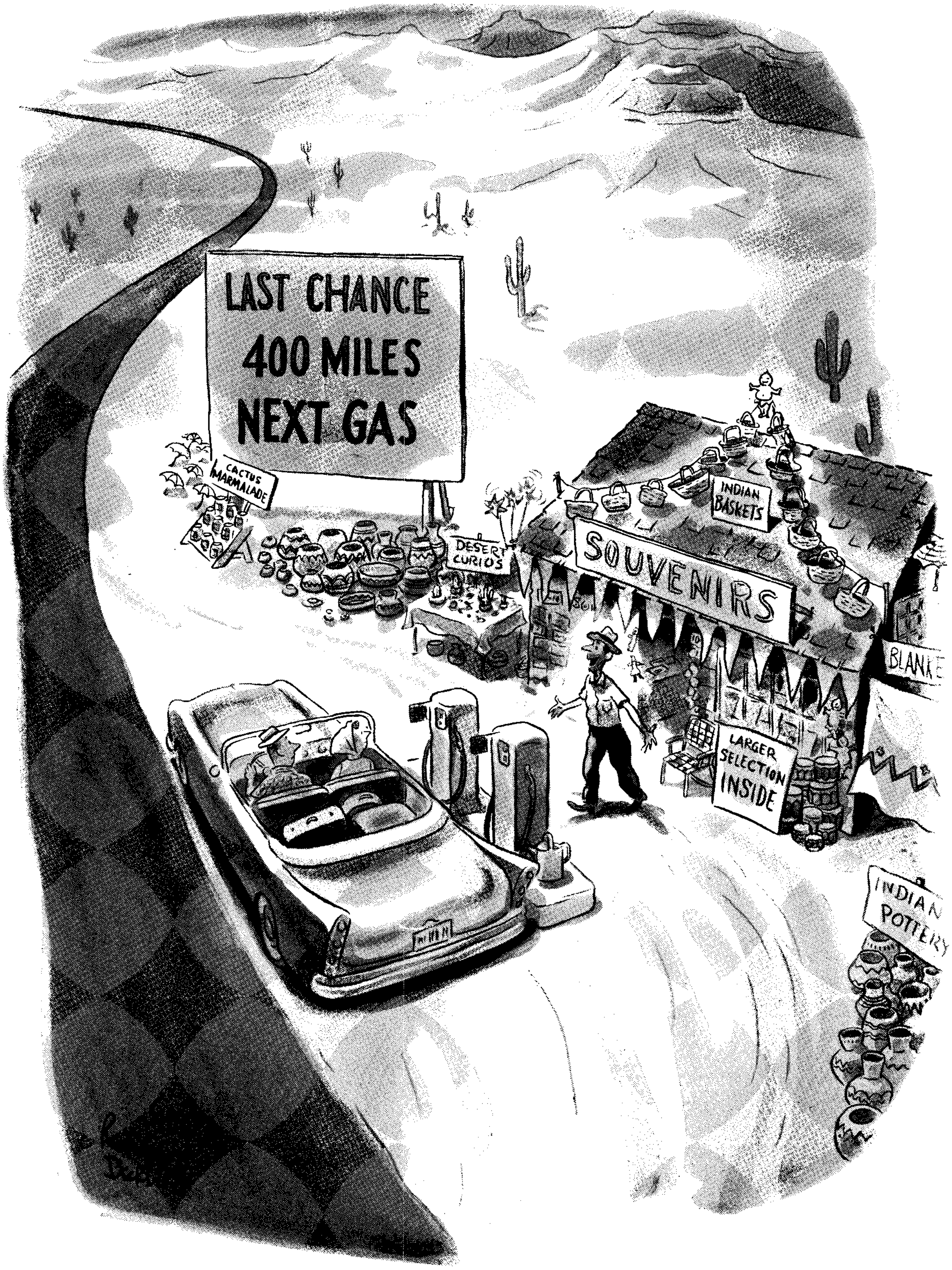
"I haven't really changed my mind," Clarke says now. "Not altogether, anyway. What happened was the product of a certain set of circumstances. I don't mean it was inevitable—one thing led to another, but only up to a point. The deciding factor was chance. However, there was a pattern. To begin with—to begin somewhere—I was alone in the laboratory that day. I have an assistant who helps with the routine, but he was at home with a cold. Ordinarily, that wouldn't have mattered much. Snakes need very little care. You only have to feed them once a week. In fact, they can go without food for a month and not be seriously harmed. They're also naturally clean and neat. But November 4th was not an ordinary day. It was a Wednesday—the first Wednesday of the month. And the first Wednesday of every month was when we weighed our snakes. That posed a problem. I like to have help on that particular job. I can do it myself, and I have—any number of times. I've been handling snakes since I was eleven or twelve. The first real pet I ever had was a seven-foot boa constrictor. Still, the weighing is a lot less trouble with someone helping out. I'm talking, of course, about venomous snakes. The others are nothing. On the other hand, I hated to put it off. I couldn't put it off too long. My regular monthly project reports were due in a couple of days, and I had to have the data on weight before I could finish them up. I finally decided, What the heck, I've done it often enough, I might as well go ahead.

"I started in right after lunch. The herpetological laboratory is in the basement of a wing of the Institute building. The entrance is through my office. A door at the rear of the office leads into a big workroom. Beyond that are two serpentariums. One of them houses non-poisonous snakes. The other is reserved for venomous species. Our snakes are separately confined in rectangular wooden cages mounted on tables set around the wall. The cages are mostly my own design. They vary in size according to need, but each has a screened ventilation porthole at the back, a hinged lid with a hasp fastener on top, and a fixed Plexiglas observation panel along the front. Those designed for venomous snakes are equipped with double padlocks, and the Plexiglas panels are three-quarters of an inch thick. That's only partly to keep the snakes from busting out. Snakes aren't lions or tigers. The main reason for those precautions is to protect the snakes from nosy people, and to prevent accidents. I don't want some janitor poking his mop handle through the glass. My plan that afternoon was to weigh the snakes in the venomous-snake room first. I was there and ready to go at one-thirty. I remember the time because I looked at my watch to estimate how long the job would take. Weighing a snake can be tricky, but the procedure is fairly simple. You lift him out of his cage. You've got a sack handy—an ordinary cotton flour sack is what we generally use—and you drop him in, tail first. You twist the sack closed, tie a knot in it, and hang it on a balance scale. His weight is the total minus that of the empty sack. Then you return him to his cage. My assistant and I had it down to a system. He opened up the cage and held the sack to receive the snake. I did the rest. We usually ran the whole job off in around an hour and a half. I couldn't hope to breeze along like that alone, but I'd still be through by four o'clock or thereabouts, and we don't close up until five. I had plenty of time.

"So I didn't hurry. I didn't want to hurry. The first snake to be weighed was the red diamond rattler. Big Red, I call him. And he's a handful to handle alone. A good many snakes—even rattlesnakes—you can pick them up with one hand. That leaves your other hand free to manipulate the sack. But not Big Red. I knew from experience I'd need both hands for him. I don't mean simply to lift him. Six pounds of snake isn't all that heavy. I mean to lift him properly, to hold him nice and steady. Otherwise, he might thrash around and maybe break his neck. That meant I had to rig the sack in advance. I have a method that works pretty well. I take a straight chair and drape the sack over the back in such a way that the neck hangs open just right. Which I did—very carefully. I got it arranged exactly to my satisfaction. Then I unlocked and opened the cage. Big Red was lying there in a resting coil with his head pillowed on his back. He looked at peace with the world. But that didn't mean I could just reach in and pick him up. You don't try that with any rattlesnake. I had to secure his head, and for that you use a snake hook. A snake hook is a long-handled tool with a crook at the end. It looks something like one of those grass whips. I took the hook in my left hand, and gently—very gently, so as not to rile him—I pushed his head off his body and onto the floor of the cage. Red hardly twitched. When I had his head in position, I pinned it there with the hook. I then went in with my right hand and grabbed him by the back of the neck. There's only one safe place—directly behind the wedge of his head. Anywhere else, he could twist around and reach me with his fangs. As a rule, in the pit-viper family—the venomous genera that include rattlesnakes, copperheads, and cottonmouths—the larger the snake, the longer his fangs. The biggest North American pit viper is the Eastern diamondback rattlesnake. According to Laurence Klauber, of the San Diego Zoo, the leading authority on rattlers, its fangs may measure more than an inch in over-all length. Big Red wasn't quite in that class. However, I will say this. His fangs were long enough to inspire my deepest respect. I made sure I had the right place. Then I got rid of the hook and brought my left hand back and caught him at mid-body and lifted him out of the cage. He squirmed a little, but nothing much—nothing at all unusual. I pointed his head well out of reach and carried him over to the chair.

"There's a trick to getting a snake into a sack. It's far harder than getting him out. We have a tool for that. When you're ready to free a snake, you simply return him—sack and all—to the cage. You take a long pair of forceps and work the neck of the sack open. Then you move the forceps down toward the bottom of the sack, and pull. It usually peels right off. You then lift it out and drop the cage lid, and you're done. Sacking a snake is a barehanded job. As I said, a snake goes into the sack tail first. It isn't hard to ease him in. The problem is how to release his head and get your hand away and close the sack—in time. You can't imagine how fast a snake can move. If you just let go, he'll be up before you even blink. But here's something else about snakes. A snake resents being held by the neck. He's helpless, and he hates it. And that's the basis of the trick you use to get him safely sacked. You jerk his head up a bit. You sort of stretch his neck. His instinct is to pull back with all his strength. The instant you feel him respond, let go. His pull does the rest. He loses his balance and tumbles to the bottom of the sack. Now's your chance. You snatch out your hand and give the sack a twist. Then you tie a quick knot in it and swing it away from your body. You want to be sure you keep it there, too. He's very apt to be riled.

"Well, that's the sacking procedure. It usually goes off like clockwork. The snake is out of the cage and into the sack and ready for weighing in very little more than a minute. Even Big Red. He's harder to handle than most of the others, but only because of his size. His disposition is the sweetest of any snake I know. I have no idea what got into him that afternoon. He wasn't upset—not at first. He just didn't seem to want to coöperate. I hoisted him over the sack and began to slide him



"Sorry, we're all out of gas. Is there anything else I can interest you in?"

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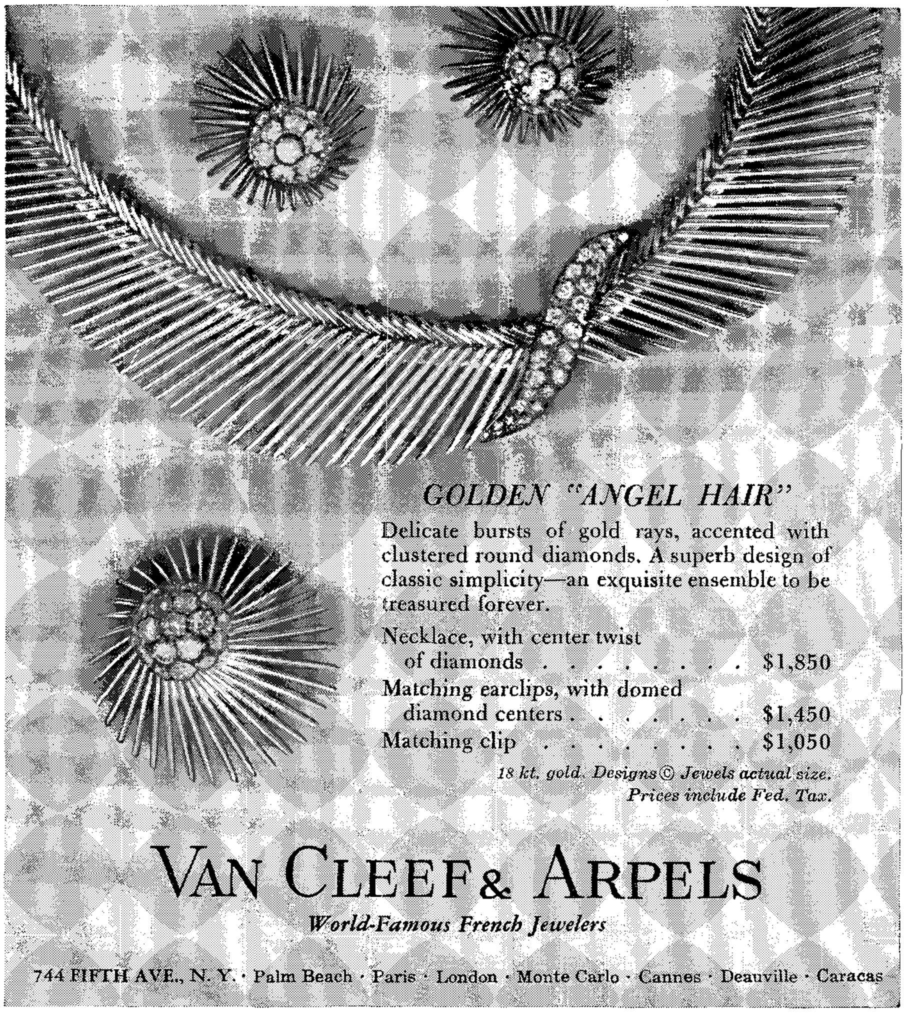
in. For a moment, everything went fine. Then, all of a sudden, he curled up his tail and swung it out of the sack. That was a bit odd, but hardly alarming. Snakes have their whims. I got him straightened out, and tried again. Same thing. He went halfway in, then doubled back and out. It was as though he were being playful. So I started all over again. With exactly the same result. I don't know how many tries I made. At least a dozen. I finally decided the reason must be the sack. I released my grip at mid-body and reached down with my left hand and widened its mouth. That meant I was holding him just by the neck. When he felt himself slump, he gave a violent wrench. I almost thought I'd lost him. But I let the sack go and grabbed him again in time. The trouble was, the damage was done. Big Red wasn't used to that kind of treatment, and he was beginning to lose his temper. And before he lost it, I wanted him safely sacked. I lifted him up and started him in once more. But this time he wouldn't go in at all. Instead, he gave it a slap with his tail, and the sack slipped off the back of the chair and fell in a heap on the floor. And now he was really mad. He opened his mouth to striking width. That's wide. When a snake wants to strike, his jaws flatten back as wide as a pair of shears. I'd never had such a ringside look at his fangs—the two big functional fangs knifing out from the upper jaw and the two smaller reserves. All four were unsheathed and fully erect.

"I've given a lot of thought to that particular moment. I know now what I should have done. I should have faced the fact that everything was going wrong. I should have hustled him right back to his cage to cool off, and moved on to one of the others. And the idea did occur to me. But then I thought, No, I'm not going to give up yet. I'll try it one more time. I knew it wouldn't be easy—not with the sack where it was now. Nevertheless, I thought I could manage. There was no question of using my hands. I needed them both to control Big Red. Pointing his head as far out of reach as I could, I knelt down on the floor and leaned across his back. I caught the edge of the sack in my teeth. I pulled it and yanked it and finally fumbled it flat. The next step was to open the mouth of the sack. I scrunched around and found it with my teeth and lifted up a corner. So far, so good. I brought Red into position and worked his tail through the mouth of the sack. Then I very carefully drew the sack up over his back. I had to be care-



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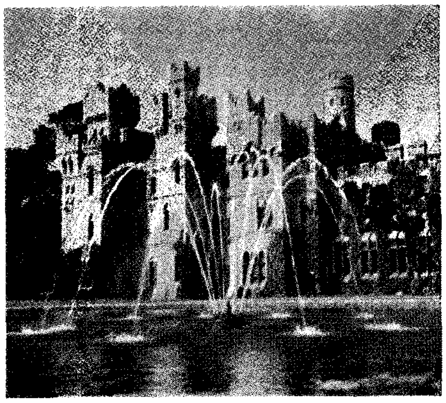
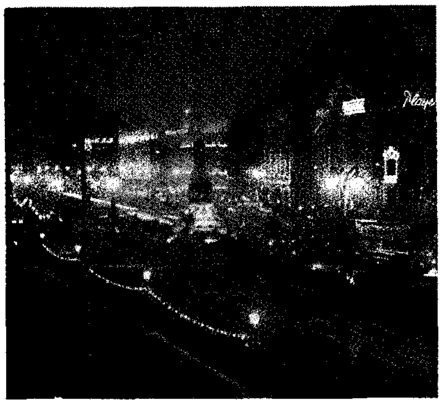
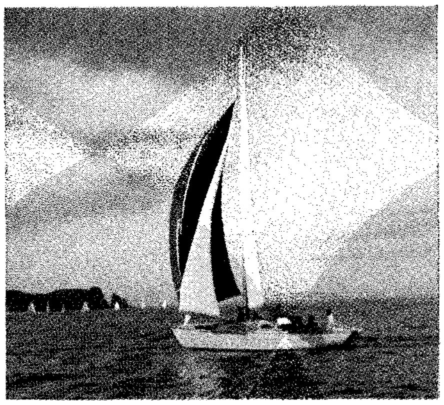


Would you like to live in baronial splendour? You can, in one of Ireland's castle hotels. We'll wager you can't guess how inexpensive it is. And what great fun!



Music, art, theatre, good food and drink and magnificent conversation with no language barriers—this is the night life of Ireland. You'll make friends quickly.



You will find superb fishing and sailing in Ireland. You'll also find uncrowded golden beaches, a thousand different lakes and mountains . . . and palm trees!

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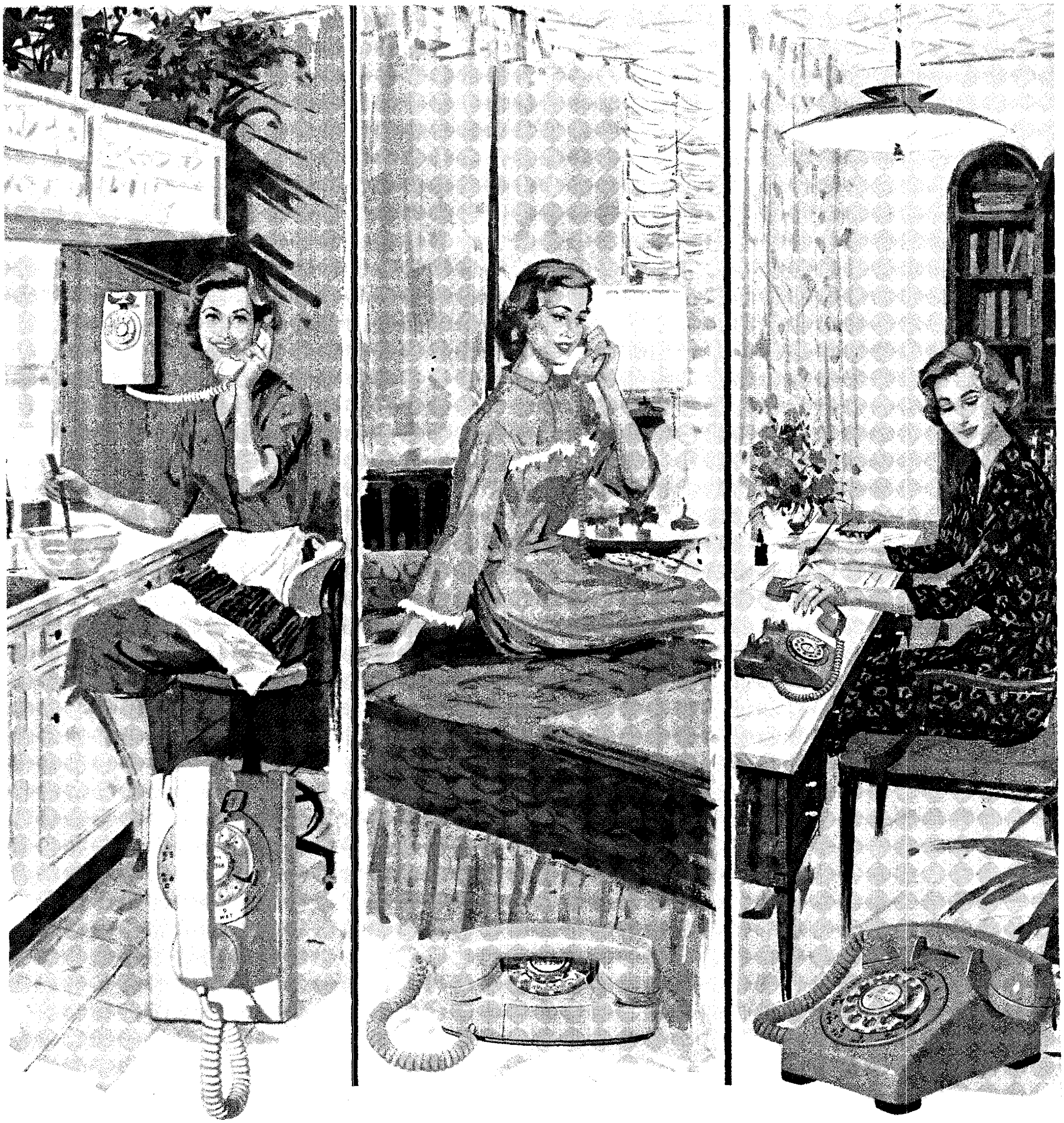
IRISH FASHION PHOTO COURTESY INGENUE MAGAZINE

The best route to Ireland is right through your Travel Agent.



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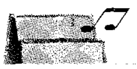
To order, just call your Bell Telephone business office, or ask your telephone man. You'll discover it doesn't cost much to enjoy home-wide telephone convenience.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



New Bell Chime. Centrally installed, it announces calls for all your phones with a delightful chime. You can also set it for a louder bell ful. He was getting madder by the minute. And stronger. I was puffing and blowing, but not old Red. His struggles didn't seem to faze him. I kept on working at the sack, and he was finally well enough in to let me get my left hand free. I changed the sack from my teeth to my hand—and gave his head that little jerk. Down he went. Out came my hand. I twisted the neck of the sack and knotted it tight with a quick half hitch and sat back on my haunches. I lifted the sack to the proper upright position. Then, holding it there on the floor about a foot in front of me, I got to my feet. I must have been off balance for an instant. Big Red thrashed out, and the sack swung up and at me. I felt a stab of pain in my left leg. His fangs were sunk in the underside of my knee.

"I didn't panic. I don't mean I wasn't frightened. I mean I wasn't anything. I was simply and completely dumfounded. It had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly. My mind just seemed to go numb. But I functioned. Some part of me did—some instinct or reflex or something. Because the next thing I knew, I had broken his grip and wrenched the sack away. It was seeing the venom that started my mind working again. There was a big yellow stain on the sack where Red's fangs had pierced it, and another on my trouser leg. There was also some on the floor—a teaspoonful, it looked like. I knew Red's venom glands had been full. He'd never been milked—never had his venom artificially extracted. And he had never been fed live food, so it hadn't been necessary for him to discharge his venom to eat. We feed our snakes freshly killed mice and rats from one of the biology labs. But even so. The amount of venom spewed around was fantastic. It didn't seem possible that I could have received very much of a dose. In fact, I almost considered going on with the weighing. Almost, but not quite. My leg was on fire—it was like somebody was carving it up with a red-hot razor blade. I decided I needed help. That was my first real thought. My second thought is a little hard to explain. It makes me sound so cool. But I had it, and it went like this. I thought, Well, if I had to be bitten, I'm glad I got it from Red. There's practically no clinical literature on bites by red diamonds—particularly, Klauber says, in which all the early symptoms are recorded. The species is too rare. So at least I've got a chance to make a certain contribution. It isn't pure disaster.

"My immediate responsibility, of

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Happy Harbingers of Spring

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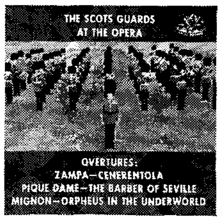
THE SCOTS GUARDS AT THE OPERA
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THE SCOTS GUARDS

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ANNA MOFFO

At her 1955 Rome Opera debut, the Italians rhapsodized, "A voice with the sweetness and brilliance of our heavens!" (*Corriere della Sera, Milan*). Since then, the beautiful soprano from Wayne, Pa. has appeared with sensational acclaim in most of the world's great opera houses. This is her second solo recital album for Angel, which introduced her to American record-collectors. Arias from *Lucia, Barber of Seville, I Puritani, La Sonnambula, Rigoletto, Traviata.* **Angel (S) 35861**

ANNA MOFFO
COLORATURA ARIAS
PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
COLIN DAVIS

CLAUDIO ARRAU plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat "The Emperor." "Probably the finest interpreter of Beethoven now before the public" (*Gramophone, Gr. Brit.*). Galliera conducts the Philharmonia. **Angel (S) 35722**

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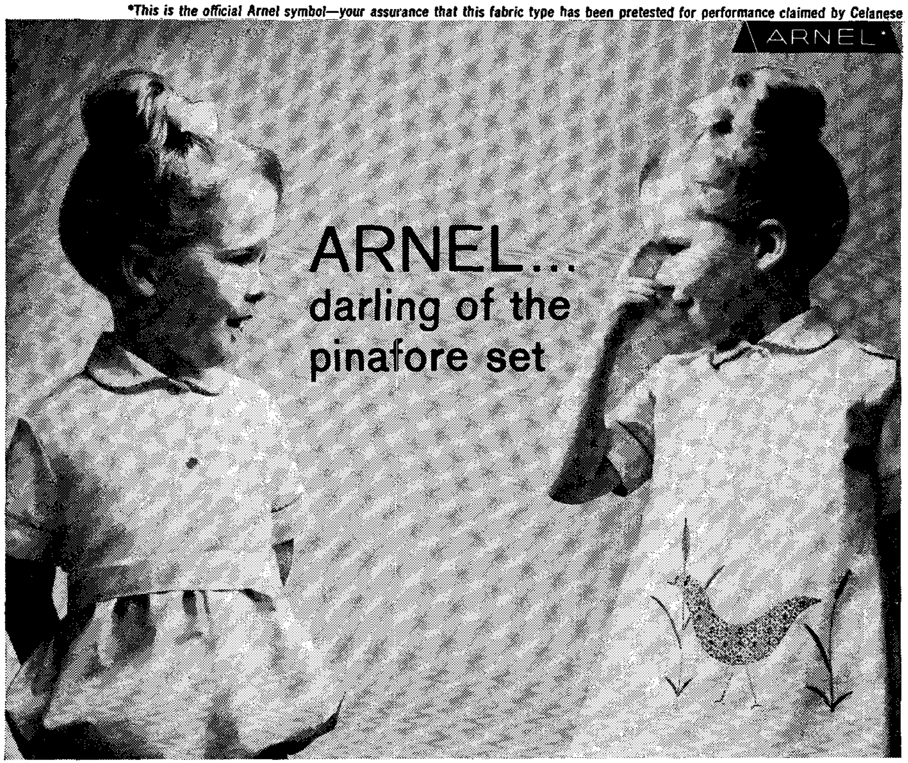

Yolande pops a pretty appliquéd pinafore over a romper suit for sizes 2 to 4. (The romper suit can be worn solo, too.) For sizes 3 to 5, the pinafore sports a blouse and attached underskirt. In completely washable Arnel triacetate and cotton broadcloth by Cort. In maize, about $11 at B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and branches; Goldwater's, Phoenix and Scottsdale; Jordan Marsh, Miami and Fort Lauderdale; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Celanese® Arnel®

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course, was Big Red. I had to get him back in his cage. On the way, I looked at my watch. It was exactly one-forty-five. We'd been struggling for fifteen minutes. That pretty well tells the story. No snake will take that amount of handling without getting good and riled. It wouldn't be natural. And while I'm at it, I want to say this. I don't think Red was specifically mad at me. He was just mad, and I had the bad luck to get within his reach. He was still mad. He was still dangerous, too. But I didn't let that bother me. I got him caged in nothing flat. I untied the sack and peeled it off. I couldn't leave him in it. He had to be comfortable, and free to get at his water. Then I locked him up. We always keep a snake-bite kit in that serpentarium. I stuck it in my pocket and headed for the nearest telephone—in the corridor just outside my office. My knee was beginning to hurt like heck. I mean really hurt. My whole left leg felt on fire. I didn't dare hurry, though. I knew enough to realize that I mustn't stir up my circulation. In a way, I didn't want to hurry. To get help, I had to call my supervisor, Dr. House, and I hated to. It was embarrassing. A herpetologist really shouldn't be bitten, you know. There's even a term for a bite of that kind. When a professional handler of snakes is bitten, it's called an illegitimate bite. It isn't a true accident. The man is expected to know better. Well, Dr. House answered the phone himself. I'll never forget our conversation. It was so awful. He said hello in such a cheerful voice.

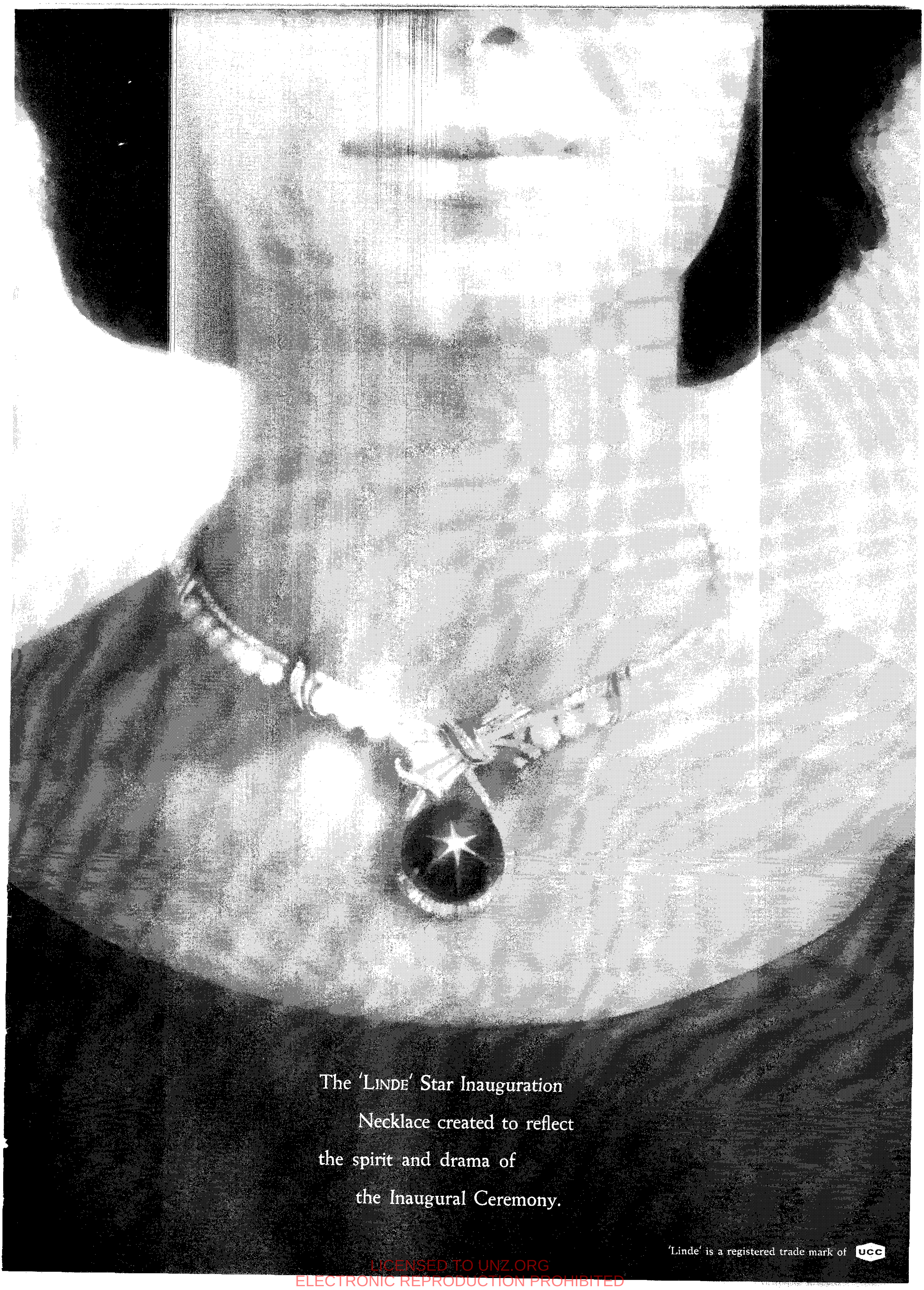
"I said, 'Dr. House, this is Gary Clarke. I've just been bitten by a rattlesnake.'

"I can't really say what he said next. It wasn't a word. It was like a moan, only worse. Then he said, 'Oh, no.'

"I told him I was afraid so.

" 'All right,' he said. 'O.K. I'll be right down.'

"Whichever way he came—down the stairs or by the elevator—it would take him a couple of minutes. His office is on the third floor. I decided I'd better start helping myself. Favoring my left leg all I could, trying to keep it rigid, I hobbled back to my office and sat down at the desk and got out the snake-bite kit. The time was then one-forty-eight. There was blood all over my trouser leg. I rolled it up and had a look at the wound. It was bleeding freely—which, of course, was all to the good. The fang marks were roughly parallel to my foot. Strictly speaking, I hadn't been bitten, since Red had struck my leg in such a way



The 'LINDE' Star Inauguration
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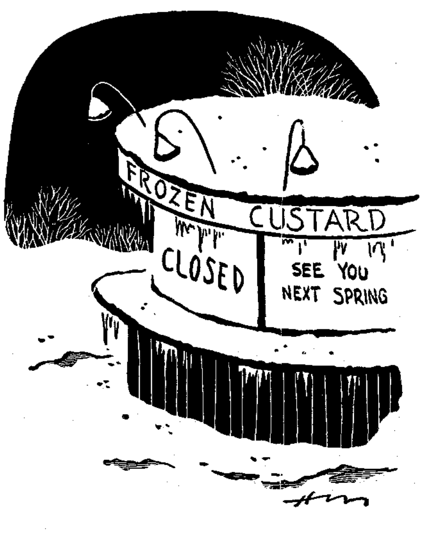
'Linde' is a registered trade mark of UCC that he couldn't bring his jaws together for a full bite. I'd only been stabbed. Still, it looked like a heck of a stab. It felt like one, too. It was burning hotter and hotter. I took a rubber-tubing tourniquet from the kit and whipped it around my leg just above the knee. That would stop the venom from travelling on to the rest of my body. The next step was to make an incision at the site of the wound for faster drainage. I cleaned the wound with an antiseptic solution from the kit. I was all set to go to work with the blade when I heard a commotion down the hall, and Dr. House came galloping in. Fred Baiocchi, the first-aid representative for our section, was right behind him. Then came Curtis Sandage, a senior chemist, and a whole raft of others. They all looked pretty wild. It seemed to me that I was the calmest man in the room. But maybe not, because I remember Fred Baiocchi saying, 'Relax. Sit back and try to relax.' Maybe I just thought I was calm.

"Fred took the blade and made the incision. It was a good big one—about an inch and a half long—but I hardly felt it. It was just another pain among many. Then he handed me a suction cup, and I went to work with that to increase the flow from the fang stabs. Everybody was talking to beat the band. I gathered that Dr. House had called one of the doctors the Institute retains, and an ambulance. The ambulance was coming from Menorah Hospital, only a few blocks away, where the doctor was on the staff. I looked at my watch: one-fifty-five. While we were waiting, Dr. Sandage broke open an antivenin kit. He asked me if I was sensitive to horse serum—to antivenin. Some people are, and in that case there's the possibility of a toxic reaction more serious than the bite. I told him that I'd had a routine sensitivity skin test some months be-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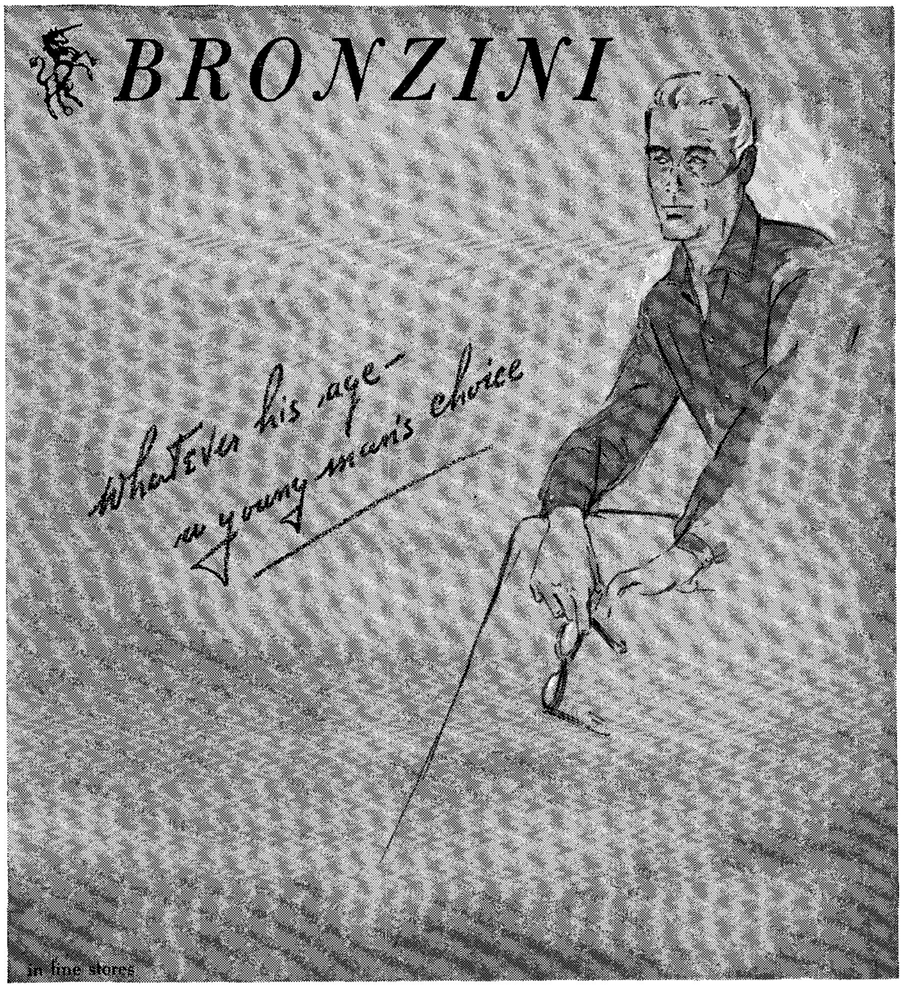
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fore, with negative results. However, to be on the safe side, he gave me another test. It's a very quick test. The results would be ready to read by the time I got to the hospital. A couple of minutes later, the ambulance men walked in. They lifted me out of the chair and laid me on a stretcher, and just then the Institute public-address system gave a squawk. The operator announced that I was wanted on the telephone. I remember turning to Fred Baiocchi. 'Would you mind taking it?' I said. 'Tell them I'm busy right now. Tell them I'll be back in a couple of hours.' I actually thought I would be."

CLARKE was carried into the emergency room of Menorah Hospital at seven minutes past two. The physician summoned by Dr. House was waiting there to receive him. It was, as it happened, the first time that he had been called upon to treat a case of snake bite, but his procedure was unexceptionable. He briefly loosened the tourniquet, to restore sufficient circulation to prevent necrosis of tissue. He next noted the result of the serum-sensitivity test. It was negative. Thus reassured, he injected five cc.s of antivenin near the puncture site and another five cc.s in the left buttock. He then made a second incision, just above the knee. After an interval of ten minutes, he administered two more injections of antivenin—at the site of the wound and in the upper left thigh. This was followed by a prophylactic injection of tetanus antitoxin and (as a general supportive measure) an injection of ACTH, and then by a routine diagnostic examination. The findings revealed no immediate cause for alarm. Clarke's blood pressure was 138/80, or approximately normal for a man of his age. His temperature was 99.2 degrees. His pulse rate was 88. The physician dressed the several wounds, removed the tourniquet, and administered a soothing injection of morphine. That completed the emergency treatment. At two-forty-five, or exactly one hour after he was bitten, Clarke was formally admitted to the hospital and rolled into a surgical ward and put to bed.

"I will say this," Clarke says. "I was very glad to be there. By the time they'd finished with me in the emergency room, I'd lost all desire to get back to the lab. It wasn't just the pain. I felt so weak. I remember at one point asking the nurse for a pencil and paper and trying to make some notes. It was too much for me. I didn't have the strength to hold

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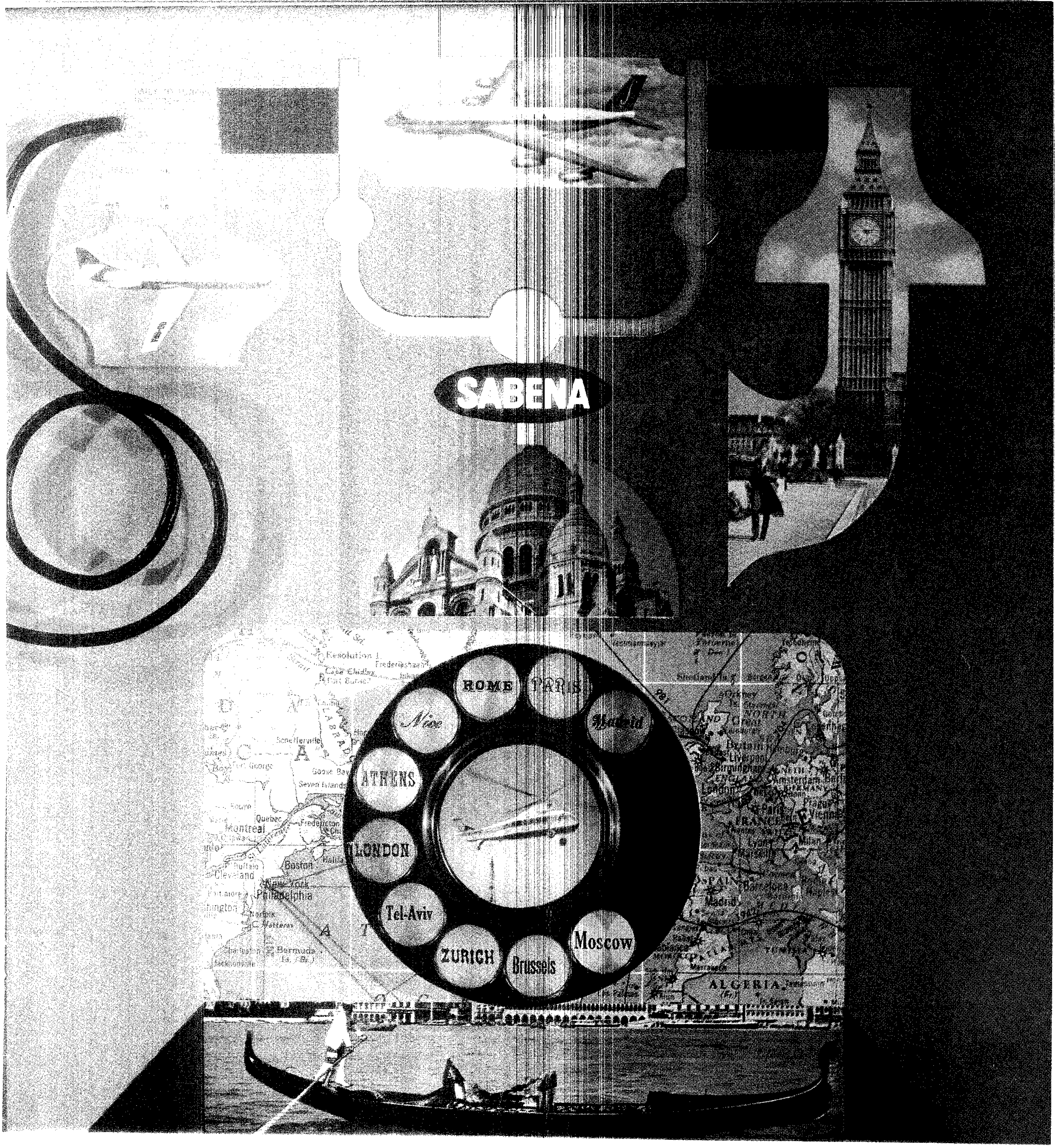
Slightly higher on the West Coast.

the pencil. The only notes I made that afternoon I dictated to my wife. Dr. House or the hospital or somebody had notified her, and she came running in a little after three. But even talking was an effort. And the hospital made it worse. You know how it is—they keep after you every minute. Somebody was always jabbing me with a thermometer. Or bringing me something to eat or drink that I didn't want. I wasn't hungry. Or taking my blood pressure. They did that every hour. They had to, of course. In snake bite, there's always the danger of shock, and they had to be on guard. Fortunately, that didn't happen. My blood pressure reached its lowest level early the following morning. It went down to one-ten over seventy-four. That's low, as I understand it, but still above the danger point. They also kept giving me injections—penicillin, antivenin, morphine. I suppose the morphine helped, but if it did, I didn't notice. It didn't give me what I'd call relief. Around five o'clock that first afternoon, I tried to describe the pain to Margaret Ann, and I still have the notes she took. I said, 'My leg feels like it was run through a meat grinder and then had acid poured over it.' But that was just the beginning. It got worse. My leg began to swell, and every stretch exposed another nerve. The doctor looked in on me at six-forty-five. When he pulled back the covers and changed the dressing, it was all I could do not to yell. The feel of his breath on my knee was something I can't describe.

"So was the next twelve hours. What I remember of it, anyway. At about eight-thirty in the evening, my leg began to jerk. I tried to hold it stiff. I gave it all the strength I had. But I couldn't. I'd feel the muscles begin to contract, and—wham! Another jerk. That went on for an hour or more. Then somebody came in and gave me another shot of morphine. I must have dozed after that. At least, I don't remember much of anything until sometime after midnight. One of the nurses was taking my blood pressure. Suddenly, I felt an awful wave of nausea, and vomited. Oh, I was sick! I vomited and vomited. I was completely out of control. And every heave was like a blowtorch on my leg. The nurse ran out and came back with an interne. He gave me an injection of Dramamine. The retching finally stopped, but by then I was past caring. I really didn't care if I made it or not. The scientist in me was gone and the patient had taken over. I began to pray. I don't know exactly what for. It wasn't either to live or to die. I think I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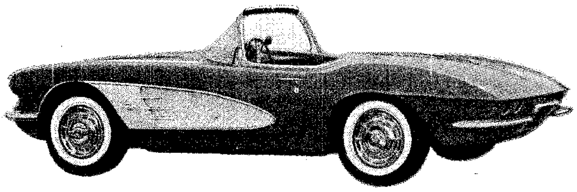

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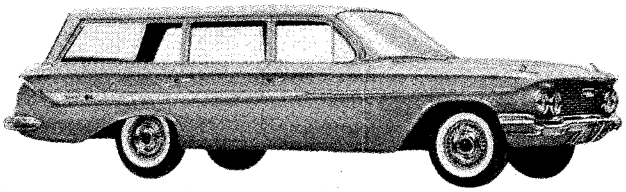

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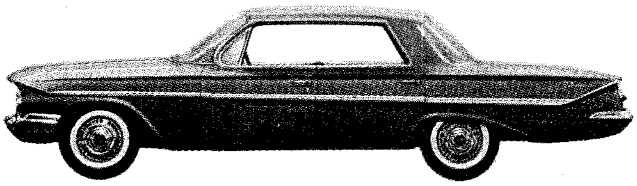

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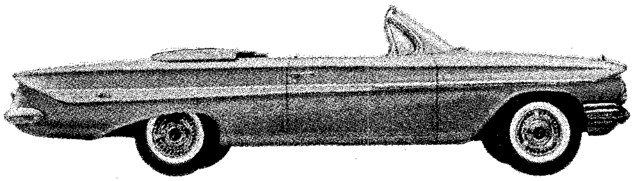
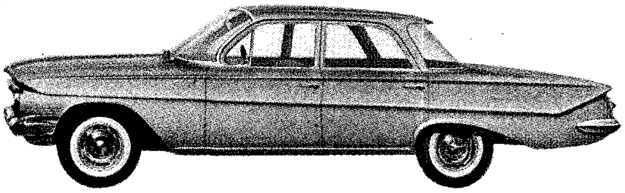
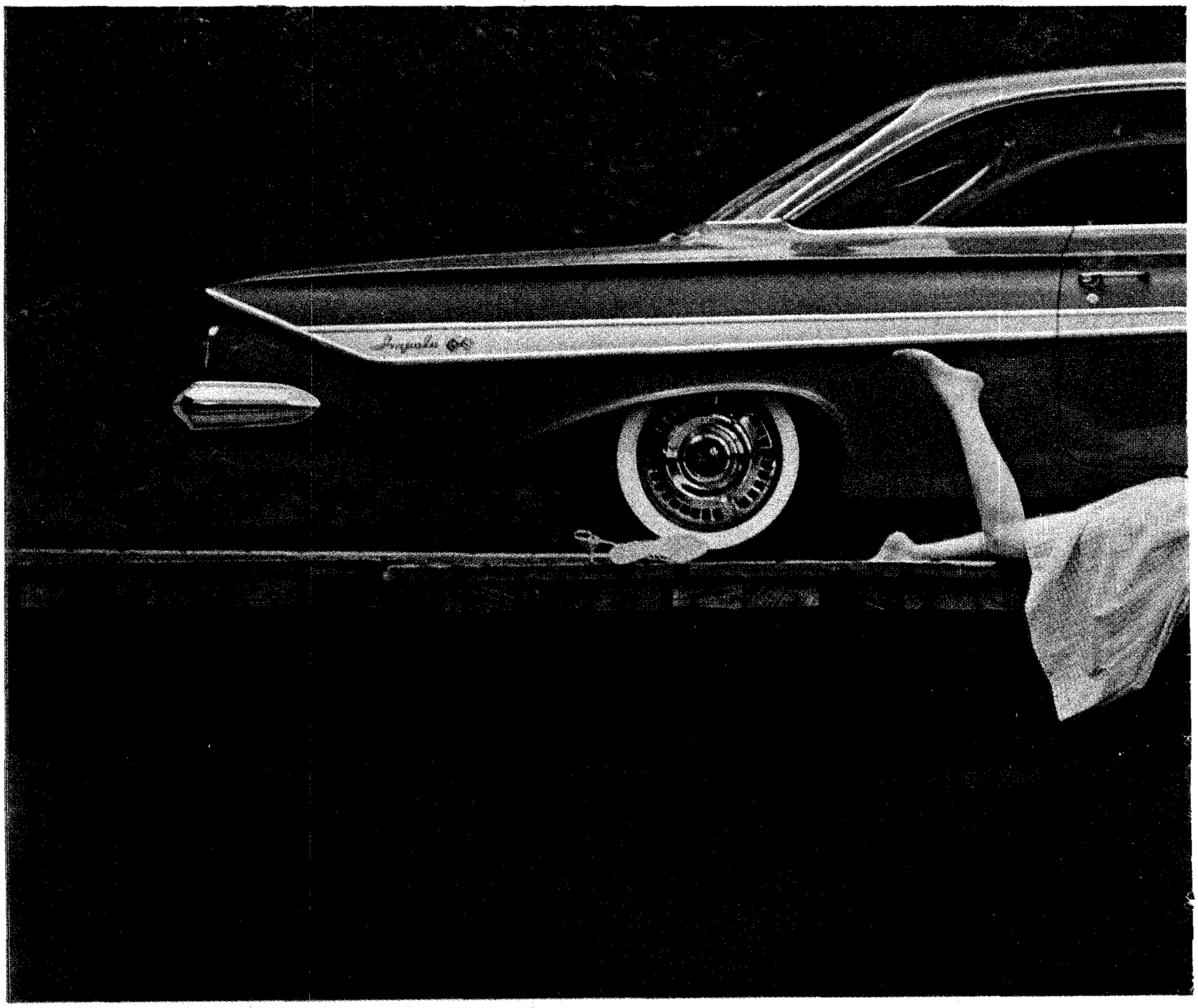


Impala Convertible. Hey, all you top-downers out there—look what Chevy's got!



Biscayne 4-Door. Lets you keep to a budget and still enjoy big-car quality.



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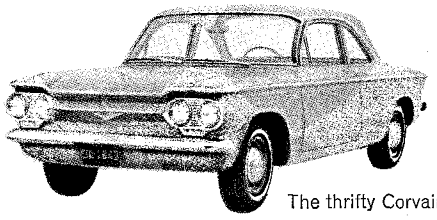

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The Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan

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just prayed to take my mind off my misery. It was a distraction. It was a way of making time move. I lay there praying and looking at my watch. You don't know what time is until you've spent a night like that. But I made it move. My goal was seven o'clock. I don't know why. Maybe I was a little delirious. When I got there, it was like a glorious victory. I told myself, 'I've been in almost unendurable pain for six or seven hours. And endured it. So I can stand it from now on out. It can't possibly get any worse.'

"I don't know whether it did or not. Pain is pretty hard to measure beyond a certain point. I do know it didn't let up. All day Thursday was just like Wednesday night. I was still too sick to eat. My breakfast that morning was raspberry jello and tea. I only drank the tea. It was the same at lunch. I swallowed a little broth. I was still too weak to write. It was still torture to move, but I couldn't keep from moving. My leg kept jerking, and every now and then my whole body would give an agonizing jump. I still didn't have any interest in life. Before Margaret Ann left on Wednesday evening, I had asked her to bring me some things from home. I thought I wanted some books, to read up on my case, and my camera and a box of flash bulbs. My idea was that it might be instructive to take some pictures of my leg. She arrived about noon with everything, including all my favorite books—'Poisonous Amphibians and Reptiles,' by Floyd Boys and Hobart M. Smith, and 'The Natural History of North American Amphibians and Reptiles,' by James A. Oliver, and Klauber's two-volume 'Rattlesnakes: Their Habits, Life Histories, and Influence on Mankind.' I let them sit on the table. The scientist in me was dead. Well, missing, anyway. He did come back in time. Margaret Ann sat with me until they brought my dinner in at five o'clock, but I hardly said a word. I didn't even have the strength to grumble. Or eat. My dinner was a little broth and a couple of bites of jello. The one thing I really remember about that day was the doctor's evening visit. I only remember that because it was so horrible. The first thing was that I got a look at my leg. It didn't look much like a leg any more—it looked like a log. It was swollen from just below the hip all the way down to my foot. And I mean swollen. It was so puffed up that my calf was actually bigger than my thigh. It was also a dozen different colors. The second thing was this. The doctor decided to make some more in-

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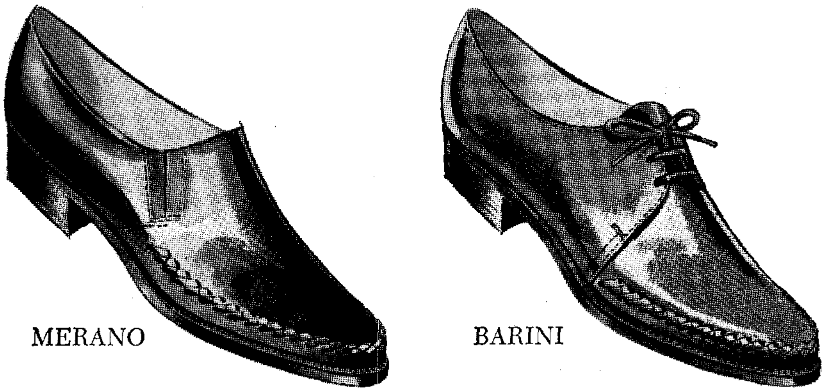

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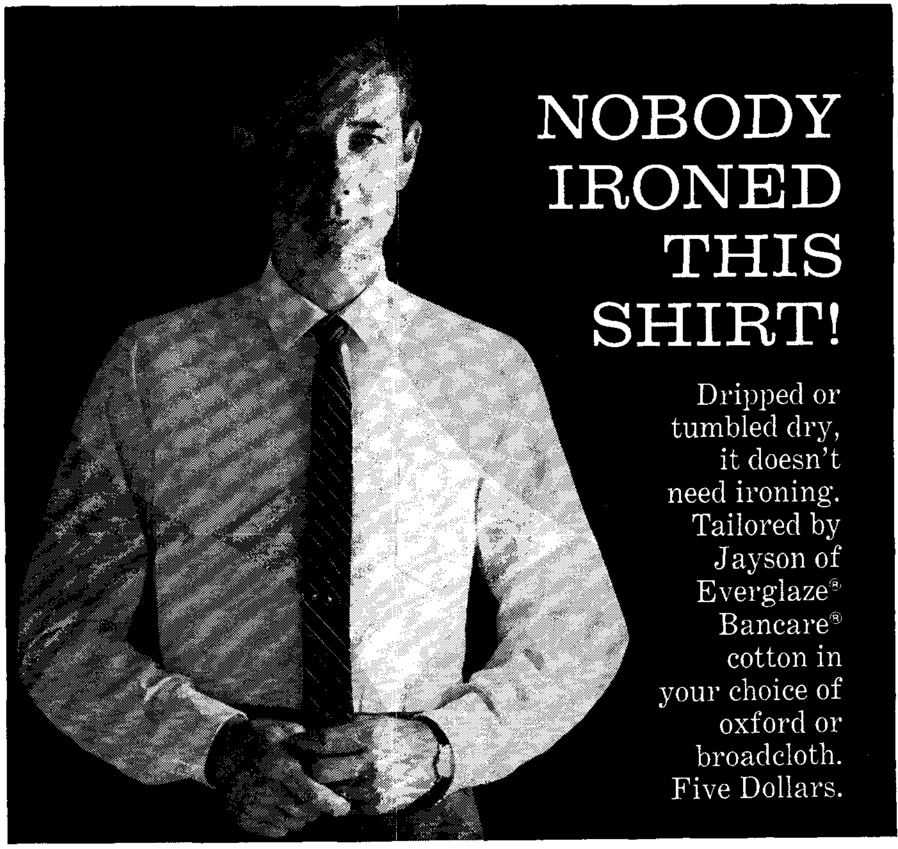
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cisions—a series of six longitudinal cuts at intervals around my thigh. But first, on account of the pain, he shot my leg full of procaine anesthetic. I'll never forget the feel of those stabs. He knew what he was doing, though. I could never have lived through the incisions without an anesthetic. Every time he touched my thigh with the scalpel, it burst open like an overdone sausage.

"I spent another nightmare night that night. Even a full grain of morphine—I'd never had more than a quarter grain before—seemed to have no effect on the pain. It was Wednesday night all over again, except that I didn't vomit. That was the only real difference I can remember. But the next morning—Friday, November 6th—I began to feel a little better. I wasn't out of my misery. Far from it. My leg still hurt like heck. It throbbed and ached with every breath I took. But an ache isn't quite the same as pain. You can stand it. And my appetite came back. The reason for that, I think, was largely cortisone. They gave me an intravenous infusion at about ten o'clock that morning, and by noon I was actually hungry. When dinnertime came, I was starved. I cleaned my tray—a bowl of jello, a cup of broth, a pot of tea—and I could have easily gone on and put away a steak. The most important change, though, was my attitude. My will to live returned. I began to care.

"You might call that the turning point. Not in the sense of passing a crisis. I don't mean that. There wasn't any crisis. It seems to be generally agreed that my recovery was never seriously in doubt. I didn't get a big enough charge of venom, and the treatment I received could hardly have been more prompt or efficient. I simply mean that by then the worst was over. I still had a long way to go. It was another week before I could leave the hospital, and much of that time I felt awful. But I was never in such pain again, or so low in mind and spirit. On Saturday, I started writing up my notes myself, and every day I noted some improvement. My blood pressure climbed gradually back to normal. My white-blood-cell count dropped from a high of nearly twelve thousand to a normal sixty-five hundred. My leg began to look like a leg once more—by Sunday, I could even bend it a little. The following day, it was nearly normal in size. Around eight-thirty that night, they gave me a pair of crutches, and I was able to hobble into the bathroom. I almost enjoyed the rest of my stay. I read and rested and ate like a horse. I would have enjoyed it if they had given me a little peace. But now that I was feeling better, I had visitors all the time. Everybody in the hospital flocked around—internes, nurses, orderlies, even other patients. They all wanted to see what a snake bite looked like. They also wanted to know what I was going to do to Red. They thought I was counting the days until I could get my revenge. And when they learned that I wasn't even mad, they looked disgusted. They shook their heads and walked away. They thought I was some kind of monster."

CLARKE was discharged from the hospital on Friday, November 13th. He spent the next four days at home, recovering his strength, learning to walk without support, and bringing his clinical notes up to date. The final entry in his record reads: "Area immediately around bite is still tender. Able to walk fairly well now. If my calculations are correct, I was punctured with the hypodermic needle more than sixty times after I had been bitten!" On the morning of Wednesday, November 18th, Clarke returned to work. After reporting to Dr. House, he hurried down to the laboratory, briefly conferred with his assistant, and then limped into the venomous serpentarium. "I wanted to see Big Red," he says. "I wanted to make sure that he was clean and comfortable. But there was also something else. I wanted to see what I felt. I wanted to make sure of myself. I looked at Red for quite a while. And it was all right. I didn't feel anything about him—only a deep and abiding respect."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

◆

CLEAR DAYS AT ENDICOTT JOHNSON

[*From The Value Line, an investment bulletin*]

At their December meeting, directors of Endicott Johnson voted to omit the quarterly dividend on the common stock due Jan. 1st. The quarterly rate had been 40c a share. The company stated that lower sales during the year just ended and extraordinary expenses incurred in the recent efficiency program had adversely affected earnings.

◆

Grab a handful of adjectives—such as speed, size and experience—mix in a healthy amount of talent, add one football and the result is a highly potent aggregation known as the 1960 Kansas City District All-Star team.—*Dick Mackey in the Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

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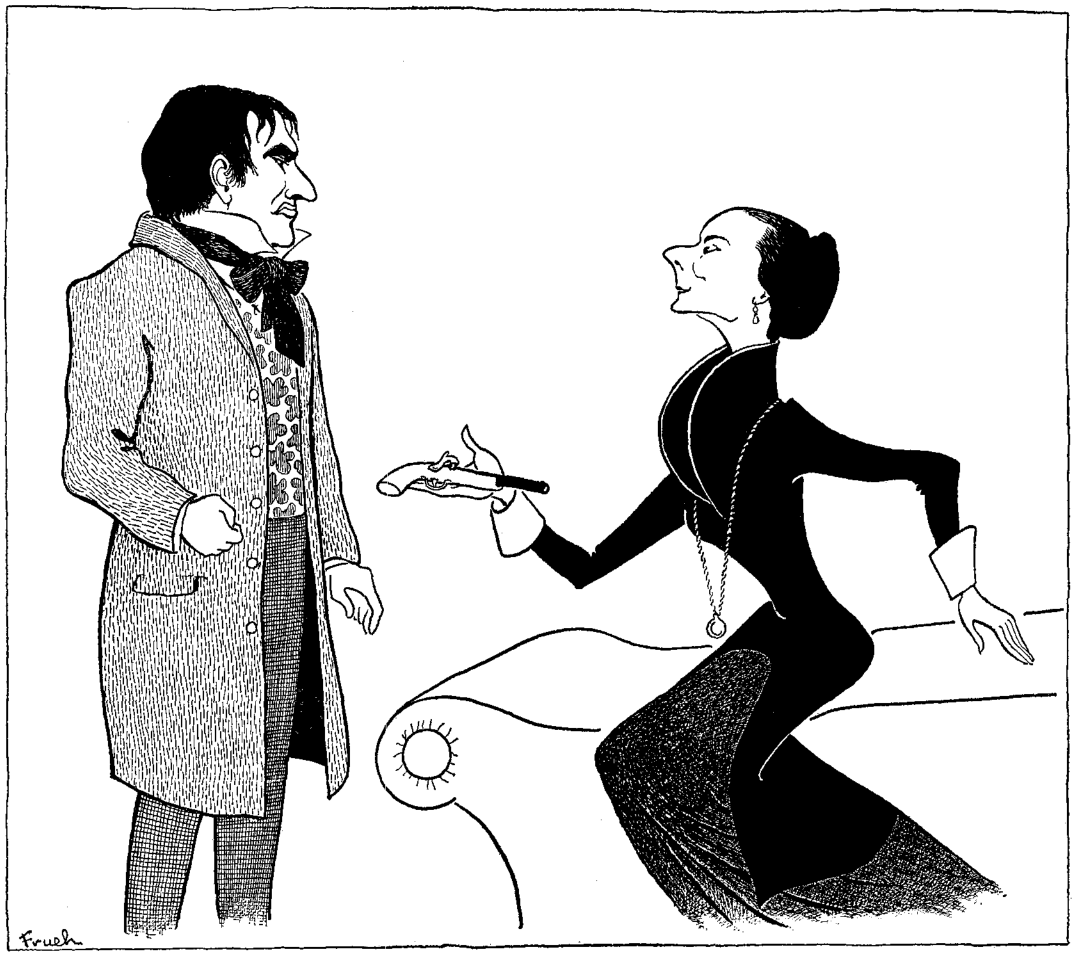
THE THEATRE

CHARGING THROUGH THE BOGS

THE first observation compelled by Eugene Ionesco's "Rhinoceros," at the Longacre, is that it is hilarious and is acted with enormous skill by Eli Wallach, Zero Mostel, Morris Carnovsky, Anne Jackson, Philip Coolidge, Mike Kellin, Michael Strong, Jean Stapleton, and, indeed, everybody else in the cast. The second observation is that while the yeast occasionally fails to keep the confection rising, we have here an item containing more nourishment than any we have previously come upon this season. The third observation has to do speculatively with the title of the play and its philosophical burden. The theme that M. Ionesco is developing seems simple enough. At some point in history, he indicates, people, by and large, decide that being *Homo sapiens* is not worthwhile, and decide to transform themselves into rhinoceroses and go back into the primordial swamp, heavily armored by their hides, meagre of brain, incessantly indignant, and given to conducting their affairs through furious snorts. This appears to be M. Ionesco's idea of humanity when it succumbs to conformity. But just the same why the rhinoceros? Why not a sheep, a lemming, a cow, a goat, or even a monkey? Here, I think, we must credit M. Ionesco with a nice appreciation of mythology, and dwell for a moment upon the gracile unicorn. Delicate and magical, which is more than you can say for most of us, the unicorn should not be mistaken for the foul brute that a rhinoceros is, but this is the error that M. Ionesco accuses his conformists of making. Or so I gather, for our playwright is exuberantly indifferent to logic, although he is a great man for lunatic syllogisms. (At one point, he proves by dint of ratiocination that Socrates was a cat. I found myself agreeing with this proposition, but then, after an evening with M. Ionesco, one is inclined to agree with anything.)

I guess it would take Merlin to follow the gleam that "Rhinoceros" employs to keep things headed in what M. Ionesco considers the right direction. O.K., call me Merlin, and here we go. It seems that some people are gathered in the square of a small town one Sunday morning when a rhinoceros stomps by. This leads to a discussion among those present, conspicuously including Mr. Wallach, Mr. Mostel, and Mr. Carnovsky, as to whether the beast is of African or Asiatic origin. If he has one horn, he may or may not be African, and if he has two horns, he may or may not be Asiatic. Anyhow, the residents of this small town start to reflect on the power of the rhinoceros, and it isn't long before they conclude that they'd be a damned sight better off as rhinos than they are as people. The one transformation from man to beast that we actually witness is effected by Mr. Mostel, whom we first meet as a dapper, portly, mustachioed type, and who winds up as the nearest thing to a rhinoceros you've seen outside the Bronx Zoo. But if Mr. Mostel is the only character in the play to attempt the tour de force of becoming a rhinoceros right under our eyes, the others in the company go drifting off to join the bog-trotters, and presently we are left with Mr. Wallach as the last man on earth. He is weak and dipsomaniacal, and wouldn't mind being a rhinoceros, but he just isn't able to develop



"HEDDA GABLER"

The serpentine study in tension on the right is Anne Meacham, and on the left, no model of relaxation himself, is Mark Lenard. They appear in the latest revival of Ibsen's classic, at the Fourth Street Theatre.

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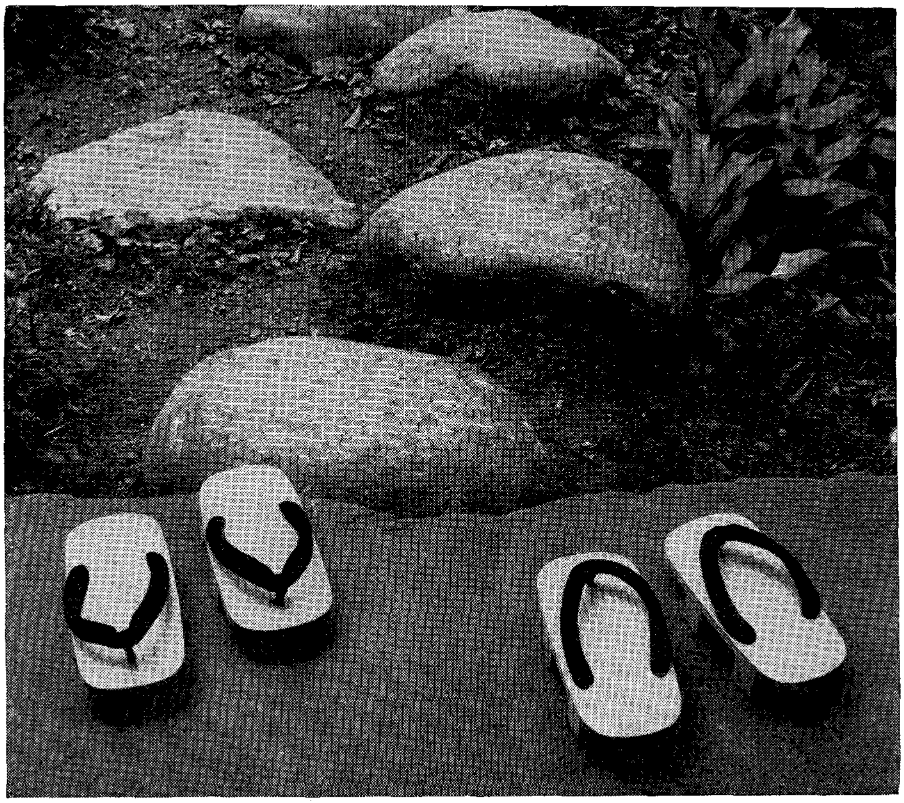

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the proper hide and outlook. And so, at the end, a man endures—not much of a man, to be sure, but one who is a good cut above a rhinoceros.

M. Ionesco's play has been previously produced in France, Germany, England, Poland, Japan, and elsewhere, and the responses to it have been varied. In the present production, as translated from the French by Derek Prouse and directed by Joseph Anthony, it should, if I had my small way, go on forever.

"SHOW GIRL," at the Eugene O'Neill, is a kind of night-club act in which Carol Channing is most ingratiating as she goes about spoofing Marlene Dietrich, Lynn Fontanne, Judy Garland, and Sophie Tucker. Miss Channing is certainly a girl who can make you laugh, and Jules Munshin, who assists her, is not without comic resources of his own. Further assistance is provided by a French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis, and they are also diverting. The material gets a bit thin as the evening proceeds, but the way things are going in the musical theatre these days, even night-club acts are welcome.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Martyrs and Misery

THAT commendable on-the-job theatrical training program known as Off Broadway is not celebrated for bravura productions, and the revival of Lillian Hellman's "Montserrat" (it first appeared, on Broadway, in 1949), at the Gate Theatre, is a noble if abortive attempt to abrogate that rule. But the Gate repertory company, which has shown far more distinction this season than its sleek counterpart and neighbor at the Phoenix, is hardly to blame. Miss Hellman's work, based on a play by the French novelist Emmanuel Roblès, is one of those Gallic seminars in which a moral question is talked to death, with occasional time-outs for illustrative but ineffectual action. The question, which must have originated in the dinosaurian ages and which reached its most recent apogee in the thirties, is this: Does any man have the right, in revolutionary times, to sacrifice the lives of a minority for the sake of the majority? In this case, the time is 1812 and the setting the headquarters in Venezuela of a Spanish army intent on suppressing Simón Bolívar. Captain Montserrat, a Spanish officer, has become infected with Bolívar's philosophy and has befriended him. Bolívar, who is ill, is desperately trying to reach a sizable group of peasant supporters before his whereabouts, known only to Montserrat, is discovered. In an effort to make Montserrat talk, Colonel Izquierdo, his commanding officer, rounds up six passersby and informs them that they will be shot in an hour unless they can persuade Montserrat to betray the fugitive. Not surprisingly, the hostages, with a couple of exceptions, are strict adherents of the me-first, you-later belief, and they react by grovelling, pleading, being sly, wringing their hands, cursing, and attempting to escape. But Montserrat is immovable, and the Colonel a nerveless monster. The first hostage is shot, and then the second. Set in motion, this pattern gains an unstoppable momentum. All suspense dies, and after more wringing and praying and debating, so do the last four hostages. The news arrives that Bolívar has reached his destination. Idealism has triumphed, but idealism is dear, and despite the hostages' protestations, Montserrat's misery, the manhandling of the victims, and the drum rolls and gunfire, there is no genuine sense of sacrifice. Perhaps brutality on the stage is best handled by implication, by report. Acted out, it seems either clumsy and unrealistic, as in "Montserrat," or, if compellingly done, overpowering and eventually deadening, as in "The Connection." And, Bolívar or not, how many revolutionaries carry out their original dreams?

Since martyrs are part human, part god, Montserrat's role is an impossible one. As a result, John Heldabrand performs some agonizing calisthenics. He weeps, he opens his mouth and twists it about in silent grief, he shuts his eyes so tight that his face turns white, he shapes futility with his hands, he bows

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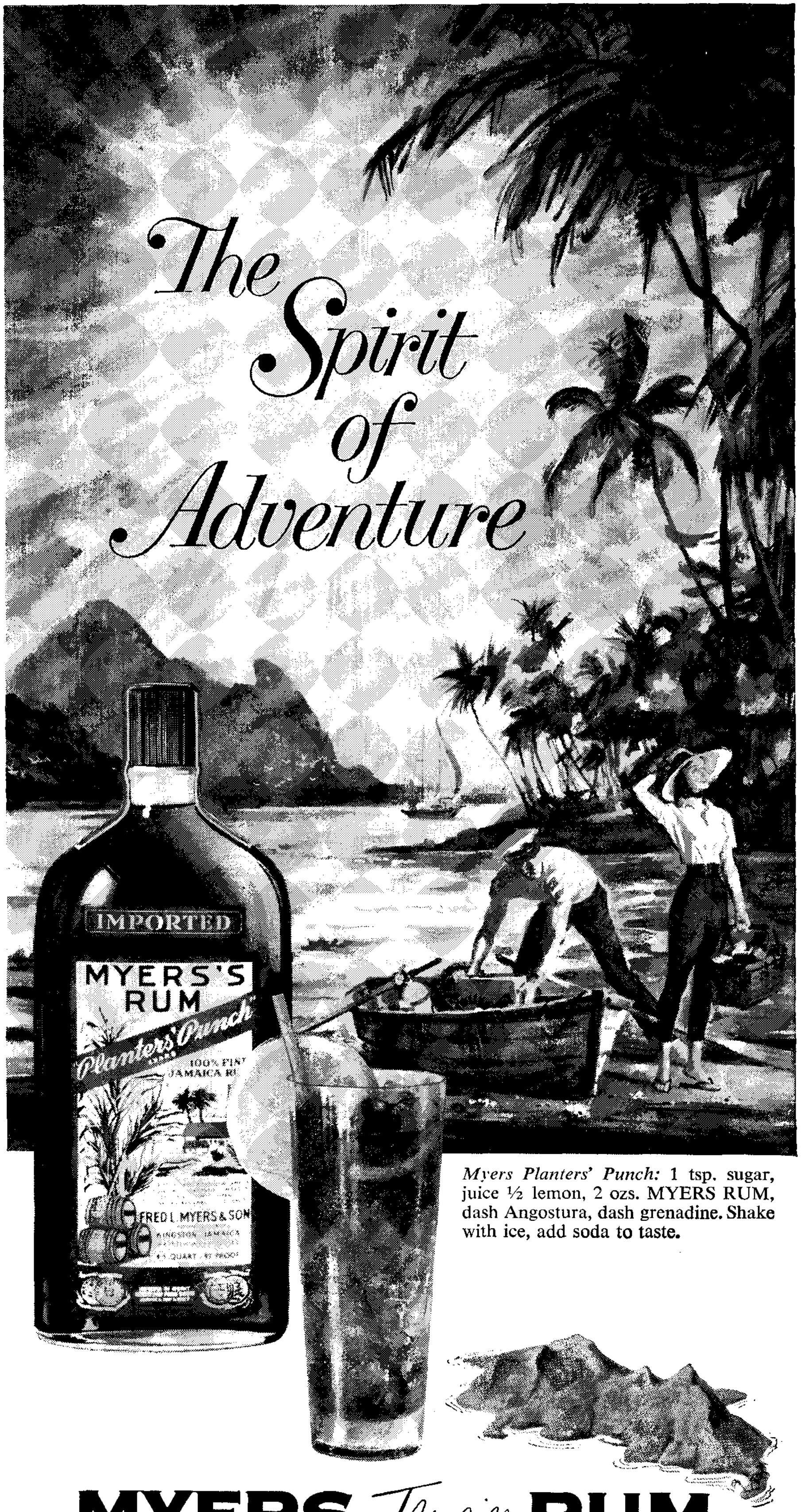

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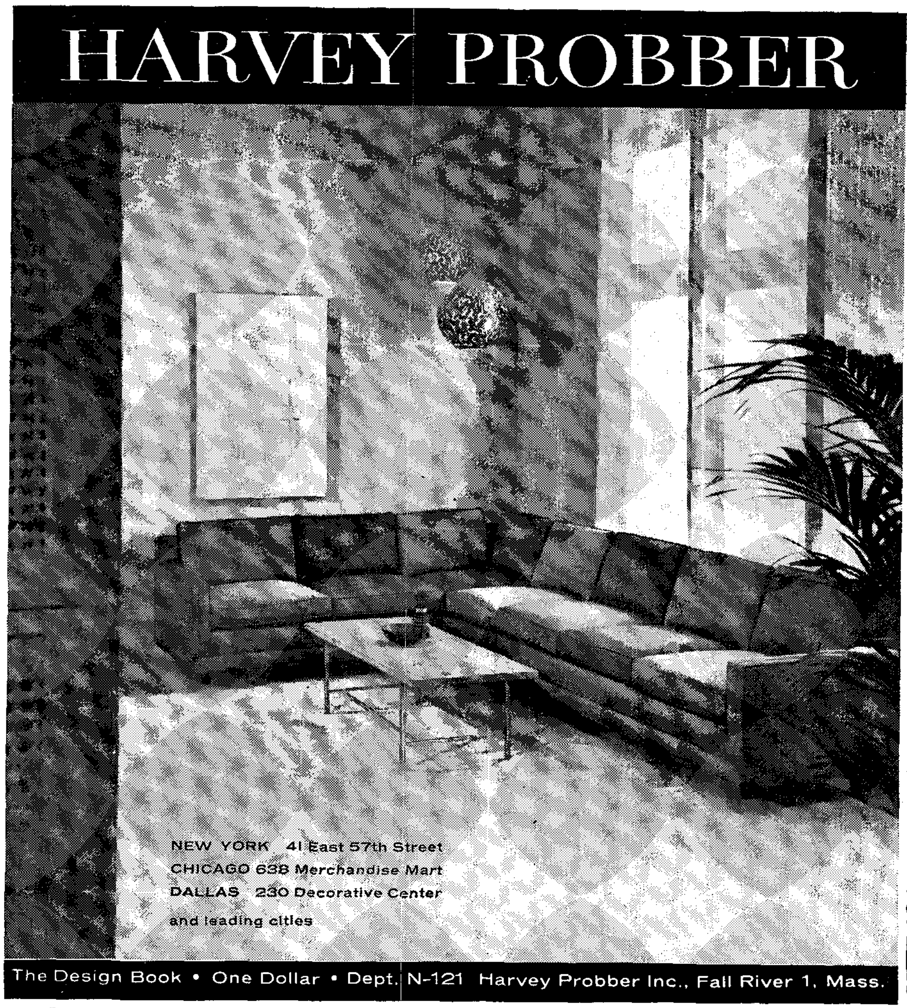
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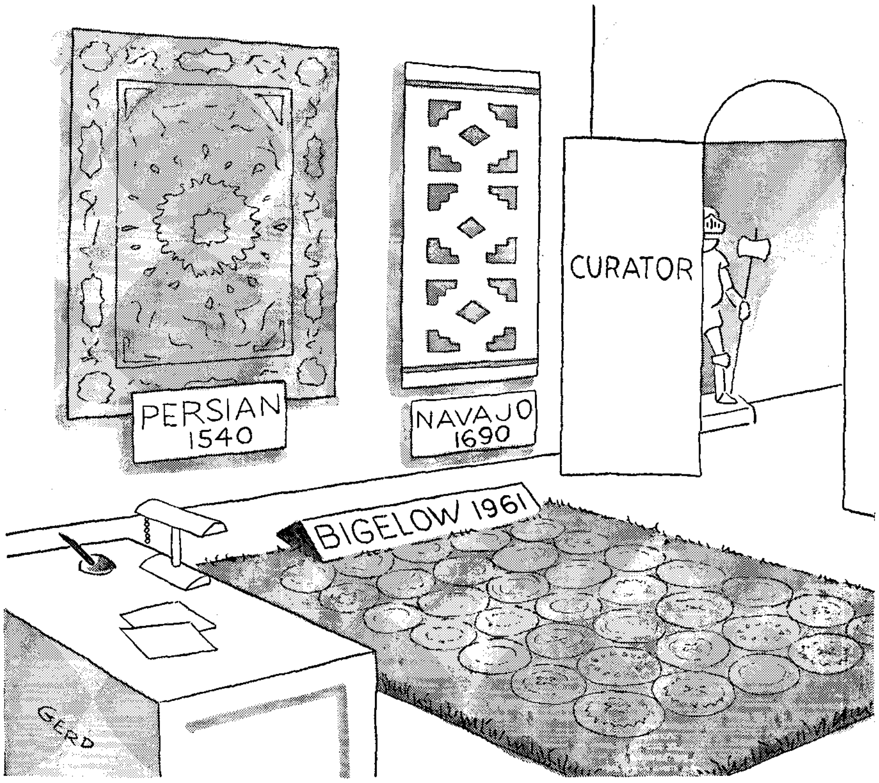

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lower and lower as his burden increases. He seems to grow larger and softer and more shapeless. Izquierdo, played by Leonardo Cimino, is a different matter, for he is the epitome of the cruel, cultured egotist. And Cimino, a short, bandy-legged man with a dry, twisted aquiline face, a sadistic chin, and arms that move up and down like pincers, gives the uncanny impression that he has hypnotized both himself and the cast. He speaks, and they appear to snap inwardly to attention. Indeed, he almost succeeds—before Miss Hellman abruptly and discomfitingly grants him a heart—in transmitting the evil that is the fulcrum of the play. The rest of the company is vigorous, but Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, the Gate's resident set designers, demonstrate again—with harsh white stucco walls, a cold tiled floor, barred windows, and heavy, sinister furniture—that they are first-rate. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The small community dentist experiences many heartaches, more than balanced, however, by many joys—the joy of helping youngsters grow up with a full complement of teeth and healthy mouths; the joy of restoring masticating function to many of the towns' elders; the joy of arresting a periodontal condition and saving a middle aged patient from living the last of a lifetime with artificial dentures. Yes, he will have more than his share of night calls, many of which will be many miles into the country, and some of which may never be paid for in dollars, but which will be paid for a hundred times over by "Aunt Jane" dropping into the office with a jar of prize-winning pickles made from her favorite personal recipe or "Cousin Myrt" giving his wife a few quarts of her homemade tomato ketchup or a few jars of watermelon preserves or "Uncle Zeke's" present of homemade wine lovingly fashioned from wild herbs and berries. (Yes, there could have been a little yeast added—it's got a kick of a mule, but don't tell the wife.)—*Journal of the American Dental Association.*

And lay off it if you're making a night call.

•

But recollected in tranquillity I still see the New York of today very much as I saw it just after the war. I am told that the skyline has been remodelled (Lewis Mumford told me), that the people are *different* somehow (John O'Hara told me), and that the American way of life has been completely recast (a taxi-driver told me).

Then I consult the evidence of my senses and beg to disagree. Take the skyline. The Empire State is still there on Madison. —*Bernard Hollowood in the English Digest.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 11

THE New Year came in for many people here in a rather more subdued fashion than usual, so it seemed, though few Britons could have been sorry to see 1960, with its record of dashed summit hopes, its tensions all over the place, and its sad, sour summer and drowned autumn, depart from their calendars. The festive holiday season of violence in so many quarters of the globe, plus a nuclear Christmas card from France to set the right tone, hardly encouraged anyone to give 1961 a really joyous welcome, however. It was noticeable that the London crowds who gathered to hear the chimes were the quietest in years, even though there were the customary indomitable spirits who took a dip in the fountains of Trafalgar Square around midnight.

HAIRCUTTING AND SHAVING DOWNSTAIRS
OFFICE
OFFICE TO LET
Stefanell

Possibly the international news item that is being most feverishly argued at the moment by the man in the street and the local pub is whether, because of the import ban clamped down to prevent the spread of African horse sickness, the Russian horses will be allowed in by the authorities to run in the Grand National. For serious readers beyond the headlines, human African troubles and growing pains loom large on the list of worrying prophecies that can be made about 1961. The chief repercussion of the Belgian crisis here is the trades unions' fraternal wish to send fifty thousand pounds out of their funds to the families of the Belgian strikers. Since the sum has to be cleared by the Treasury, the ticklish question is raised for the government as to how fraternally the government in Brussels might view Whitehall's action. By no means all the trades-union leaders approve it anyhow, apparently. There was general relief over the result of the French referendum. The most anxious news of all—the war in Laos—seemed to arouse very little public uneasiness, possibly because Parliament is still absent on its holiday recess, and most citizens figured, sensibly enough, that it would be recalled to Westminster if there was real alarm. All the same, plenty of British were alarmed enough, and continue to be so, by the shivering possibilities contained in what they and the press regarded as the latest failure of the United States policy of creating good anti-Communists by the diplomacy of hard cash—or "dollar imperialism," as the *Guardian* called it in a recent critical article. Left Wing commentators and cartoonists promptly saw the hand of a ghostly John Foster Dulles still guiding the helm in Washington. All in all, the British are looking with great hopefulness toward January 20th, if only because it will end the present uncomfortable interregnum. Some political experts have been pointing out that however dynamic a new lead the Western Alliance may be about to receive, the special avuncular relationship that for years has existed between the White House and No. 10 is obviously over. The British, they warn, may receive shocks, but the therapy could be healthy for them and for Europe. President-elect Kennedy's team of experts pleased all political circles here. To judge by much of the talk going around, he will start out with a probably unprecedented amount of good will, as well as interested speculation, directed upon him from this section of the spectators' stands.

One of the few bright items in the New Year's news was local—the publication of the Christmas road-death figures, which showed a dip, not especially dramatic but definite enough to be cheering, from last year's total of convivial slaughter. Possibly the good weather over the holidays helped, but most people are inclined to credit the immensely effective publicity campaign in the press and on television and radio, which hammered home the message that too much imbibing at festive parties might make for many a motorist's last Christmas on earth. One whiskey firm, showing a sense of social responsibility that its competitors may or may not have appreciated, has been running a large advertisement announcing that Scotch whiskey is the finest drink in the world unless you are driving, in which case you would do better to stick to coffee or tea, and there is an accompanying photograph

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GUMP'S

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of a man wistfully looking over the edge of his cup at his uninhibited girl, who is demurely sipping a Scotch. Many people hope that the Ministry of Transport will not let this big, all-out campaign slide into the usual public apathy until the next party season comes round.

MEANWHILE, here in London, a major reconstruction made necessary by the other contemporary road problem—of how to keep motorists moving as well as alive—has got well under way, and is partially working. This is the project known as the Hyde Park Corner to Marble Arch Improvement, for which the London County Council received the consent of Parliament in 1958 and which is now taking shape under Londoners' fascinated gaze, though it will not be completed until around the autumn of 1962. The upheaval at Hyde Park Corner has already greatly altered the familiar landscape at this spot—the heaviest traffic-carrying junction in London—and according to approving taxi-drivers, the new arrangements have indeed immensely improved the flow in what used to be the formidable evening bottlenecks of Park Lane and the motor carriageway through Hyde Park. Both these thoroughfares have been made into one-way streets as far as Marble Arch—one carrying traffic south, the other north. This involved knocking a new road clear through the demolished mansions beside Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's old home, which today houses the Wellington Museum and now stands impressively isolated in the swirl of northbound traffic entering the park, where buses and heavy trucks were never before allowed to go. Londoners who are jealously alert to the removal of a single tree or a single grassy foot from their beautiful royal parks are slightly melancholy about the Hyde Park Corner reconstruction, which does indeed take a sizable bite off the corner of the Green Park at the top of Constitution Hill, and Buckingham Palace itself is sacrificing a slice of its private grounds to the new traffic circle. Another casualty regretted by passing citizens is a pretty stretch of flower borders between Hyde Park and Park Lane that has vanished, maybe temporarily, in a sea of mud and a village of constructors' huts, where the statue of Lord Byron sits like a displaced person among the alien drainpipes and concrete mixers. When the whole thing is finished, the Wellington Arch, which straddles Constitution Hill, will

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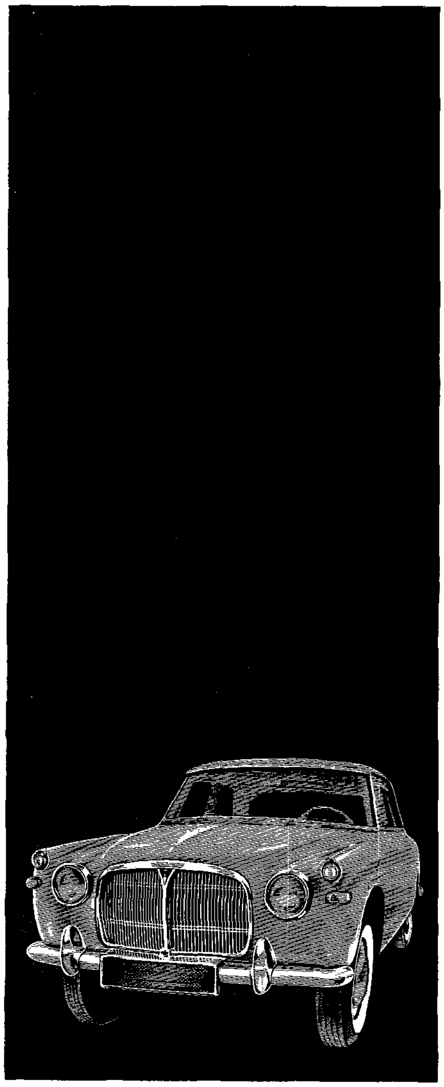

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likewise be isolated, surrounded by a large island of grass and trees; the only traffic road across this welcome oasis for pedestrians is to be the ceremonial route through the Arch for royal and other processional occasions. The famous speakers' corner at Marble Arch, where orators mount their soapboxes and hold forth on Saturdays and Sundays to cheerfully heckling audiences and a tolerant policeman or two, is to have a corner piece taken off it, but the devotees of weekend free speech are to be meticulously accommodated with a corresponding bit of space on the park side of their forum. The biggest problem from the constructional point of view is the scooping out of a large underpass beneath Hyde Park Corner, which has involved tunnelling mighty close to St. George's Hospital, and also to the escalator shaft of the Underground station. At this point, traffic will shortly be diverted across a monstrous temporary steel viaduct, which is something to make even the patient livery-stable hacks jogging their riders along under the trees of Rotten Row shy back in alarm. As for country cousins driving up to town for a matinée or the January sales, there have been cases of bemused motorists bumbling around the unfamiliar one-way traffic lanes like lost souls, forever trying to get to Knightsbridge and finding themselves inexorably headed once more toward Marble Arch.

The London scene is receiving a brand-new architectural look in various other directions, too, and the new buildings create so much interest—approving or otherwise—that the London Transport Executive has published a leaflet listing some of the latest ones and the appropriate buses or Underground trains by which you can reach them and give them your critical appraisal. (But don't, the leaflet suggests in a truly British footnote, stare too obtrusively, for while people may be proud of living in modern glass and steel, "they dislike being made to feel like goldfish in a bowl.") London's newest and tallest residential building at which passersby have been doing some unobtrusive staring is American and has shot up on the west side of Cadogan Place, Chelsea, at record speed—the Hotel Corporation of America's luxurious Carlton Tower, which opened last week with a blessing from Mr. Reginald Maudling, the president of the Board of Trade. The two-hundred-and-eight-foot, eighteen-story skyscraper (as it is called here by the gaping

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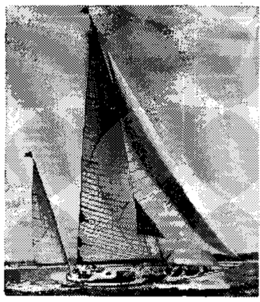

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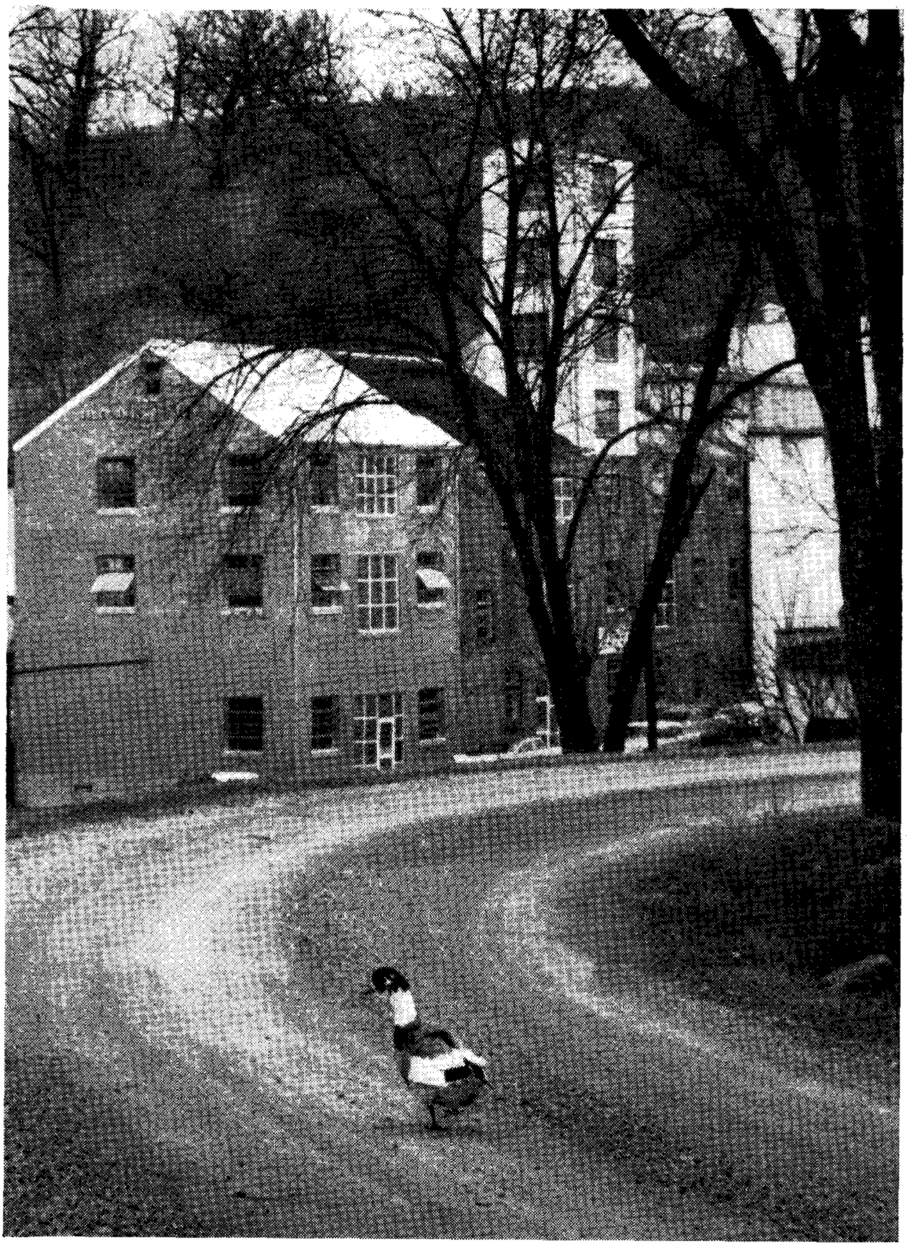
residents of the charming eighteenth-century houses in the neighborhood) is the work of Michael Rosenauer, and although Mr. Maudling spoke of its helping out with the shortage of hotel accommodations in London, which certainly bursts at the seams during the tourist season, only extremely well-plated goldfish will be able to afford to swim into this bowl. The penthouse suite on the top floor is fifty pounds a night, which gives you an idea. The other American building that is exciting interest is Eero Saarinen's mammoth United States Embassy, on Grosvenor Square, though it has now been up long enough for the first faint patina of soot to have fallen on the golden anodized-aluminum *chevaux-de-frise* that glitter like well-filled teeth around the roof, and on the golden picket fence that surrounds the block. The Midas theme is what most Londoners seem to dislike; they think it looks vulgar. In the cold London light, it certainly looks harsh. The new monster marries in surprisingly well—controversial whopping eagle and all—with the proportions of the rest of the Square (which, after all, has long lost its original architectural flavor), and at twilight, as you approach it walking across the gardens, it looks splendid, like a great, lighted ship.

Londoners are now dropping in to see the first exhibition on view there—the quite delightful Karolik collection of American painting, 1815-56, from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which was one of the pleasures of last summer's Bath Festival and, after being seen in Grosvenor Square, is to make a tour of other British cities, including Coventry. The outgoing Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney, incidentally, has lent his superb collection of Impressionist paintings to the Tate, to be on exhibition until January 29th—a generous farewell gesture to London that is being much appreciated. This mouth-



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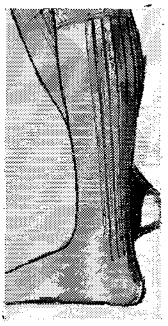

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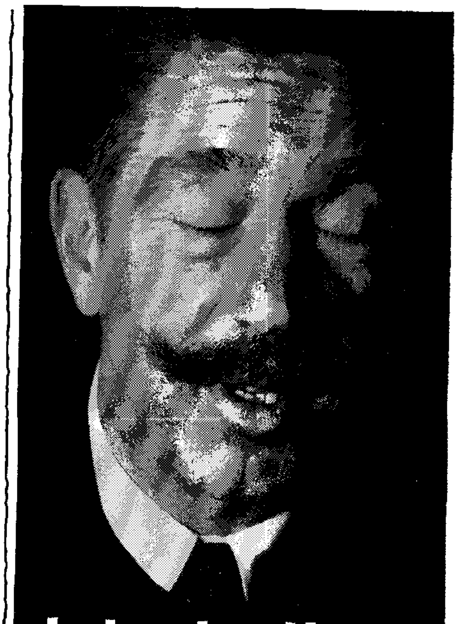
watering private collection is giving rise to some fresh critical observations on the paucity of French nineteenth-century Impressionism in the two British national collections, which, put together, do not come anywhere within reach of the riches of the Whitney pictures. Their gaps are soon to be even more glaring, moreover. Art-loving Londoners have been visiting the National Gallery to say goodbye to the twenty Impressionists from Sir Hugh Lane's collection, including the famous big Renoir "Les Parapluies," which are about to depart to Dublin for the next five years under the final amicable settlement of the long wrangle between the British and the Irish Republican governments as to whether Lane had meant to leave them to London or Dublin. (His will said London, but a later, unwitnessed codicil named his native country.) This is an eminently fair judgment in everybody's opinion, but the pictures' departure is sad nevertheless, and, what with the still comparatively slim state of the National Gallery's purse and the still enormously swollen prices that good Impressionist canvases have fetched at recent London auction sales, the gaps will be a long time filling.

ONE of the season's theatrical hits and, according to at least one of the critics—the *Sunday Times*' Harold Hobson—the best play to be seen here since Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker" (which you are to see shortly) is, like the Pinter, a study of human beings trying to connect with each other and with life by the poor, halting apparatus at their command. This is the translation, by Willis Hall, of François Billetdoux's French play "Chin-Chin," now successfully settled at Wyndham's Theatre. The scene is Paris, where a big, warm, hard-drinking Italian, Cesareo Grimaldi, and a cold, genteel, angular Englishwoman, Pamela Puffy-Picq, find themselves hurled together by their common, elemental accident of his wife's having committed adultery with her husband. The pair cling to each other at first for the relief of talking to someone sympathetic about their loss and their pain, and then they gradually embark, under Cesareo's tutelage, on a series of wildly funny drinking bouts, aimed at self-oblivion, for which they engage a room at a hotel in order to drink more conveniently. Finally, they go to ground—not in any sexual relationship but in a purely companionable one, founded on large quantities of rum—in Mrs. Puffy-Picq's apartment, from which her husband has removed



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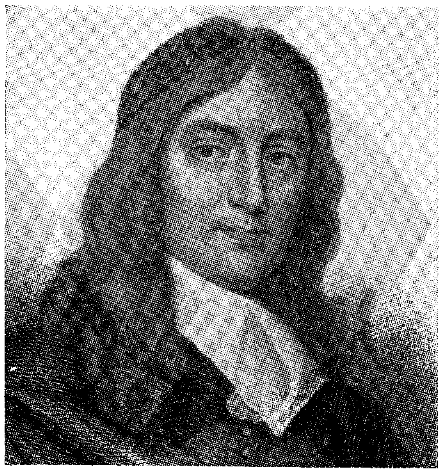

JOHN MILTON

opinion

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himself permanently. Now comes the strange thing. The Italian abandons his beloved business, which he has built up himself; the Englishwoman's health breaks down; they sink lower; they throw away the world and its conventional standards of ethical behavior piece by piece; and they end a shabby couple, utterly stripped by their own hands of everything that is reckoned to be socially desirable and yet full of the mysterious gaiety only possible for saints and children, who know what are essentials and nonessentials. It is a strange, funny, profound duet, almost entirely for these two voices. There is actually a third character, Mrs. Puffy-Picq's son, who appears briefly to try and take his mother off her bender and, in the last scene, has his wallet pinched by her, armed with which she and Cesareo stroll away happily into the Paris dawn, heading (we gather) for Italy—as merry and amoral a pair as one could hope to see this side of Paradise. As the lovable Cesareo and Pamela Puffy-Picq, Anthony Quayle and Celia Johnson—an actress who has always specialized in huge-eyed, nicely bred Englishwomen with voices like the tinkle of teaspoons—are entirely superb. Younger members of the audience, to judge by comments the other evening, are sometimes fogged by the title, a now little-heard English drinking salutation that used to figure over veranda chota pegs in Edwardian novels of Indian life but has apparently made the Channel crossing.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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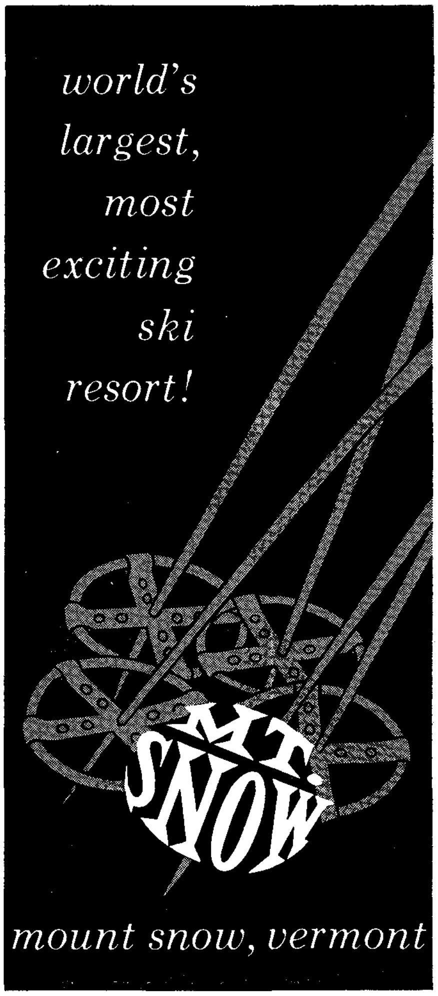

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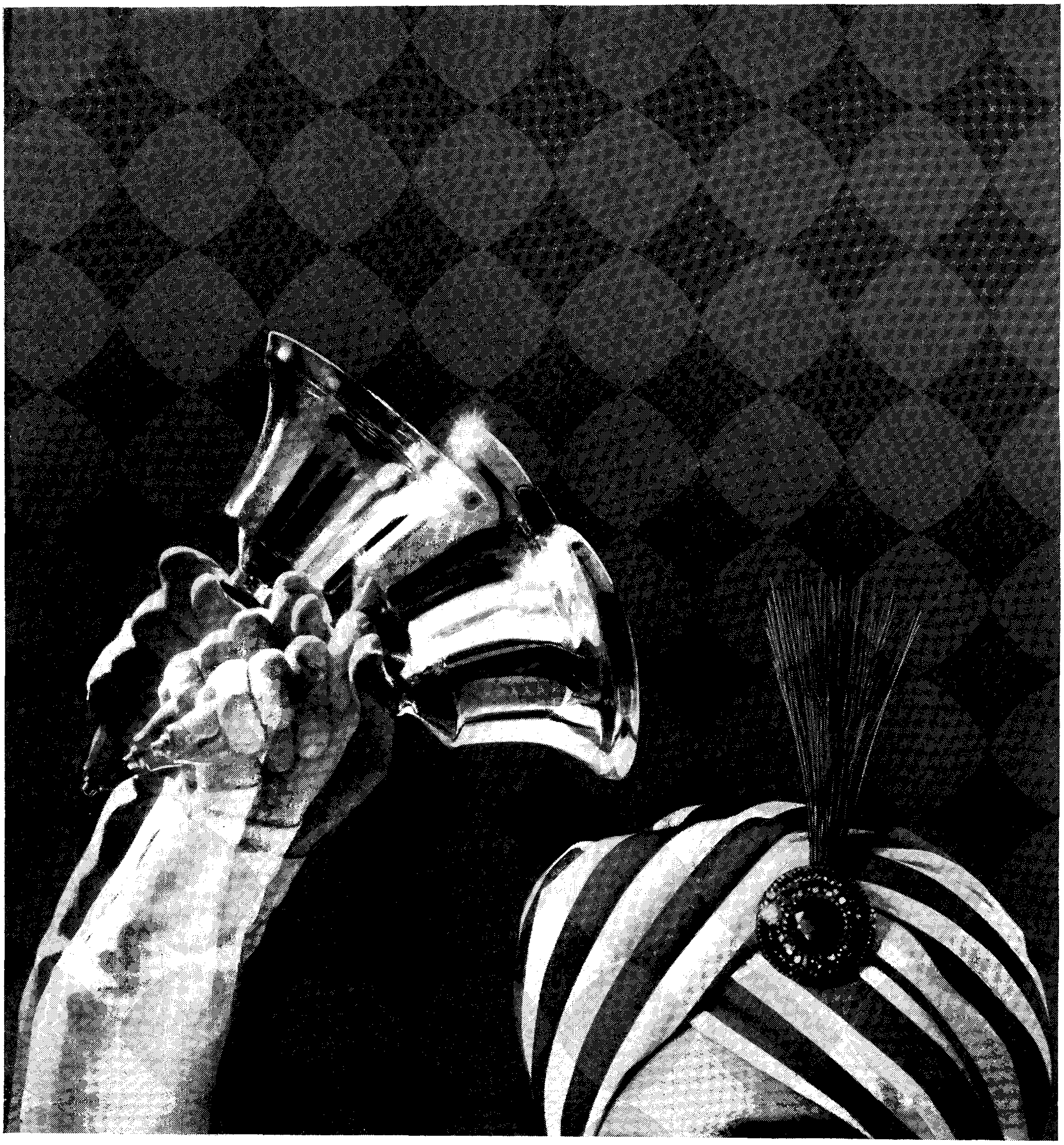

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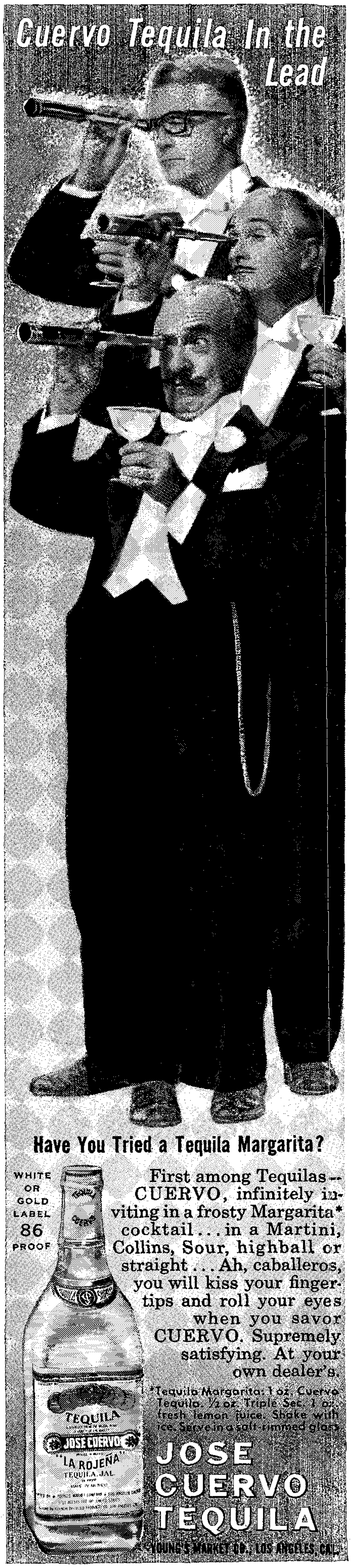

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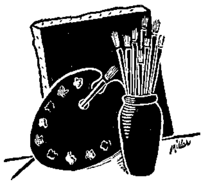
THE ART GALLERIES

Those Nineteen-Twenties Again

IT may be hard for us to realize, but the nineteen-twenties are receding into the storied and partly fabulous past. Several major and minor figures of the epoch have written their memoirs, there have been harkings-back on both radio and television, and musical comedies have used it for background atmosphere. Now the galleries are increasingly turning their attention to it—at the moment in an exhibition at the Perls called "Trends of the 'Twenties in the School of Paris," and (though here in less strictly limited a way chronologically) in another at the Janis, called, perhaps a bit coquettishly, "European Artists from A to V."

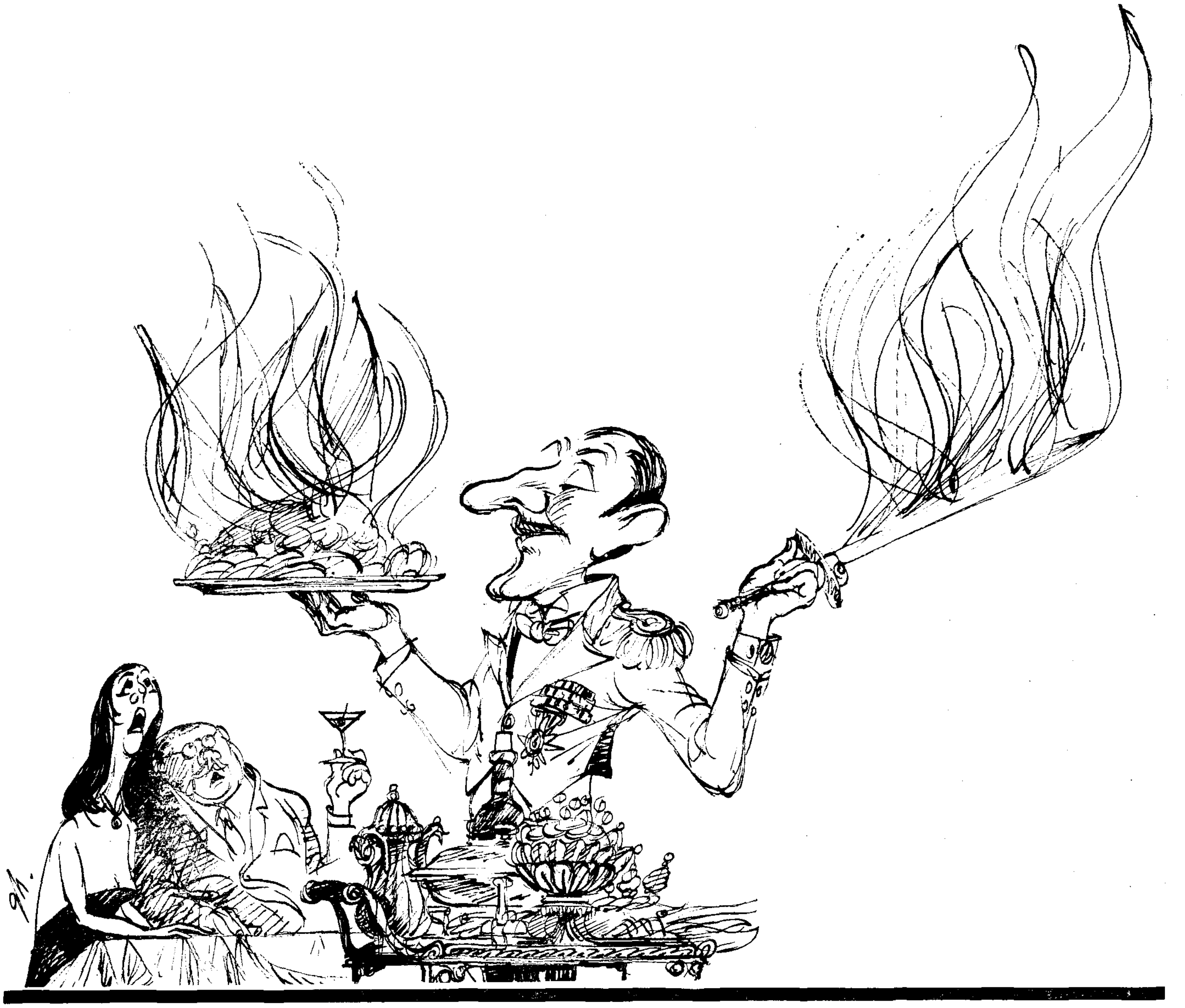


The affair at the Perls, despite its scholarly title, is not as formal in arrangement or, I take it, in intention as might be supposed. It is a rather random arrangement, and it could hardly be otherwise, for the events of the twenties, especially in the field of art, were a tangle themselves. Certainly it was a time of many impulses, the majority of them conflicting. It saw Cubism at its peak and the decline of Fauvism. It saw the death of Futurism and the rise of Dadaism, together with its hallucinated conversion into Surrealism. All this may seem to speak of eclecticism, and well it might, for in spite of the gaudy factional brawls and Gargantuan (or one might say Pantagruelian) skirmishes at plays, recitals, gallery openings, and in artists' cafés, it appears now to have been fundamentally a curiously tolerant time, when such totally different artists as Picasso and Rouault, Matisse and Léger, Braque, Bonnard, Maillol, and Brancusi could thrive together artistically in equal eminence.

A good deal of this activity may have been due to the feeling of experiment and adventure that was still alive in the arts, but if that gave tingle to the atmosphere at the time, it also led to individual failures and disappointments later. The new show reflects this, along with other aspects of the era. Some thirty pieces are included, half of them loans, and its nostalgic effect is given a wistful touch by the inclusion of several of the men, like Vlaminck and van Dongen, who either failed to live up to a brave beginning or soon began to fade from sight. Van Dongen's "Portrait de la Marchesa Cassatti," posed beside a Venetian canal, banged and brief-skirted in the style of the period, is a reminder of how brief, too, the career of a painter who turns fashionable can be (a decade or so in van Dongen's case), while the early Vlaminck "Nature Morte aux Fruits," bold in pattern and deliberately restrained in color, shows how authoritative his work was before he gave himself up to those leaden, repetitive snow scenes and still-lifes. There's a Dufy, "Les Palmiers à Cannes," that has the vivacity without the clutter of his late work, while the Pascin study of a nude girl called "Nu Debout," all shimmer and glimmer of warm pink flesh, has an even bitterer connotation, for it was painted only a few years before his suicide in 1930.

There are some omissions. Foujita, the Japanese artist whose paintings, with their enamel-like surfaces, had as great and also almost as short-lived a vogue as van Dongen's wispier ones, is one; and surely, if Bonnard is included, shouldn't Vuillard—so close in style, and also so close in artistic purpose that their relationship makes one think of that between the youthful Picasso and Braque—have been? Robert Delaunay, the leader of the Orphists, is missing, along with Modigliani, Ozenfant (then a power as the founder of the Purist school), Masson, Metzinger . . . one could probably dig up others.

But, as I've said, the collection appears not to have been aimed at definitiveness, and in any case the over-all flavor is enough to make up for any deficiencies. The selection and in some instances the hanging are admirably designed to illustrate the artistic cross-currents of the period. A Marie Laurencin painting of a young bride called "La Mariée," done in her tenderest, filmiest manner, hangs next to a particularly assertive (in color, at least) and, of course, uncompromisingly geometric "Composition XIII," by Mondrian, with a leafy little Utrillo village scene, "La Maison de Jeanne d'Arc," and a Primitivist Camille Bombois "La Charette" nearby. A squat, Cubist "Guitariste" in bronze, by Lipchitz, stands next to a couple of classically styled Maillols, while at longer range a gravely handsome Cubist (but still slightly Cézanne) Braque, "Nature Morte aux Poires," balances a flamingly Expressionist landscape called "La Colline de Céret," by Soutine. Other paintings that I thought notable are a small, relatively restrained, and shadowy "La Solitude," by Dali;



"FRENCH-SCHMENCH IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME"

Describing it simply, the scene above is a happy one for all concerned. A gathering of gourmets is about to realize the pure joy that comes from partaking of an epicurean masterpiece. The unseen proprietor of this elegant establishment will derive his pleasure from the outrageous check. But most important, we are privileged to see a truly happy man, a *Maître D's Maître D'*, a paragon of Parisian perfection, performing his duties in the classic French tradition.

So it is with pride and pleasure that we reveal that it was not ever thus. For this epitome of gallic garçonery was born Demetrios T, of Athens, and thereby hangs our tale.

Despondent was the word for young Demetrios the day he presented himself to the Berlitz school in New York, not too long ago. Falteringly he proclaimed that he had to speak another language "right away" or all was lost. He was told that he could begin English lessons at once. "Not English," was his agitated reply, "French." He went on to explain that he was an "A Number 1" waiter in one of America's great French restaurants. His boss had suddenly given him an ultimatum, "Learn French or look for another job." Demetrios liked the job and felt that it could lead to bigger things, but alas, when it came to speaking French, compared to him, even Parkyakarkus sounded like Charles de Gaulle.

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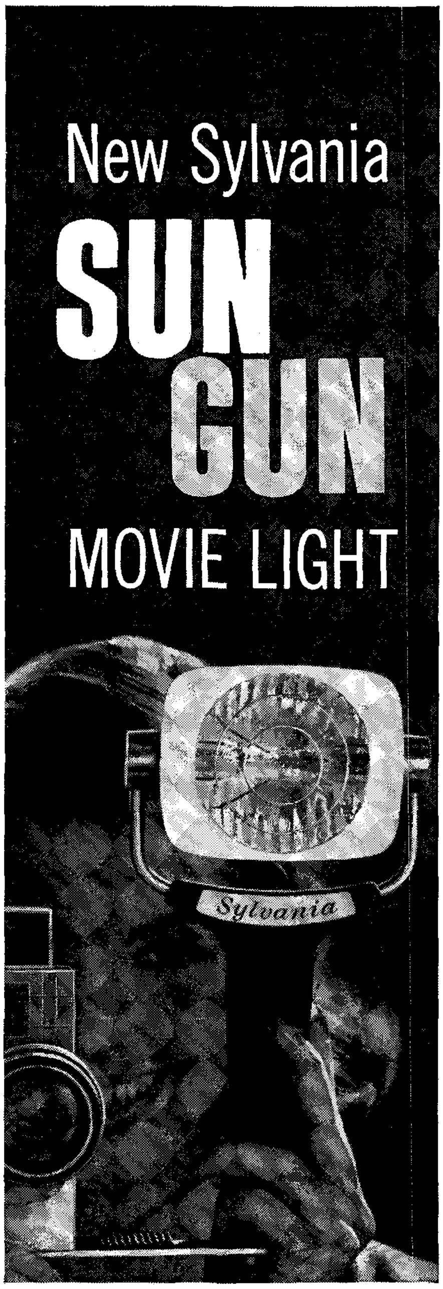

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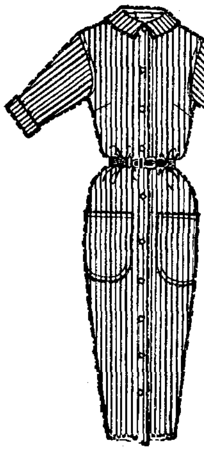
Max Ernst's small, striated "Tremblement de la Terre;" Miró's green, dreamlike "Amour" (done in 1925, when he was still a member of the Surrealist movement); and Rouault's dark, sardonic study of two minatory heads called "Les Augures." The whole show is a tribute to the durability of the art and the artists of the period.

AS I've suggested, the exhibition at the Janis spills over from the nineteen-twenties, both in space (for it includes German, Italian, and other nationals as well as the French) and in time, for the range is from a Mondrian landscape called "Dunes I," and dated 1908, to an Arp abstract figure in white marble, "Torse de Muse," and a set of three Dubuffet paintings done only a few years ago. The main emphasis, however, is on the middle period between, from around 1915 into the thirties, and the broader reach of the affair fills out the effect of the Perls exhibition, at points where the two coincide, for it illustrates the beginnings as well as the development of the artists concerned. The Mondrian "Dunes," done in the Pointillist manner, together with a Monetlike Impressionist "Haystack" of slightly later, is in sharp contrast to Mondrian's severely rectangular and beautifully balanced "Composition with Red, Yellow and Blue" of 1942, when he was at the height of his geometric style, and there's a whole group of Giacometti paintings and sculptures, culminating in a particularly handsome tall bronze, very African in suggestion, called "Figure Holding a Void." Chirico is represented by "Mannequin Métaphysique" of 1915, and there are also a couple of Légers—"Reclining Figure" of 1913 and the "Petit Déjeuner" of 1920—to point up the increasing complexity of his abstract approach during that period. I liked, too, the Torres-Garcia "Pintura Constructiva No. 3," done in his strict, compartmented manner; the small, striated "Moon and Sea," by Max Ernst; and (another echo from the almost forgotten past) the "Vase and Flowers" by Séraphine, one of the first of the self-taught painters to achieve wide and serious recognition.

A FRIEND who had been in Rome recently told me he'd heard that that ancient landmark, Tasso's Oak, was destroyed in a storm last fall, and if this is true, it gives an air of historic finality to the new Peter Blume exhibition at Durlacher. Tasso's Oak is, or was, traditionally—and I believe truly—the huge, spreading tree standing on a slope of the gardens of



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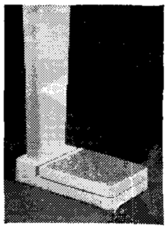

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the Janiculum, overlooking Rome, where the late-sixteenth-century epic poet went to meditate during his last years in Rome; Peter Blume is the artist, more or less unique in our time, whose work proceeds at so deliberate a pace that he ordinarily spends from three to six years on a "big," or major, canvas.

"Tasso's Oak" is the title of his latest painting, and, with a full-size preliminary cartoon in oils and a series of detail drawings, it forms the present exhibition. It is one of his "big" pictures, and the tree—dead for decades, and with its crumbling branches shored up by a complicated framework of brick and steel—is central to the design. In the picture (which departs from reality here and there, for Blume always distorts and compresses his subjective elements in the interests of his compositional and philosophic values), it stands strait-jacketed in a small piazza, a flight of steps at the right and a branch of new growth shooting up diagonally to the left to make a V around it. Otherwise, the design is simple—a group of women knitting on the piazza while their children play, a pair of lovers passing a couple of nuns on the steps—and, as I take it, the symbolism, revolving around love, birth, and death, is equally uncomplex. Yet for all that, it is an extraordinarily powerful painting. It may be a shade too compelling. The color, particularly, is dramatic almost to the point of stridency, and this, with the lurid sky, gives it a sense of the foreboding that may overweight a little the simple directness of the concept. But there's no denying its impact or the flawlessness of the technique, and there are details, such as the treatment of the two breezily striding nuns, the enigmatic faces of the knitting women, and the fanciful Roman panorama that forms its background (note the wonderful blending of the imaginary and the real), which are a delight to pore over. I found it interesting, too, to study the subtle compositional differences between the cartoon (a major accomplishment in itself) and the final canvas, and the detail drawings, almost *in toto*, are swift, unerring, and decisive.

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•

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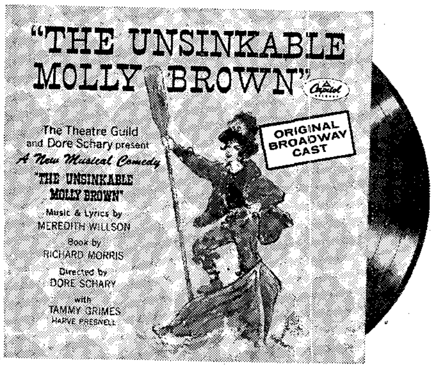
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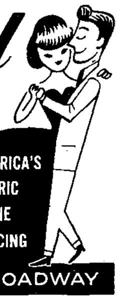
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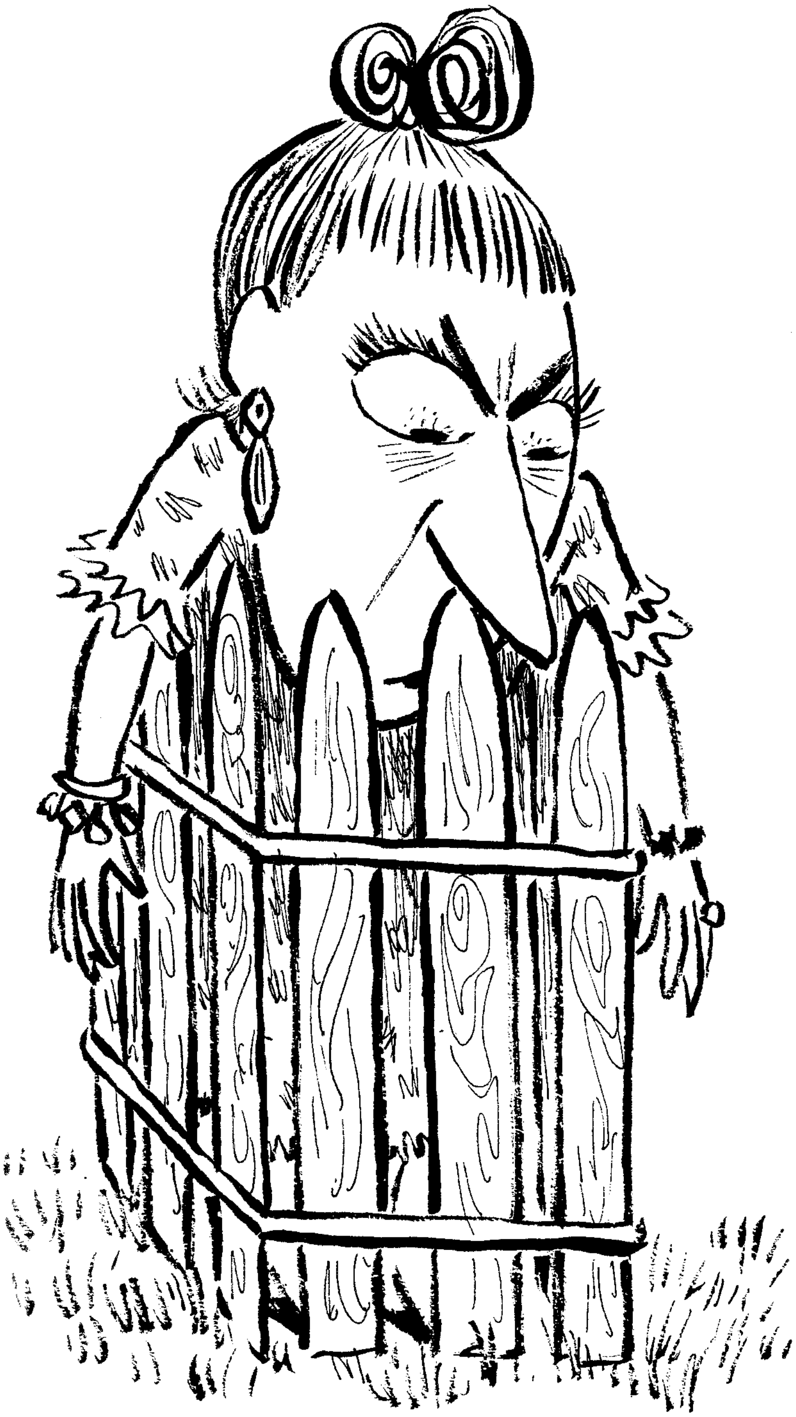

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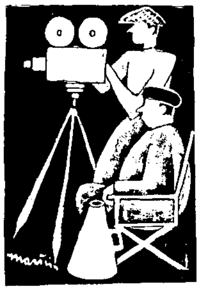

IT is my cynical suspicion that few of us this side of European Lit. I ("A Broad Survey, from the Chanson de Roland to Proust & Kafka; Freshmen and Sophomores; Mon., Wed., Fri., 9:00 A.M.") possess the wholesome strength of wind and limb necessary to traverse Cervantes' "Don Quixote." A single interminable metaphor that places addled goodness in a perpetual overmatch with worldliness to achieve its affecting ironies, it is the kind of worthy bore we inflict, Lord forgive us, on our helpless young. Episodic, repetitious, inconclusive, hopelessly broad, it is also the worst possible vehicle for drama. Having thus disposed of one of the world's classics, I must now report, in a state of puzzlement and pleasure, that the newly arrived Russian version of "Don Quixote" is a rich, colorful, and largely admirable film that should entertain almost everybody, including those who, like me, never did finish the book.

All the listed handicaps of "Don Quixote" are visible in the movie, which alternates sentimentalism with heavy farce and teeters dangerously along the edge of ennui for most of its course. The film must also carry the burden in this country of inept and occasionally inaudible dubbing, turning the dialogue into the kind of archaic English found in Howard Pyle's children's books ("Thou wilt answer the contrary to thy displeasure . . ."). Along about the middle of the movie, however, these distractions diminish, for one begins to realize that producer-director Grigory Kozintsev has made his "Don Quixote" one of the loveliest color compositions ever put on film, and that Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Knight of the Woeful Figure, is an actor of remarkable sensitivity and intelligence.

Kozintsev filmed his story in the Crimea, where he found a hot Spanish sun and a tumbled, chalky-white landscape on which he could display his galloping hidalgos in bold silhouette. He is a painter who dominates and subdues his colors, avoiding the powerful temptations of garishness; his most daring scenes are indoors, in the court of a

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duke, where his aristocrats—all jet-black cloaks, white ruffles, and cold faces—arrange themselves again and again into formal groupings that are pure, stunning Velázquez. Mr. Cherkasov is a perfectly constructed Don Quixote. Gaunt-faced, long-fingered, and spidery, he can make his giddy topplings from Rosinante's back appear as desperately comic and final as the collapse of a shanty in a windstorm. His genius is not all physical, however, for he plays with such restraint and taste that the knight's madness is always graceful, and the visions we see in his eyes are too apparent and too serious ever to seem merely pathetic. Near the end of "Don Quixote," there is a scene on the side of a barren hill depicting the reunion of the skinny wanderer and Sancho Panza (Yuri Tolubeyev) that struck me with such moving force that I almost resolved to go back and have one more crack at that book.

LUIS BUÑUEL, another talented director, has taken a bad spill in his new film, "The Young One," which is a serious but otherwise infelicitous work about race relations in our Deep South. Like so many recent examples of the genre, this movie suffers from the substitution of symbol for character and from the artificial isolation of its principals from the realities of a mass social problem that has become too complex and, mercifully, too well understood to make any sense in the tiny confines of simple moral drama. The isolation in this case is literal—a small island hunting preserve on which a Negro musician (Bernie Hamilton) takes refuge when fleeing from a false charge of rape. The only other inhabitants are a cloddish white gamekeeper, played by Zachary Scott, and a thirteen-year-old girl (Key Meersman). When the cracker seduces the child, all the ironies are complete; the Negro fugitive is innocent and the blustery white master guilty, and since we are now in the realm of parable, their eventual "understanding" of each other becomes inevitable. The dialogue in "The Young One," which was adapted from a story by Peter Matthiessen, struck my ears as literary and full of clinkers, but I have nothing but praise for Mr. Buñuel's sharp camera and for his good intentions. These last, sadly, do not seem to me to forgive the innocuousness of a film that could be cheerfully witnessed by an audience of New Orleans mothers just before they resumed their places in the picket line outside their local school.

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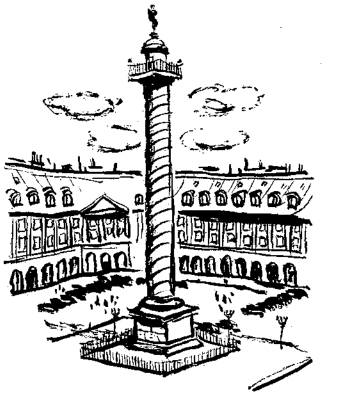
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 12

IT is easy now, after the success of the event, to say that President de Gaulle was bound to win his majority in metropolitan France in the referendum last weekend, though actually those were three of the most confusing days, involving conscience, dialectics, and muddled opinions and hopes, that French voters have gone through in all the cloudy political years since the peace began. It is easy to say that he won by staking his reputation on the outcome and by even raising his ante with a faint threat to resign if he was not given the "frank and massive 'yes' " that he said he must have in order to carry on his Fifth Republic, with no one in France suited to fill his shoes were he to abdicate. Yet there was certainly an incalculable but important number of bourgeois citizens who, though they forced themselves to vote yes, are politically tired of the abnormalities of personal power essential to his regime and who openly look forward to the end of the war in Algeria as also the end of de Gaulle, that extraordinary leader of an interlude, after which France can get down to the necessary, more vulgar reality of trying to run itself again. It is also easy to say that he won his unexpected 69.09-per-cent affirmation in Algeria because the French Army of Occupation was ordered to tell the Moslems to vote yes. Yet the French Army itself largely voted no. Just before the referendum, sixteen generals signed a public round robin of protest against their chief's Algerian Republic policy, declaring their devotion to the French Algeria that they had all fought for and still believe in. France's only living marshal, Maréchal Alphonse Juin, who was born in Algeria, even wrote a rebellious, insolent letter to General de Gaulle and gave it to the French newspapers to print. De Gaulle's sole answer was to remove Maréchal Juin from the Supreme Defense Council and forbid him to go home to Algeria to propagandize for a vote of no. He also sacked General Salan from his high-council functions, so Salan is now sulking idly in Spain. The more important of two secondary de Gaulle victories in the referendum is its proof that though he may well have broken the hearts of the Army's élite, he has also broken the Army's political power. His third referendum triumph lies in the ludicrous collapse at the polls of the previously self-important Right Wing Algérie Française diehards here in France. They voted no, in a political paradox, with the Communists, the other brash talkers, yet even together the two parties polled a no vote of only 24.74 per cent.

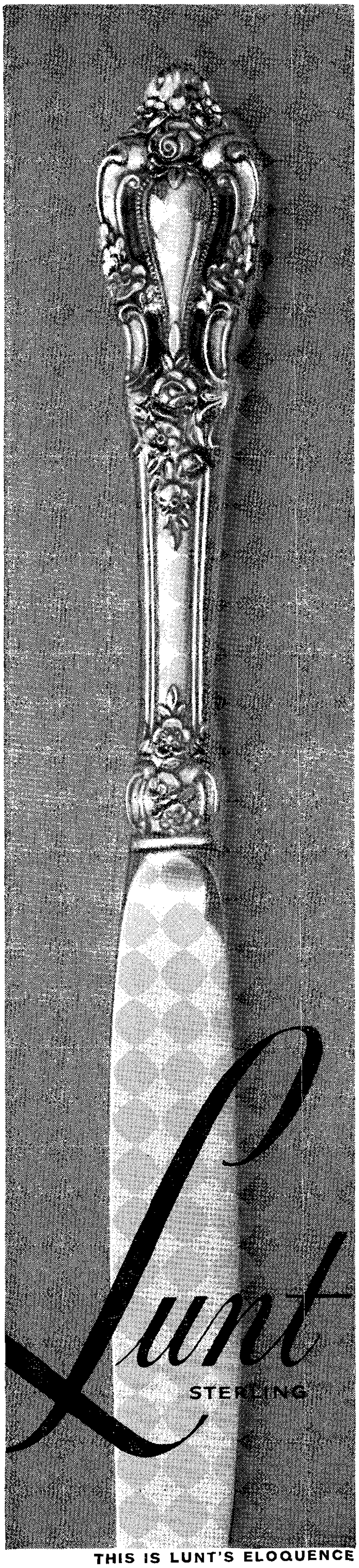


Of all the political parties, the Communists had laid down the heaviest barrage of propaganda; in the Paris working-class districts daily bundles of tracts from *L'Humanité* in favor of no were stuffed into voters' mailboxes.

De Gaulle's final television appeal to the voters to let him "know what is in your minds and hearts" had some unexpected and funny reactions. In the wine regions of the southwest, certain groups let him know they had their minds made up against his recent viticultural policy. In Corsica, where there was talk of the Paris government's suppressing a small railroad, the peasants let him know that in their hearts they were certainly against his stand on the railroad question.

As a result of the referendum, de Gaulle's policy in Algeria—his plans to create a provisional Algerian government of Moslem Algerians even before peace is obtained or the Moslems' vote on self-determination has been held—is now law. In this week's meeting with his Ministers, he has already approved the creation of Algerian administrative and deliberative institutions, so that the Moslems will have had some practice in doing things for themselves when the great day of freedom finally comes. What the referendum did not mention, but what surely lies behind all the yes votes, is everybody's desire for a negotiated peace. The sooner General de Gaulle arranges for it, the broader his historical fame will lie, on both sides of the Mediterranean.

EDITH PIAF's triumphant and pathetic recent opening night at the Olympia Music Hall was regarded as a resurrection. For two years she has been in a kind of limbo of mortal bad luck and danger, beset by illness and motor accidents, her money prodi-



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[VOL. III Nº XIV]

As mentioned recently, flaiṫiúlaċ is an Irish word meaning openhanded generous ample unstinting expansive and Oh much else. It is pronounced "flahoolick", which we admit looks a bit earthy; English is a simply wretched language that way. However. ☙ Since flahoolickness is an admirable quality and there is never nearly enough of it in this Vale of Tears, alas, we ⟦The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland⟧ thought you might like to know whether you have got it. To this end we have devised a number of tests to determine your Flahoolick Rating and your general knowledge for it does no good to be flahoolick if you don't know what to be flahoolick about. ☙ Now please do not think we are being the sly boots and it will turn out that you are not flahoolick unless you drink Irish Whiskey. Not at all. Why, a man could be the very paragon of flahoolickness and drink nothing but kumquat juice! Though this is so unlikely we ⟦The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland⟧ wonder why we mention it.

⁂

The test then:

I. 1. Do you wake up smiling? a( ) Yes; b( ) No.
2. Do you often smile at lunch? a( ) Yes; b( ) No; c( ) Depends.
3. Do you usually smile after 5:00 P.M.? a( ) Yes; b( ) No.

II. Which of these items seem flahoolick[*] to you? a( ) Running boards; b( ) Matchbooks with the scraping part on the other side; c( ) Irish Coffee; d( ) Short shower curtains; e( ) Wire coat hangers.

III. (True or false). The burnished, emphatic flavour of Irish Whiskey figures in the taste spectrum somewhere between American Whiskey and Scotch Whisky.

Now for the answers and scoring:

I. By and large it is more flahoolick to smile than not to smile. However it is not particularly flahoolick to smile early in the morning and you may even offend people that way. Smiling at lunch is optional. Correct answers: 1(b); 2(c); 3(a). Take 25 points for each correct.

II. Of these, only running boards and Irish Coffee are flahoolick. Score 25 points if you selected them; minus 50 points for each of the others.

III. True, quite true. 50 points.

Now an F.R. of 150 is perfect, therefore unlikely; 100 is passing. If you scored less than 25 life is passing you by and perhaps the man at the whiskey store will coach you.

---

[*] We are most interested in adding to our collection of flahoolick and unflahoolick items. If you have entries, please send them to us.

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gally wasted, her apartment stripped to pay her debts, all this followed by a collapse on a provincial stage when, of necessity, she started to sing too soon, and, finally, the fear that her voice was gone, like everything else. Since she is the best loved and most significant of the *populo Paris chanteuses* (her mother reportedly gave birth to her on a sidewalk in Belleville), she and her melodramas were followed with that special sympathy the Parisian public gives to its aging theatre favorites. Her first night at the Olympia was a gala benefit performance for the First Free French Division, which helped liberate France. Old General Georges Catroux was present, as well as some Cabinet members, various stage and movie stars, and the Garde Républicaine, in their helmets and white breeches. Her triumph has continued nightly, with the crowd shouting its appreciation and battering her fragility with its unrestrained applause. What makes her performance touching—and, in a way, terrifying—is that her tiny, stiff-moving body and her lunar, modest face, with its faint nimbus of sparse hair, belong to an unfamiliar, ravaged woman inhabited by that familiar voice, which suddenly bursts forth without age or change and with its rolling, throaty "r"s, singing about disappointed love like a city-park nightingale. She walks with difficulty, her heavy feet shapeless in sandals, and her poor-looking black dress (her trademark since her young days, when she sang and begged on the streets) stretches tight over her thin arms and chest. On legs spread wide to give her balance, she fixes herself before the microphone, and then comes her soaring, intact sound, carrying her ballads—every banal word and the full drama of their meaning perfectly articulated—without a single physical gesture, not even that of lifting her hands. When the thunderous applause strikes her, she mostly acts as if she did not hear it, or else vaguely smiles, being in haste to announce the next song and get on with her heavy program. It consists of ten new songs and, as final encores, seven or eight of the old favorites—a champion performance.

Her contract at the Olympia is for a month. People queue up all day, every day, on the boulevard in front of the ticket office. Nightly, she brings down the house with her confessional new song about her own life, "Je ne Regrette Rien," with its plucky refrain, "*Balayés les amours, avec leurs trémolos, Balayés pour toujours, je repars à zéro!*" In one song, called simply "Mon Dieu," she asks God to give her a few more days

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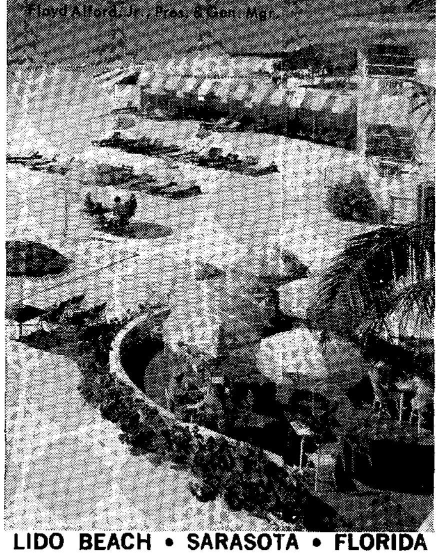

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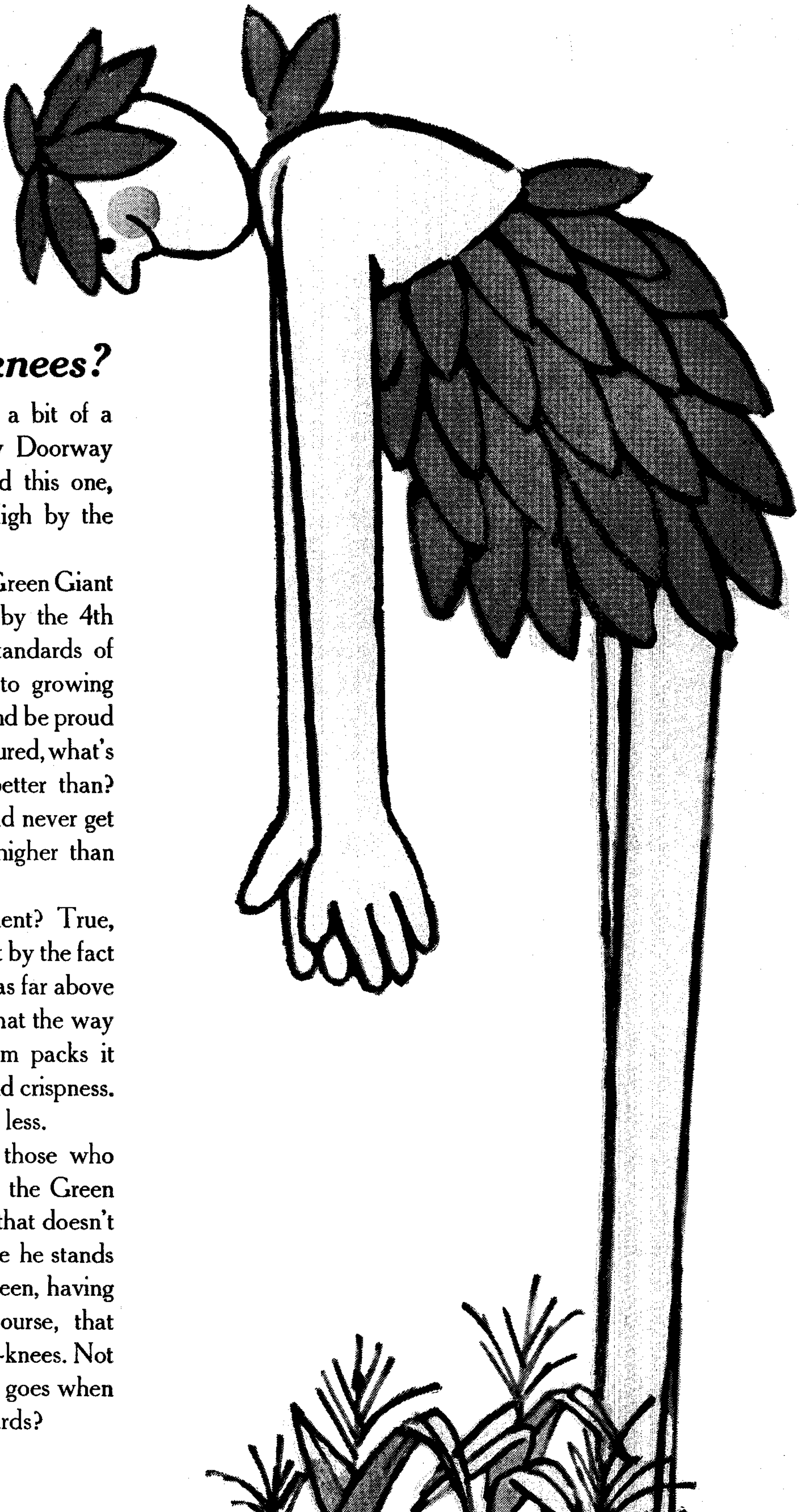

Yes, but whose knees?

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of happiness with her false love. In "Boulevard du Crime," a Guignolesque ballad, she essays a few mocking dance steps. "Les Blouses Blanches" is about the white-jacketed nurses in a madhouse. Her new sentimental successes are "Les Mots d'Amour" and "L'Homme Qu'Il Me Faut"—typical nostalgic Paris *bistro* waltzes. Artistically, her dramatic projection of her songs is still unequalled. Starting again at zero, she is making a new fortune for her new self. Her real name has long been forgotten—Édith Giovanna Gassion. Since her teens, when she first began chirping her songs, she has been known as Piaf, which is Paris slang for "sparrow."

THIS has been by no means a brilliant winter for the Paris theatre, whose gleaming, intellectual ornament was to have been "Le Cardinal d'Espagne," by Académicien Henry de Montherlant. Just produced at the Comédie-Française, it reads more impressively than it plays. In accordance with his favorite dramatic theme, which is the struggle between churchly conscience and worldly pressure—and which was at its best in the anguished Jansenist nuns of his "Port-Royal" six years ago—his elderly sixteenth-century Spanish Cardinal, Jiménez de Cisneros (a figure taken from history), works his crimes and cruelty to keep Spain mighty for the glory of God. From the mouth of the sequestered Queen Mother, Joanna the Mad, he learns the truth, which the courtiers have feared to declare—that the un-Christian hatred he inspires has poisoned Spain. To cleanse the land of his power, his beloved young great-nephew betrays him to Joanna's adolescent, Austrian son, Charles V, who before coming to claim his throne sends a message ordering the Cardinal Regent back to his monastery and silence. The old man dies, killed by truth. As played by Henri Rollan, Cardinal Jiménez's tragedy is somehow diminished. The talent of the supporting cast also seems too small even for this fraction of Spain's terrible history as aided by de Montherlant's imagination. In addition, the Comédie-Française tradition of fine voices and classically articulated speech seems wanting in this production, in the opinion of many elegant Parisians, at least. "Le Cardinal d'Espagne" is the winter play to see in Paris, but not to be satisfied by.

THE unusual invitation tendered to Vladimir Bourmeister, of the Bolshoi Ballet, to work as a visiting

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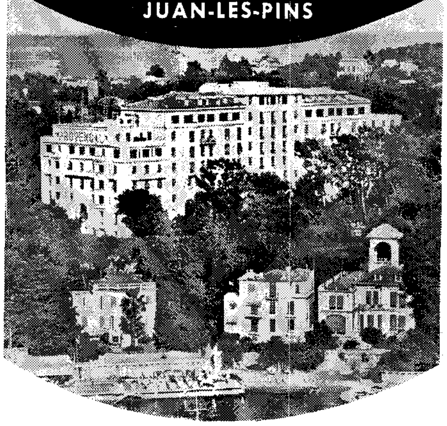

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maître de ballet for the Opéra here resulted in a dozen performances, in the course of the three weeks just ended, of all four acts of Tchaikovsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes," which had never previously been included in the Opéra's repertory. As a novelty that had been delayed for about a hundred years, it packed the Opéra all twelve times with enthusiastic full houses. Except for the revered Ivanov choreography in Act II, Bourmeister used the Bolshoi choreography throughout, including the inevitably boring Act III—and what a pity it is that this act is not thrown out of the show in every land, and forever! Bourmeister must also have used a touch of the knout on the Opéra *corps-de-ballet* girls' legs. Roused from their conventional lethargy, in the great feathery ensemble scenes the girls became the star attraction, far more praised by balletomanes than the muscular Josette Amiel, who was Odette-Odile. As a sop to French bourgeois romanticism, the first act was fortunately not danced by rollicking political peasants, as it was in the Soviet performance given here a few years ago, but by exquisitely garbed youths, against a lovely, poetic al-fresco backdrop, and served as a logical preliminary for the familiar classic romantics of the second act. The famous head-tossing *pas de quatre* of Act II was danced, for the first time here, by four *rats de ballet*—lean-legged little girls, about twelve years old. The Bolshoi happy ending of the fourth act was a fair treat to Parisians, with its tempest on the lake, during which the Opéra's cloth waves billowed, and with the Princess's leap from the magician's rock into her lover's arms, and the final embrace. Don't miss this "Swan Lake" if you come to Paris this spring, and don't forget to retire to the bar during Act III.

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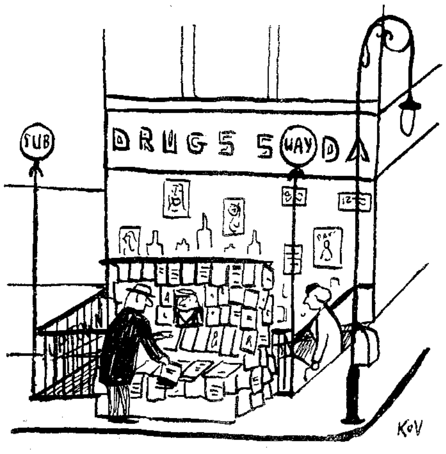

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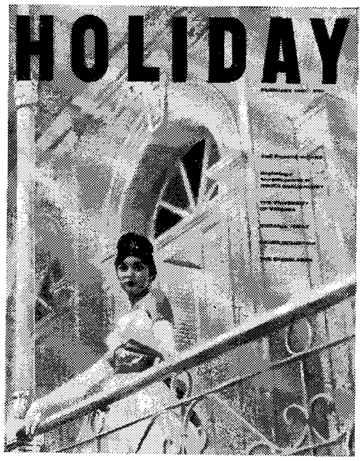
IN THE FEBRUARY



Khrushchev This is a man as difficult to understand as his name is to spell. Now, Holiday unravels some of the mystery surrounding the coal miner who conquered the Kremlin — and makes some fascinating discoveries. You'll learn such things as the strategy he used to survive Russia's political upheavals and what kind of family man he is. Don't miss Holiday's personal interview with the man who holds almost half the world in his hands.

Lech Pronounced [lɛx], this tiny Austrian ski town hidden in the fabled Snow Circle of the Arlberg exhibits an unusual charm. Unlike most ski resorts, Lech enjoys six hours of sun a day—even in January. And it is far enough out of the way to attract a smart, exclusive crowd. Skier or not, you won't want to miss Holiday's brilliant picture story, "No Trains to Lech."

and *Laura: A Portrait of Avignon, by Lawrence Durrell . . . The Puerto Ricans in New York . . . A World Set Free (fourth in UN series) . . . The River of Grass—Florida's Everglades . . . Rumania Today . . . The University of Virginia . . . Cooking by Ear by Nathaniel Benchley . . . Philadelphia's Academy of Music . . . Holiday Handbook of Do-It-Yourself Importing . . . Antic Arts, featuring George Cukor . . . Party of One by F. L. Lucas . . . Reading I've Liked by Clifton Fadiman. Don't miss the February Holiday. On sale now. A Curtis Magazine.*

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casso, Léger, and Chagall have afforded them what is pompously called official consecration, because these exhibitions were held in the state-owned Pavillon de Marsan—the Rue de Rivoli wing of the Louvre. Now Jean Dubuffet has been consecrated there with an exhibition of four hundred and four of his still highly disputable art works, and many Parisians and at least two art critics have been disgusted. *L'Aurore's* critic expressed himself clearly on "the epic ugliness and grandiose horror" of Dubuffet's output, "without any tomorrows, since his choice of material insures his art's destruction [some pictures are painted on what looks like kitchen oilcloth] in fundamental accord with a suicidal universe whose senseless precariousness his art represents." The *Figaro* art critic's complaint was printed on the front page, like an editorial. He said, in part, "For people who were not informed in advance, the presence of Dubuffet's work in the Pavillon de Marsan is highly upsetting—childish drawings, graffiti, scraps of paper [all part of his] cry of revolt, his series of insults to a blasé society. . . . Especially on the opening day the murmured comments 'How pretty! How charming!'—as inexact as they were out of place—themselves described a scatterbrained public resigned to enduring anything." Dubuffet's male and female nudes of the type shown in the state's consecration exhibition—with round faces, like pennies, stuck on matchstick necks—are now worth the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars apiece on the speculative Paris art market.

There is, however, one chaste and noble exhibition now on view—that of "La Peinture Italienne au XVIII Siècle," at the Petit Palais, with invaluable *settecento* canvases from Venice, Rome, Genoa, Bologna, Milan, and Naples, many of which had never been seen in our time outside palaces or private collections. Among them are Canaletto's "Grand Canal at S. Vito;" some Bellotto architectural views from Warsaw and Schönbrunn; some hallucinating Magnascos, including a "Scène Macabre" with skeletons; Tiepolos and Panninis; and a roomful of Piranesi's etchings of prisons—etchings in their first and second states, printed in 1750 and 1760. Many of the copper plates themselves are also displayed. But the greatest delight is the clear panels that once ornamented the organ loft at Venice's Church of the Angel Raphael and that were probably painted by both the Guardi brothers together—a chef-

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d'œuvre that experts regard as the beginning of modern painting. The panels were discovered, by a young Englishman, hanging in a state of extreme dilapidation on the ceiling of a mansion in Ireland, near Cork, where six panels still remain. The Englishman purchased them, as a gamble, for a few hundred pounds, and restorers reportedly charged twenty thousand pounds to renovate them. Some were shown in London last year, at the Royal Academy, after passing into the collection of Geoffrey Merton. Mr. Merton's first intention, it has been said, was to use them as a décor above the swimming pool in his mansion, at Hampstead. These panels show the boy Tobias departing with a gay-looking (rather than holy-looking) angel while his father stands with hand uplifted, as if to point to the coming miracle with the fish, which was to make his son famous in sacred history, and the mother hides her grief and face with her cape. The figures are alert with charm and have almost a careless modern artistic vitality, forming what is certainly the most exquisite new painting to come to us from the *settecento*. —GENÊT

◆

TO ARIAKE KAMBARA

(1876–1952)

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Ariake, Japanese friend, I regard
Your ghost, your fine print, with amazement.
How could you do it, brother?
The sheer courage, the humor,
The intensity of your pen!

And what, after all, is the poem
But the constant threading of a needle?
You have used the same thread
Over and over, sewing clouds, sewing
A damaged heart, perfecting the things
You knew well.

It is quite possible,
Dear Ariake, we are old at thirty,
And would be wiser to close our doors
After one last swift year of the senses.
Seen once, felt once, the world should
Persist as the image of a breast,
As the hand's perfection, as flame—
As love is recalled to us, once
Having been so blinded.

—NORMAN ROSTEN

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

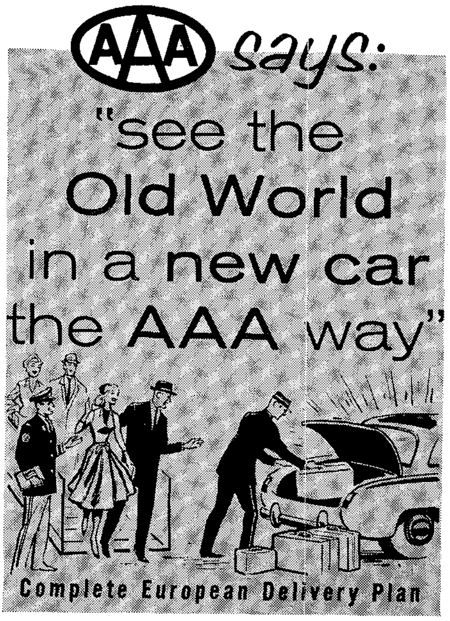
New York City,
January 14, 1961

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

It wasn't until I read Hayes B. Jacobs' "Three Evenly Spaced Cheers for the Compulsives," in your issue of December 31st, that I realized that there were others in whom Ann Landers had struck a responsive chord when she invited the compulsives among her readers to jot down their compulsions and send them to her as a first step toward getting rid of them. Unlike Mr. Jacobs' friends, who want to keep their compulsions, I'd love to get rid of mine. In fact, I composed a letter to Ann Landers, but I'm not sure whether she got it; she hasn't published it in her column. But it occurs to me that if you were to print a copy of the letter, it might still serve. My compulsions stem from an innate distrust of the United States Post Office Department. They have nothing to do with any special administration, outgoing or incoming. It's just the Post Office Department. So here is my letter to Ann Landers. And I'm not going to mail it to you; I'm delivering it by hand.

Dear Ann Landers:

I'm writing down my compulsions, as you suggested, in order to expose and cure them, and I hope the therapy brings fast results. I'm sick and tired of being bullied by them. I can't remember when I first noticed them, but they've been with me for as long as I can remember. They all come from the fact that *it kills me to mail a letter!* There it is, Ann. I've said it. I hate mailing anything—even Christmas cards. There's something about a mail slot that stops me—especially a narrow one, because I can't resist the temptation to make sure the letter isn't stuck, and I have to put my hand in the slot right after I've let go of the letter. I can't help myself. Even then, with bruised knuckles, if it's a day when I'm particularly untrusting, I hang around the mailbox waiting for the pickup man, because I have a lingering doubt about where my letter really is. Sometimes, if I have a premonition that it's going to be especially hard to get rid of a certain letter, I won't use the small mailbox that's on the corner lamppost near where I live. There's one of the big old-fashioned mailboxes—still painted olive drab instead of red, white, and blue—only about ten blocks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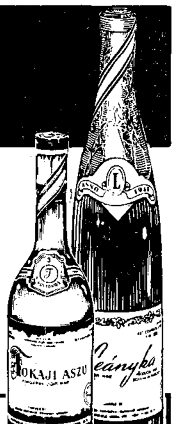

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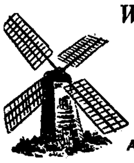

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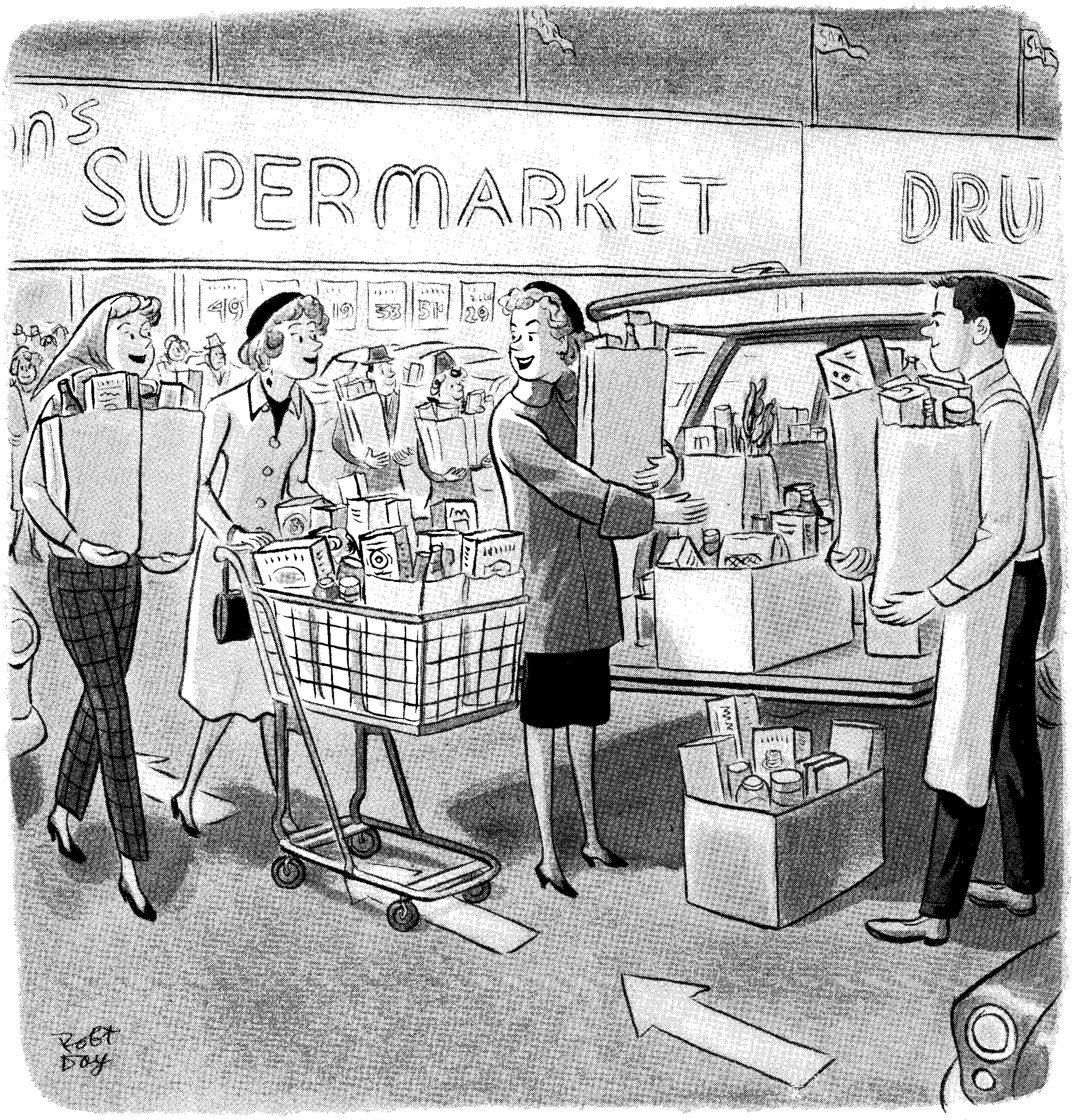

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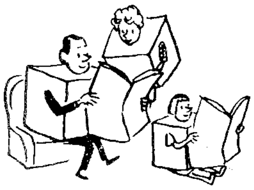

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away. Of course, after I get home I begin to worry for fear maybe the duties of that comfortable old box have been changed and I just didn't notice the lettering around its middle saying "Not For Mail."

I do some of my mailing at the post office in the building where I work. It usually takes my whole lunch hour, and even then I'm not sure how well I've managed. I have three choices (really four) of what to do with my letter. I can put it in (1) "Manhattan & Bronx Letters & Special Delivery Only," (2) "Out-of-Town, Brooklyn, Queens & Staten Is. Letters," or (3) "Special Delivery for Out-of-Town & Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Is., All Air Mail."

I drop the letter in the (I hope) correct slot. Then nagging questions come: Where did my letter go? Did I put it in the right place, and if I did, is it really *in* there? Could it have slipped down between the wall and the canvas hamper? I try to peer nonchalantly over the frosted-glass barrier between me and the hamper, but I'm not quite tall enough, so I crouch and peek into the slot. I can't see anything but lots of pants legs. The slot is another narrow one, but I stick my fingers in anyway. One time, a man on the other side of the partition shook my hand.

I SEE what you mean, Ann, about writing down these impulses that make me perform totally irrational actions. Just airing them like this makes me wonder if I'll ever be so foolish about the United States Post Office Department again. I guess I will always wonder whether you got this letter, though, because I feel so much better that I don't think I'll even mail it. It's all stamped and ready to go, and I'm throwing it out the window. Let somebody else drop it in the box.

Yours compulsively,
LAURA MAY ROHRBACH

•

It all has to do with the confusions that occur when a proper English boys school is compelled to hire, sight unseen, a French master, and he turns out to be a mademoiselle. What's more, she is young and very attractive—a second Brigitte Immediately Bardot. French becomes the favorite subject, and the boys' thoughts quickly turn from the school's vile food, which has been the death of the old French master, to—well, let us say, other things.—*Bosley Crowther in the Times.*

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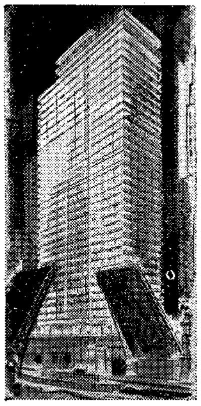

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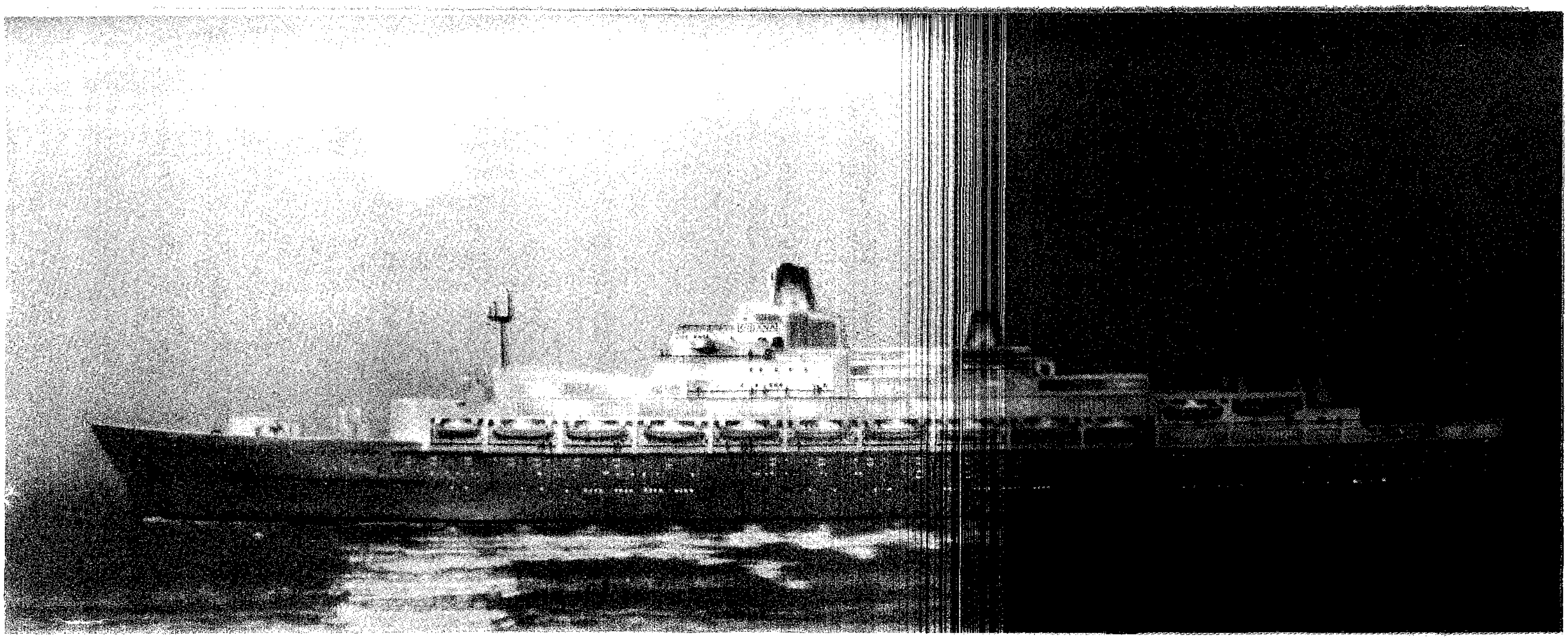

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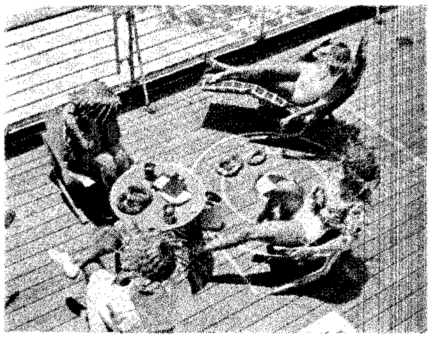

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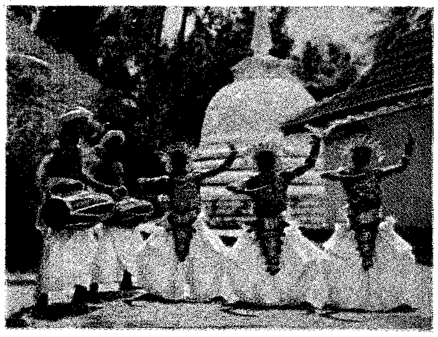

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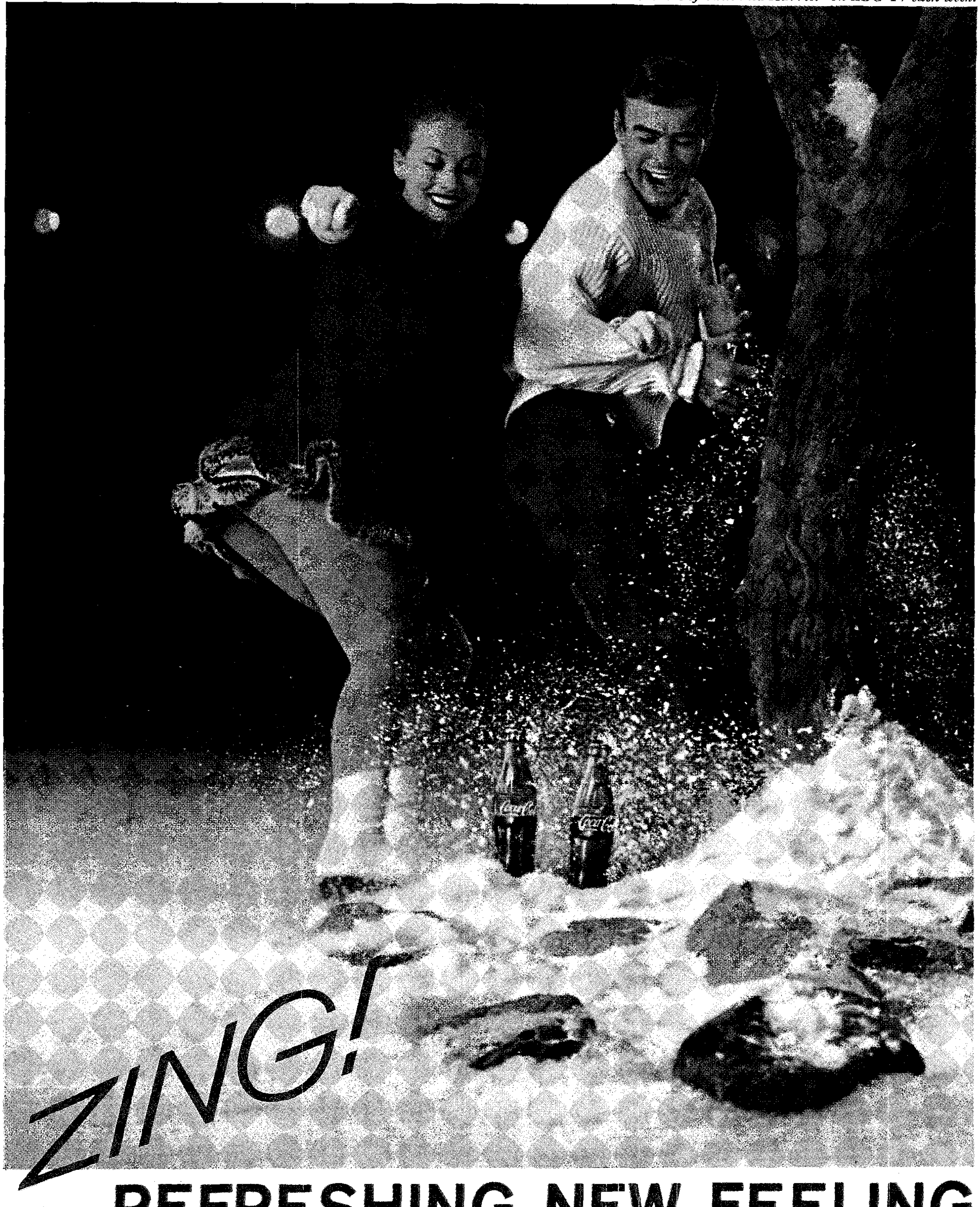

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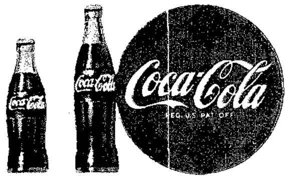

Regular or King Size

MUSICAL EVENTS

Some New Frontiers

APROPOS of no particular performance, I should like to point out, without much pleasure, that we are in the midst of one of the dullest Metropolitan Opera seasons that I have encountered in some thirty-five years of attendance at that venerable institution. True, the Mozart repertory seems to be holding up pretty well; some of the standard Verdi items, like "Aïda," "Simon Boccanegra," and "Rigoletto," are being done quite presentably; it has been very interesting to hear Verdi's "Nabucco" at last; and the revival of Strauss's "Arabella" has been wholly delightful. Gluck's "Alcestis," too, has proved a worthy undertaking, despite the dated formality of its libretto and a production that I found rather unimaginative. Among the other new presentations, "L'Elisir d'Amore" and the forthcoming "Martha" are in the category of comic opera, and though I thought the staging of the former was charming enough, neither is the sort of thing to arouse great excitement. The new singers, aside from Eileen Farrell, have not proved very exciting, either, and some of them—I am thinking particularly of some perfectly dreadful performances of "Carmen"—have been way beneath the standards that Alfredo Salmaggi used to maintain in his popular-priced events at the old Hippodrome. Of the items to come, besides "Martha," there is a new production of Puccini's "Turandot," which I hope Leopold Stokowski will be well enough to conduct, and performances—some of them revivals—of "Elektra," "Wozzeck," "Tristan," "Parsifal," and "Don Carlos." The absence of any new contemporary operas is very noticeable, and so is the weakness of the Wagnerian repertory, which, up to Mr. Bing's arrival as general manager, had been one of the glories of the Met for at least two generations. It is reported that Mr. Bing is unwilling to produce the Ring cycle without completely redesigning it, and that he is waiting for the move to Lincoln Center before doing this. But nobody seems to know when Lincoln Center will be ready, and meanwhile we are left without this series of Wagnerian masterpieces, which has always

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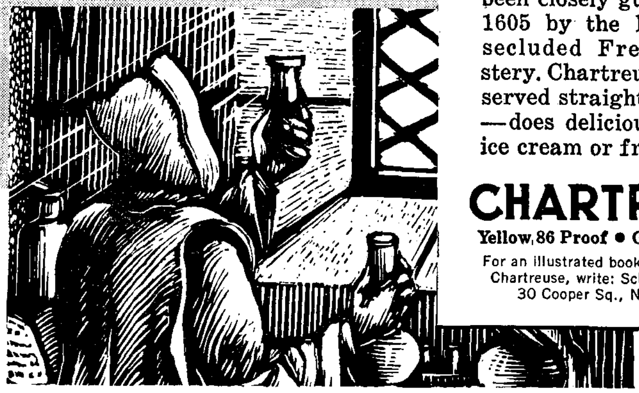

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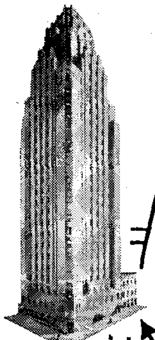

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had its avid New York public and which has been done in the past with enormous artistry. The lack of conductors of the first rank also remains pretty glaring.

All this leads me to some harmless speculation about what I should do if I were in Mr. Bing's place—speculation that is, I admit, perhaps unfair, since Mr. Bing has the responsibility and the problems, and I can complain as much as I like about the results. Nevertheless, I shall allow myself this luxury. To begin with, I would search unremittingly for some first-rank maestros. I would drop the Bayreuth-style scenic designers responsible for such productions as "Nabucco," "Alcestis," and the current "Tristan." (These productions may seem stylish to Central Europeans, but they look merely mannered and arty to New Yorkers, and they might well be replaced by the work of such gifted Americans as are very often hired by the New York City Opera.) I would bring back the Ring, even though its scenery is somewhat tattered. I would pay more attention to the later operas of Richard Strauss, and do "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," for example, even though its wildly fantastic drama leaves something to be desired. I would be on a desperate lookout for fine new singers, whether European or American, and I would try to have them make their American débuts with my company. Having unearthed such admirable Wagnerian singers as Birgit Nilsson and Jon Vickers, I would build a Wagnerian repertory around them, instead of putting them in such things as "Carmen" and "Turandot." I would hire foreign artists like Sena Jurinac and Tito Gobbi. I would hire the American mezzo-soprano Gloria Lane, who is a better Carmen than anybody who has appeared in this role at the Met since Risë Stevens. Having launched Eileen Farrell, fairly late in her career, I would set her to work on the Wagnerian roles, where she might outshine even the scrupulous and tidy Miss Nilsson. (After all, during the Edward Johnson regime we had not only the great Isolde of Kirsten Flagstad but two other Isoldes—Helen Traubel and Marjorie Lawrence—who were not far behind her.) I would build morale in the company by hiring more of our excellent local singers—Frances Bible, Phyllis Curtin, and Irene Jordan come immediately to mind—and by letting those I had already hired sing a wider variety of roles. I would not leave the propagation of contemporary American opera entirely to the New York City Opera. On the contrary, I would feel it to be one of my main responsibilities to en-

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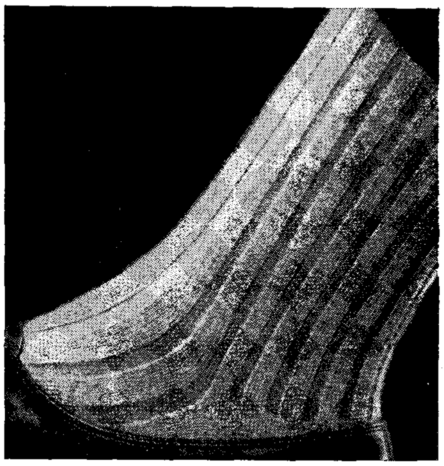

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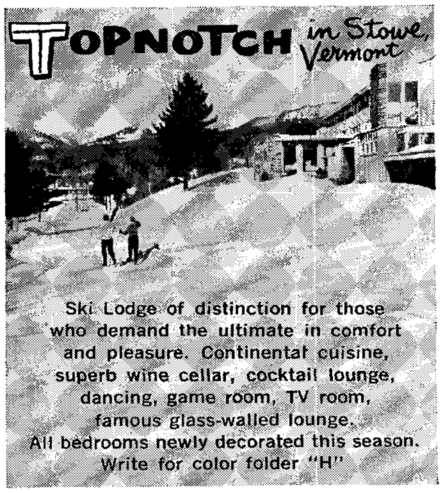

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courage this healthy sprout, even though I might not be rewarded with a masterpiece every time. In all these things, I feel, Mr. Bing has been either remiss or extraordinarily unadventurous. As I say, I have no intimate knowledge of the problems that beset Mr. Bing. They are undoubtedly large. But it seems to me that we have a right to expect more from him than we are getting this season.

As for the events of the past week, I found them only moderately interesting. The Warsaw Philharmonic came to Carnegie Hall on Monday night and showed itself, under the conductorship of Witold Rowicki, to be a serviceable, though scarcely scintillating, ensemble. The pleasantest item on its program was provided by a willowy young blond Polish violinist named Wanda Wilkomirska, who played Szymanowski's First Violin Concerto with a nice tone, clean intonation, and a brilliant technique. Whether she has a cultivated style in more classical types of music could not be judged from this piece, but she did it very well indeed.

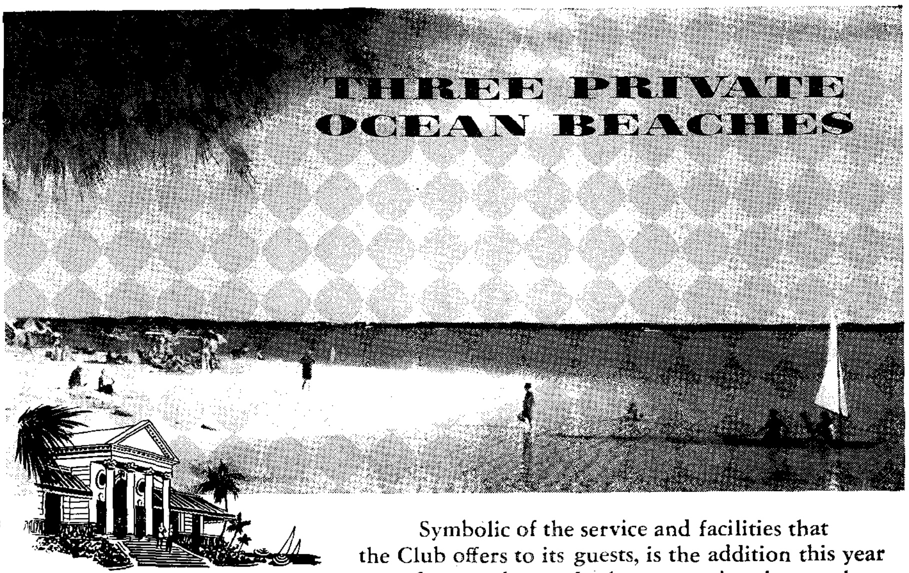
On Tuesday night, in Town Hall, the American Opera Society repeated its arresting production of Monteverdi's "The Coronation of Poppea," a great and ancient masterpiece that never fails to excite my wonder and admiration, though I found the new version of it, by the conductor Nicola Rescigno, a little thick and heavy compared to the version by Arnold Gamson, used in previous performances. The evening's singing was, on the whole, quite good, though a little uneven by past standards, and the work itself remains amazing—a seventeenth-century opera that vaults over the whole carefully contrived formality of the eighteenth century and sounds to modern ears as though it had been written by an adventurous composer of the nineteenth.

Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert, under Paul Paray, was a bit disappointing. Its more brilliant items—Rossini's overture to "La Scala di Seta," and three excerpts from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust"—were beautifully done. But Sibelius's Second Symphony lacked the turbulent drama it should have had, and Morton Gould's "Dialogues for Piano and String Orchestra" were, I thought, not worth listening to.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Philadelphia and vicinity: Mostly fear Thursday. High near 40.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

And ware Friday, all!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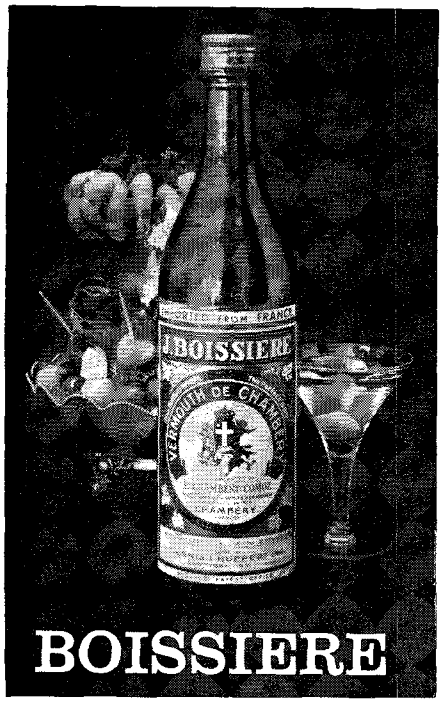

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THE RACE TRACK

Proof of the Pudding

IT'S hard to say on the spur of the moment whether Prove It, who won the San Fernando Stakes for four-year-olds at Santa Anita last Saturday, is the New Year's little gift to racing they think he is in California. It was certainly evident that Rex Ellsworth's rangy colt was enormously fancied by the loyal Angelenos, who made him a 3–2 favorite over Tompion and T. V. Lark, despite their formidable reputations. And the fans were right. From what I hear, Prove It was always well up front in the San Fernando, disposing of Prince Blessed in the first half of the mile and a furlong, then readily withstanding the challenge of Tompion in the last quarter. Prince Blessed was third, and T. V. Lark, who doesn't seem as good as he used to be, was fifth. To be sure, Prove It carried ten pounds less than Tompion, so it remains to be seen what he will do under heavy weight. One thing I can say, though—this time last year Mr. Ellsworth didn't believe he had another Swaps in this colt, and for all I know he still doesn't. For reasons best known to his stable, Prove It didn't race as a two-year-old, and was in the second string all last season. After winning at Caliente in March, he was shipped to Detroit, where he won twice, and then moved on to Arlington Park and picked up two more races. Curiously, he attracted little attention until the afternoon he was beaten for the first and only time. This was in a six-and-a-half-furlong scramble at Santa Anita the day after New Year's, and although he lost by half a length to the crack sprinter Revel, he turned in what the handicappers call a big race. Now I expect he'll run for the Maturity a week from Saturday, and will have a big following.

IN spite of the best intentions on the part of everybody concerned, Kelso, the Horse of the Year, won't start in the Maturity. As you know, he slipped a stifle—that is, wrenched one of the joints of his right hind leg—a day or two before he was to make his first start at Santa Anita, and has been declared out of all engagements at the meeting.

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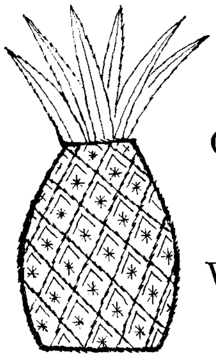
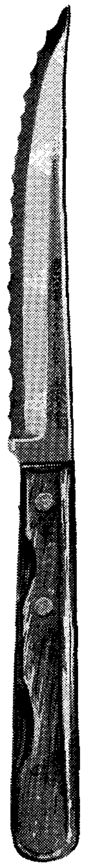
(A similar mishap kept him idle for months when he was a two-year-old.) Although he is said to be recovering rapidly, I don't suppose he'll return to the races until late in May.

ONE of the more successful runners at Tropical Park has been Kings Song, who hasn't lost a race in four starts at the Florida track. I caught his most recent victory, in the Broward Handicap, on television last weekend, and I thought he was rather lucky. In my opinion, he should have had his number taken down for blocking and crowding Shavetail at the turn into the stretch. However, the stewards decided that no foul had been committed, and doubtless they had a better view of the incident than I did. Still, I venture to say that if Shavetail had had clear sailing he would have won; as it was, he lost by barely half a length. Neither colt, I'll wager, will be among the first three in the Flamingo Stakes next month at Hialeah, which is already in operation. And Bowie opens this weekend—the earliest ever for a season in Maryland. Snow, snow, go away.

THE announcement of the weights for the Experimental Free Handicap, that semi-official estimate of last year's leading two-year-olds, serves to remind us that the season on Long Island is not far off. (In case you've forgotten, it begins at Aqueduct on Monday, March 20th.) As was generally expected, Hail to Reason, by far the best of the colts, is head of the list, under 126 pounds. Bowl of Flowers, at 120 pounds, is rated best of the fillies. Except for Hail to Reason, who is out of the picture because an injury he suffered in an exercise gallop last autumn forced his retirement from racing, I don't remember when the colts have shown less promise. Either they beat each other in a manner that suggested mediocrity or they proved themselves unequal to staying more than six furlongs. I have a notion that Jimmy Kilroe, who assigns the Experimental weights, thought so, too, for he gave most of the runners from ten to twenty pounds less than he gave Hail to Reason. To look on the bright side, they're all so evenly matched that they may put on a good show. Which reminds me, a kind reader in Sacramento has sent me the chart of a cheap claiming race at Golden Gate Fields in which the margins between the first eight runners were first by a neck, second by a neck, third by a nose, fourth by a nose, fifth by a nose, sixth by half a length, and seventh by a nose. How's that for a finish?

—AUDAX MINOR





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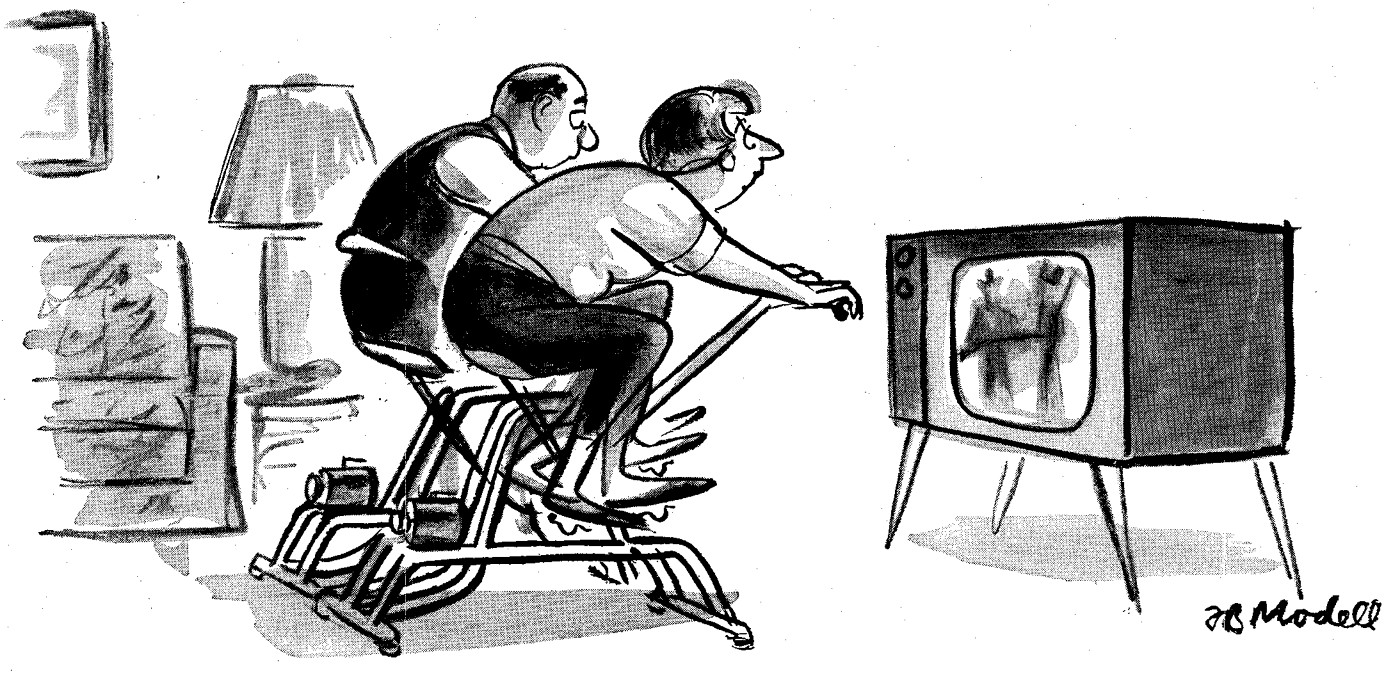
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

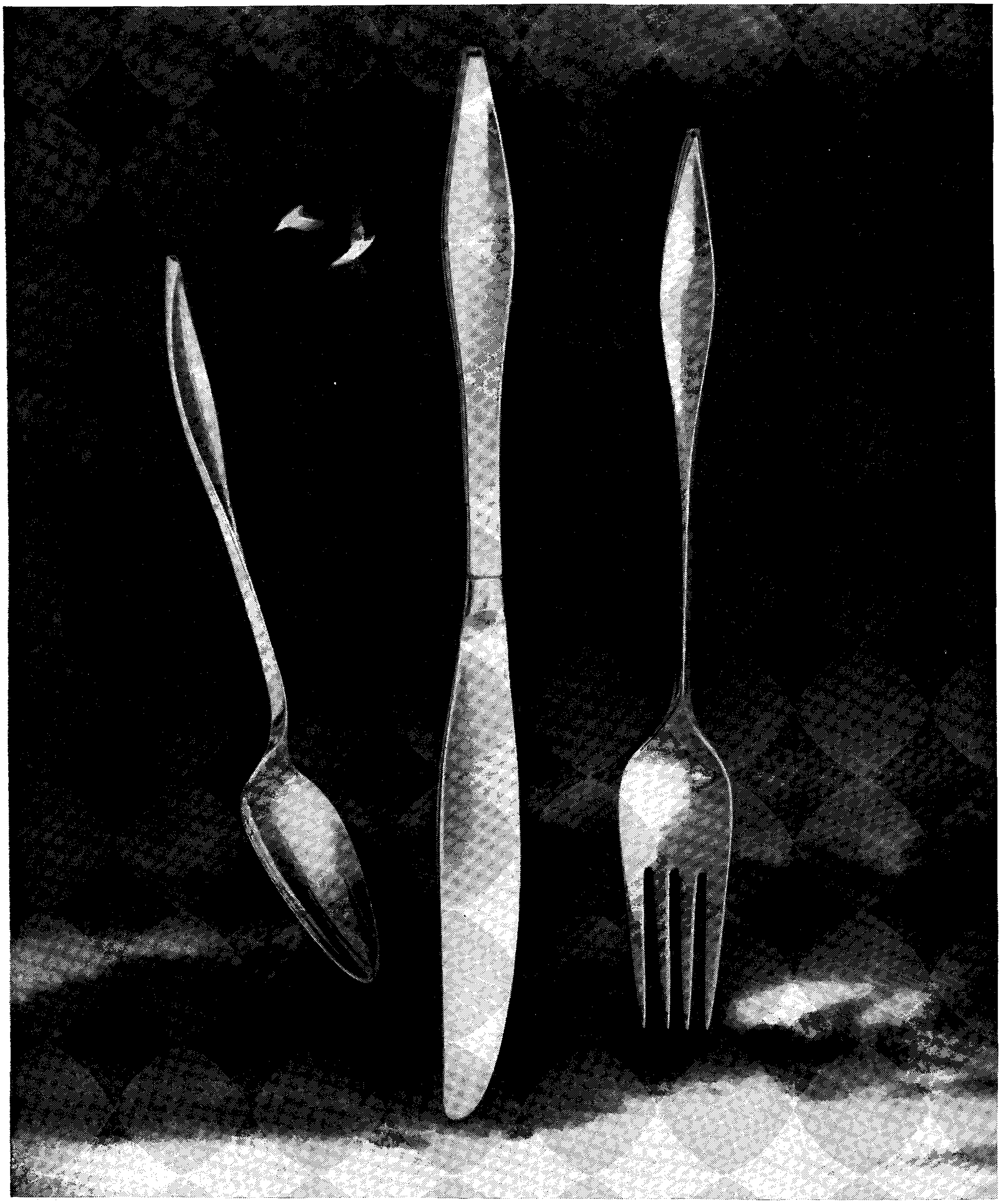
JANUARY 11

THE new administration takes office at the onset of the "missile gap"—a theory, a condition, a predicament, and a state of mind that is expected to prevail for not less than the four years that John F. Kennedy has been elected to serve. "The missile gap in the period 1961-65 is now unavoidable," Henry A. Kissinger, probably our most influential critic of military and foreign policy, writes in "The Necessity for Choice," to be published by Harper next week. His book, an all but encyclopedic review of the current problems of American security and diplomacy, will almost certainly be used as a basic text by some makers of policy in the period ahead. For the next four years, Mr. Kissinger says flatly, "the Soviet Union will possess more missiles than the United States," and he maintains that this numerical superiority is a crucial and potentially decisive one. It brings to at least a temporary end the "nuclear stalemate" that has so often been described over the past decade as the principal deterrent to war. There is no longer a "balance of terror" between the great powers. There is plenty of terror in the world, but it is far out of balance, and it can no longer be relied upon to deter the Soviet Union.

There are many and varied opinions here about what the missile gap means or should mean to American diplomacy, military planning, and disarmament policy, but there is considerable agreement about certain basic features of the situation itself. (To a large extent, Kissinger's appraisals grow out of his work as director of research for a panel that was set up by the Council on Foreign Relations to deal with political and strategic problems of deterrence. Its members included Dean Rusk, the new Secretary of State; Roswell Gilpatric, the new Deputy Secretary of Defense; and Major General Charles H. Bonesteel, of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.) Thus, it is fairly generally agreed that the time is at hand, or very nearly at hand, when the Soviet Union can destroy the United States and either survive our retaliatory blows or escape them altogether. It could do this in a surprise attack or in what used to be called "preventive war" and is nowadays known as a "preëmptive strike"—an attack undertaken by one side in order to forestall an attack that it is certain will be launched by the other side. This is not to say that the United States has suddenly lost its power to devastate the Soviet Union. We have the power—twenty-five times as much as we need, according to Mr. Kennedy, in a speech made over a year ago—and if we used a fraction of it in a well-planned surprise attack or preëmptive strike of our own, the Soviet Union would no longer exist as a functioning society. This capability, however, has to be regarded as purely hypothetical, for every American strategist must postulate that no part of our power will be used in attack. We have promised ourselves, our allies, and our adversaries that we will never take the initiative, and although there are some people who believe that a day may come when the very concept of "initiative" will be meaningless, it remains a fixed article of national policy, repeatedly endorsed by both political parties, and proclaimed by the incoming as well as the outgoing administration, that our thermonuclear arsenal exists as a retaliatory force and will be put to no other use. This force, Mr. Kissinger argues, is what has practically disappeared in the missile gap. If the Soviet Union struck us first in a war arising from any cause, the bulk of our retaliatory force would be destroyed before an order could be given to use it. Soviet offensive missiles would eliminate American retaliatory missiles. The manned bombers of the Strategic Air Command that were out of the country or in the air would survive an initial attack, and so might some of our Polaris submarines, but the damage the bombers might do if their crews were instructed by the President to move on Soviet targets could be severely limited by alert Soviet air defenses, and the Polaris submarines are not yet numerous enough or effective enough to deliver retaliatory blows that, to use Mr. Dulles's old measure, could be regarded as "massive." In other words, Mr. Kissinger says, the Soviet Union could attack us and survive. We could attack the Soviet Union with hideous and unholy force, but we could not thereby escape destruction. "The missile gap," he writes, "guarantees Soviet invulnerability in the sense that we will be unable to destroy the Soviet retaliatory force *even by striking first*. . . . The Soviet Union will be able to inflict intolerable damage . . . regardless of the scale of our blow." We are today a deterred but not a deterring power.

The platform on which the new administration was elected pledged the building of "deterrent military power





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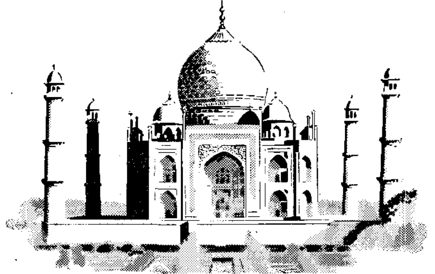

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such that the Soviet . . . leaders will have no doubt that an attack on the United States would surely be followed by their own destruction." If Mr. Kissinger is right, this cannot be done in one Presidential term. For the next four years, the Soviet leaders may be quite confident of their ability to survive our retaliatory blows. They may, indeed, be reasonably confident that not even an attempt at retaliation would follow an attack on the United States. There is grave doubt whether, with things as they are today, an American President would ever actually order retaliation. In the first place, the attacker, knowing very well that our law and our war plans require Presidential sanction for the use of nuclear weapons, would go to particular pains to wreck the communications system and to kill, immediately, the President and those close to him in the chain of command. But even if the President or an authorized deputy survived, and even if some facilities were still in working order, and even if a few retaliatory missiles had been successfully concealed and protected, the chances are more than fair that there would be a decision *against* using the statutory power. Before using it, a President would have to weigh, if only for a moment, the evidence on which his orders would be issued. And he would have to give at least a moment's thought to the consequences of his action. In all likelihood, the evidence before him would be that the enemy strike had been designed to achieve not immediate total destruction but finite military ends. It would have been aimed, presumably, at our missile bases—at our retaliatory power—and it would have spared millions of Americans, perhaps all but four or five million. Assuming that enough retaliatory power remained to allow us even a feeble response, the President, in ordering it, would act in the awareness that he was merely cuing the coup de grâce. In the circumstances, retaliation, though justified by all codified moralities since the beginning of recorded time, would be a pointless act of revenge. If it had any consequences at all, the worst of them would fall on us, and would therefore be suicidal as well as vengeful. It not only would assure our destruction but would practically guarantee the creation of a world order in which Soviet power would triumph.

Mr. Kissinger is so nearly persuaded that such power as we have would never be put to use that he offers the proposition that we can make retaliation orders certain only by changing the law in

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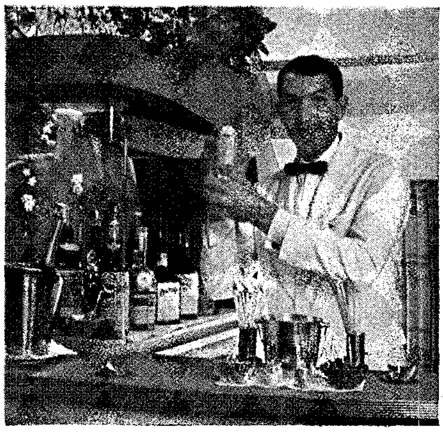
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such a way as to deprive the President of the United States of any discretion in the matter. If the President were to lose or resign his control, if retaliation were somehow automated, if either the firing or the impact of Soviet offensive missiles triggered American retaliatory missiles, there would be a degree of certainty that we would not die without a bang. "In short," Mr. Kissinger writes, "deterrence would result from the impression not that the President would order a counterblow but that he would not be able to prevent it."

The simplest and most widely accepted meaning of the missile gap, then, is that the terrible weapons we have been stockpiling for the last sixteen years have lost—for the time being, anyway—the only justification we have ever acknowledged them to have: the power of deterrence inherent in their readiness for retaliatory use. The means of delivery—missiles—are too few and too vulnerable to the enemy's weapons. At least, this is the way the matter must be appraised in the United States by government planners and by critics like Mr. Kissinger. In the Soviet Union, it may be seen in a somewhat different light. Soviet strategists can count megatons and missiles as accurately as our strategists can, and they can read books like Mr. Kissinger's; they have roughly the same information about our capabilities and better information about their own. It can probably be taken for granted that they make approximately the same analysis of our retaliatory position that most American experts do. They cannot, however, confine themselves to a consideration of what *we* would do if *they* attacked. Their government, too, insists that its power exists only for retaliation, and if, in spite of this, they may now and then toy with the possible advantages of surprise attack, this very activity would lead them to suppose that we may be doing the same. They may reason, on the basis of what they know about us, that surprise attack would be, for us, irrational as well as immoral, but they know that nations often act quixotically, suicidally, even involuntarily. The Soviet Union cannot write off our existing nuclear forces as readily as our experts can. These forces would be devastating in a war by accident or by miscalculation, or in a surprise attack; the danger of the first is not lessened by the missile gap (indeed, it increases as we try to close it), and, they may well reason, neither is the danger of the second. Furthermore, they must consider the possibility that our numerically inferior stock of high-

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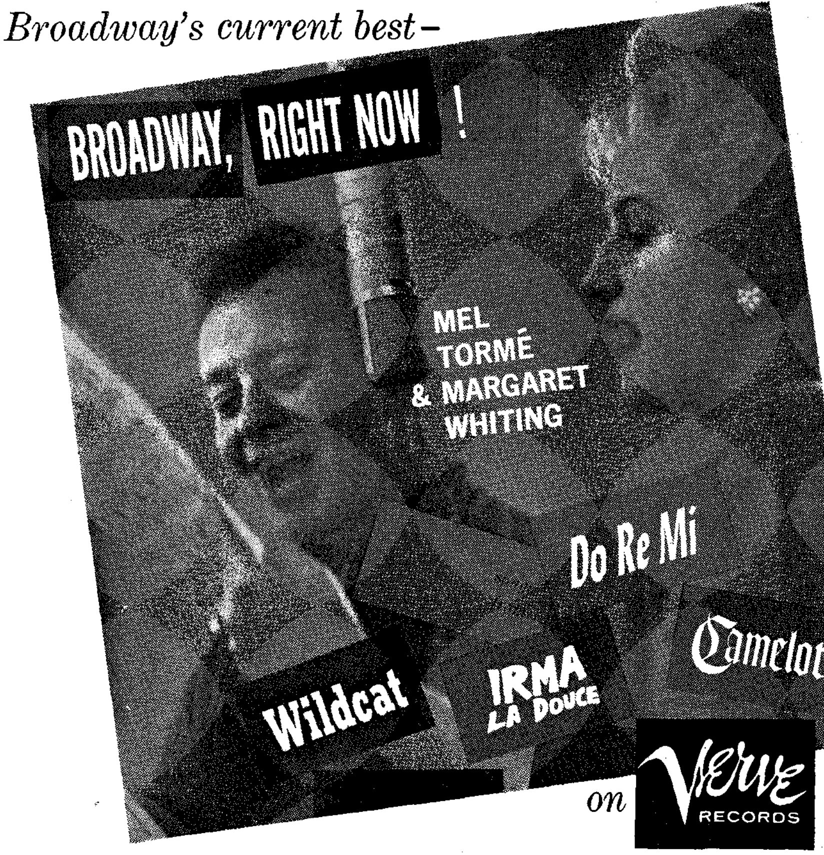

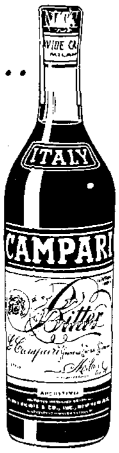

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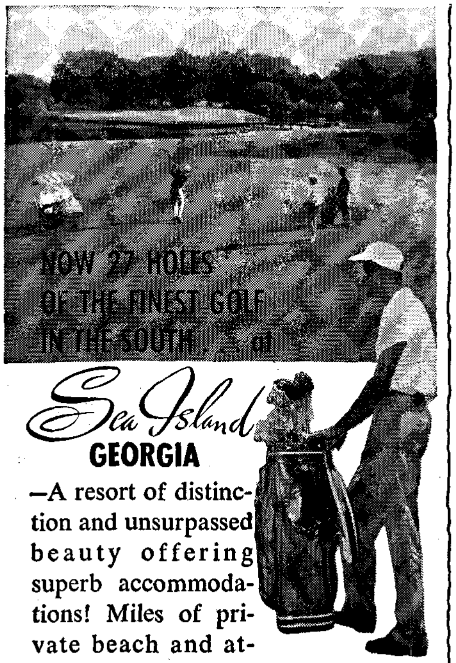
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powered weapons could someday be employed in an action that would be neither attack nor retaliation but, rather, an advanced stage of "escalation"—the term currently in vogue to describe the process by which a limited war might become an unlimited one. From their point of view, the fact that we have neglected to develop the conventional forces that could be used in limited war may appear to multiply the chances of our resorting to nuclear and thermonuclear ones.

The passing of American retaliatory deterrence cannot be regarded as the passing of all American deterrence. The missile gap has not brought the effectiveness of our deterrent power to the point of absolute zero. Moreover, while American strategy must assume that there is no deterrent in anything but power and the fear that power creates, a reasonable view of the world and of its recent history suggests that there are restraints which are not military in character. Our moral sensibility may be more delicate than that of the Russians, but it is not of a wholly different order. An act of vast and needless destruction may well be as offensive to Mr. Khrushchev as it is to the Messrs. Eisenhower and Kennedy. Marxism makes high pretensions to being a humane social doctrine; these could not survive the unprovoked use of nuclear power. To gain its purely political end, the Soviet Union wishes to win and hold the good opinion of most of mankind; outright aggression would put the hope beyond fulfillment. And there is a deterrent—to haste, if not to destruction—in the Communist dogma that the proletarian succession is the unavoidable terminus of what Lenin called the locomotive of history. Despite all this, though, recent evidence does seem to show that Soviet diplomacy has been increasing in boldness as the missile gap has increased in width. The restraints that work through arms and through forces other than arms may be more than enough to spare the world the horror of general war, and they may be responsible for such welcome political phenomena as the repeated deferments of a showdown over Berlin, but they have seemed increasingly ineffective in the world at large. In Africa, in Latin America, and in the United Nations, Soviet diplomacy has been far more adventurous and provocative than it was when terror was more nearly in balance. As the range of Khrushchev's missile power has increased, he has become increasingly contemptuous of distance. There was a time, as Richard Lowenthal, of the

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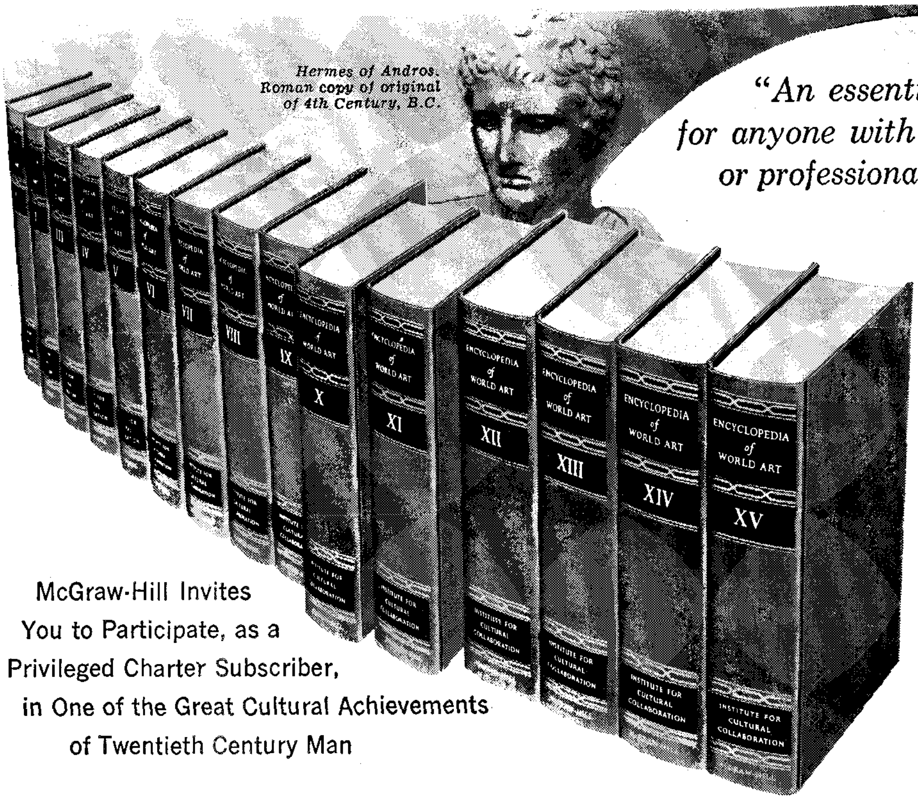

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London *Observer*, recently pointed out, when the direct force of Soviet power was felt only in areas contiguous to the Soviet Union. Now it hurdles oceans and hostile land masses and arrives in the Southern and Western Hemispheres. There can be little doubt that it is given added security and added confidence by the missile gap.

THE President-elect has been quite specific about the measures he wishes to adopt in order to restore the balance of terror, on the one hand, and, on the other, to lessen reliance on terror by arms control and disarmament. "First," he told the American Legion last October, "we must take immediate steps to protect our present nuclear striking force from surprise attack. . . . Second, we must step up crash programs on the ultimate weapons—the Polaris submarine, the Minuteman [a solid-fuel missile designed for launching from mobile bases such as trucks and flatcars]—which will eventually close the missile gap." He has appointed Paul H. Nitze, a former director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, to advise him, from the Pentagon, on existing and possible relationships between our military power and our diplomatic commitments, and he has recruited John J. McCloy to serve as a full-time adviser and negotiator on arms control and disarmament. Both functions are without precedent in American government. A recent survey by the National Planning Association shows that in April, 1960, when two disarmament conferences were in progress and the Paris summit conference was scheduled for the following month, the State Department's disarmament staff consisted of ten persons, and that our chief delegate to the meetings on general disarmament in Geneva—Fredrick M. Eaton, an estimable attorney for a number of insurance companies—was the only envoy from any of the ten participating countries who had no experience in either diplomacy or disarmament.

In all probability, the missile gap will never really be "closed." With sufficient time and at staggering cost, the four-year lead may be reduced to a two- or even a one-year lead, but missile-for-missile parity can be achieved only if the Soviet Union loses interest in the sport. When Mr. Kissinger implies that perhaps by 1965 the gap will be closed, he means that by about that time the two steps pledged by Mr. Kennedy can be completed. By "hardening" our launching sites and by developing mobile systems, we can have a retaliatory force

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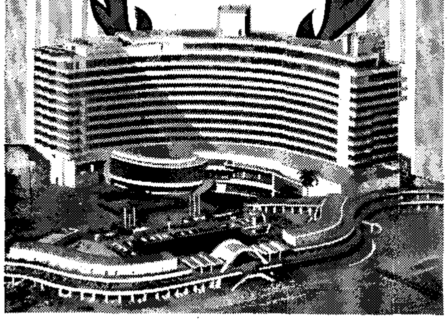

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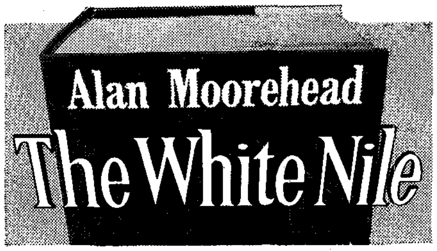

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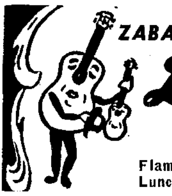

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that, even though it is smaller than the Soviet Union's, will nevertheless merit some degree of reliance as a deterrent power. And other steps may be found to narrow the gap somewhat—or, at any rate, to make it seem less menacing. Herman Kahn, of the RAND Corporation, a school of heavy thinkers subsidized by the Air Force, holds that there is altogether too much loose and apocalyptic talk about the cataclysmic effects of thermonuclear war. He believes that we can quite speedily reduce Soviet power from a capability for "intolerable" destruction to a capability for merely "tolerable" destruction. In "On Thermonuclear War," a recent collection of his occasional papers, he argues that it is not the missile gap alone but the missile gap plus a failure of nerve plus a paralysis of official will that gives the years ahead their bleak and terrifying look. He recommends nerve tonic, braces for the will, and an affirmation of the view that life would still be sweet even in a world far more poisonous and ragged than this one. He believes that strictly defensive measures—the construction of shelters, for example, and anti-radiation research and development—could reduce the deterrent power that the Soviet Union exerts on us. Still and all, in a period of swift political and technological change, four years is a long time. It is not beyond imagining that the whole balance of political power in the world could tip decisively in favor of the Russians while we were attempting to restore the balance of terror. Nor is it beyond imagining that the advance of technology could, by 1965, make our hardened pads, our mobile missiles, and our fallout shelters as obsolete as slit trenches, cannonballs, and wooden stockades. To be sure, there is no reason to suppose that all the currents of history run, as Marxism holds that they do, in favor of the Soviet Union. Science and technology may favor us. Political and economic tensions may weaken the Communist bloc and improve the relative position of the West. But it seems only prudent to assume that the currents will run as they have been running.

In the circumstances, the new administration has no choice but to seek to restore the balance of terror. It would have to do so even if its leaders shared the conviction of President Eisenhower that we have just about all the deterrence we need in our present forces. It is committed to a more varied and more ambitious diplomacy than the outgoing administration has pursued in its last few years, and to major efforts toward ne-

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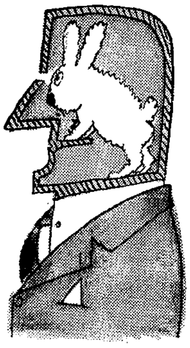

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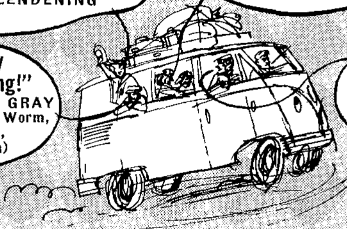

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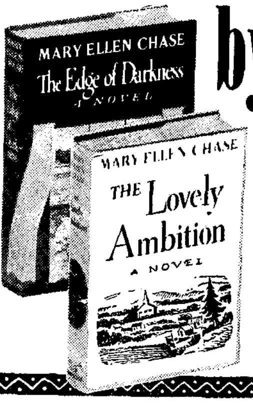

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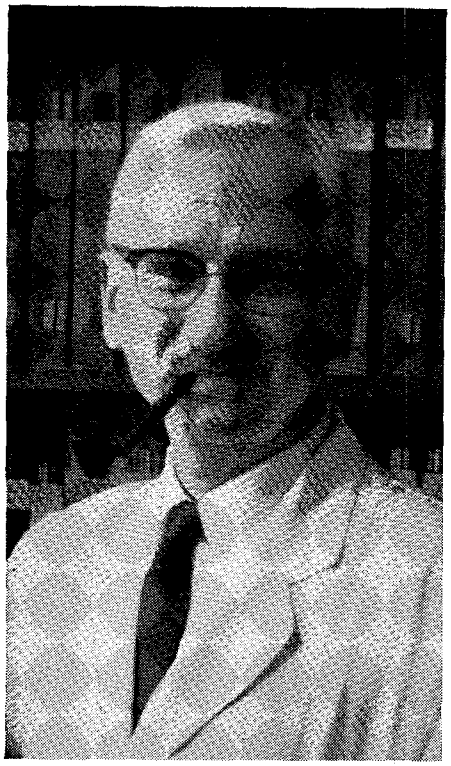

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gotiated disarmament. For the first, it will require a heavier shield, and for the second it will require the increased strength that will make the prospect of serious negotiation more inviting to the Communist powers. But there is no doubt that the Kennedy administration will go about providing its heavier shield and its larger ante with a powerful sense of the tragedy they involve and of their probable futility. The President-elect has on many occasions dealt with this directly. "No sane society," he said in a speech late in 1959, "chooses to commit national suicide. Yet that is the fate which the arms race has in store for us. . . . It is often said that arms are only a symptom of tension, not the cause of it, and that so long as situations such as Berlin exist, it will be necessary to continue the arms race. But this is at best a half truth. Atomic and hydrogen weapons themselves have become a major source of tension. . . . [The] price of running this arms race to the end is death." An important new aspect of the tragedy has developed since he spoke. The deficit in our balance of payments now forces hard choices between financing increases in the arms that heighten tension, and financing those political, economic, and diplomatic enterprises that offer some hope of lessening tension.

For the past year, the hope of lessening tension through any negotiated approach to disarmament has seemed increasingly remote. The ten-nation talks came to nothing, and it was apparent that they would have come to nothing even if the Paris summit conference had taken place and had ended with the issuance of the cheery communiqués that marked earlier Eisenhower-Khrushchev meetings. Whether or not the Soviet government was ever serious about general disarmament, the United States government was not. The view here was that once Mr. Khrushchev had put forward his foolish proposition in the United Nations, we had to indulge world opinion by pretending to take the idea seriously. "Disarmament should be our ultimate goal," the President's Commission on National Goals reported on November 16th. "It cannot be attained without eliminating the sources of distrust and fear among nations." This may be true, and what it comes down to is that general disarmament is unthinkable. In a signed contribution to the Commission report, Professor William Langer says exactly that. "It is unthinkable," he writes, "that anything

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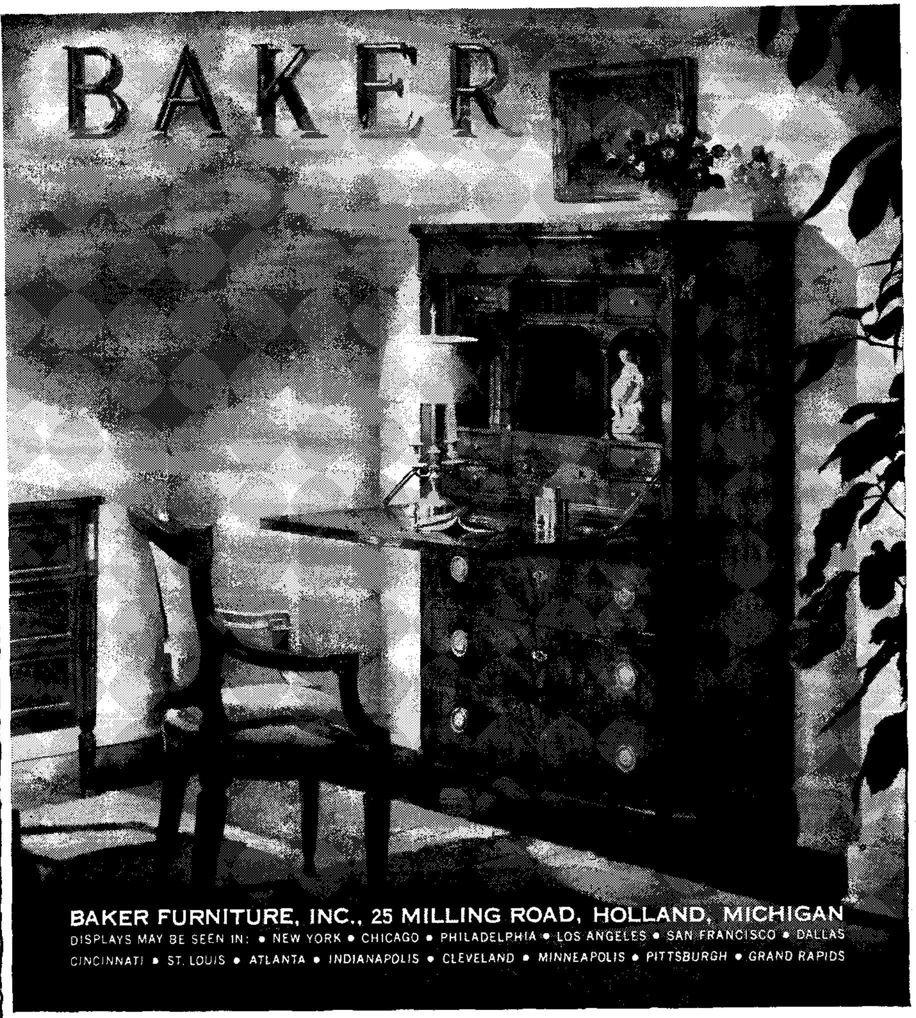
approaching complete disarmament can be achieved in the foreseeable future." This may be a sound enough statement of the case, because everyone knows that distrust and fear among nations cannot be eliminated before disarmament and would surely persist after it—perhaps in heightened form—and also because the United States (and probably the Russians, too, in the end) wants a cheat-proof system of control, which is not possible. Disarmament that left the world with only "internal-security" forces, which was what Khrushchev proposed, opens up terrifying prospects of its own. Internal-security forces can commit genocide as readily as national armies can. Arms create some sense of stability. Without them, there would be no deterrent power of any sort anywhere. The administration's case for foot-dragging was a powerful one.

At present, however, the outlook for a rational program of arms limitation and control seems every bit as remote as that for disarmament. The Soviet negotiators believe that the only thing that can possibly be policed is nuclear testing, and we doubt even that. The more the scientists of both camps look into the matter, the more doubts they raise about ever getting anywhere. Almost every technological advance makes the problem of control more difficult, and certain specific methods of control obsolete. We have pressed the notion of "anti-surprise-attack" inspection, but the Soviet Union wants no part of it, and, in fact, has convinced many Western observers that such inspection might increase, rather than diminish, the dangers of surprise attack. An inspector might jump to a false conclusion. He might become convinced that some perfectly innocent form of scientific or military activity was actually part of a plan for surprise attack. If his opinions reached an apprehensive government, that government would be encouraged to make a preëmptive strike. The evidence used by inspectors of nuclear tests would come in the main from instruments that are neutral in sympathy and not liable to attacks of the heebie-jeebies, but in almost all other cases data would be collected, processed, and reported by men—some of whom would surely be moved by political passions of one sort or another. And even if the difficulties in the way of control over armaments could be overcome, the course of negotiations to date suggests that the missile gap could be closed and opened again before any agreements could be negotiated. The chief value of negotia-



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SILLY OLD SAW

Did you ever hear a sillier proverb than the one that goes "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves"? The pounds will do nothing of the sort, as anyone knows who has tried to get rich by saving string.

What the pounds (or, to switch to American terms, dollars) need is to be kept out of mischief by being put to work to earn their keep and then some. By "their keep," we mean enough to counteract the ravages of inflation, which have eaten up more than half the purchasing power of your money in the past twenty years. By "and then some," we mean that a good investment may produce more than one benefit. For example, you may buy stocks for dividend income—and get some price appreciation as well. Or vice versa.

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tions at present lies in the fact that they are going on.

Despite all the known difficulties, the new administration is committed to a large effort in the fields of disarmament and control, and the members of its fresh and eager team may see possibilities that their predecessors have failed to see. What is almost certain is that they will approach the question of general disarmament with more enthusiasm than the Eisenhower administration has ever shown, and with confidence that the effort itself has value. "We must press forward now for any practical disarmament agreement within reach," Mr. Kennedy has said. "Not as a substitute for efforts to settle some of the great political divisions, such as Germany, Korea, Vietnam, and China, but as a way of moving these and all other problems back from the brink of war. . . . Even Mr. Khrushchev's all too general proposal for universal disarmament should be explored as a possible beginning, not shunted off as mere propaganda." It probably will be explored. The proposal calls for the negotiation of a single treaty and for the establishment of a controls system after the signing of the treaty but before any arms go on the scrap heap. There is no assurance that the Russians would ever sign the treaty, and we could give them no assurance that the United States Senate would ever ratify it. But the proposal will be explored, and the exploration may be a beginning.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Doña Blanca, 70, traces her ancestry back to the famous King Ferdinand. She has seven children, now keeps 53 stray dogs and 26 cats in the family palace, spends most of her time abroad.—*Life.*

A woman who doesn't lose her head.

•

The three most often repeated words on college campuses throughout the country this year will be: COMPULSORY HEALTH INSURANCE.—*Press release from the Health Insurance Institute, New York.*

And not a four-letter word among them!

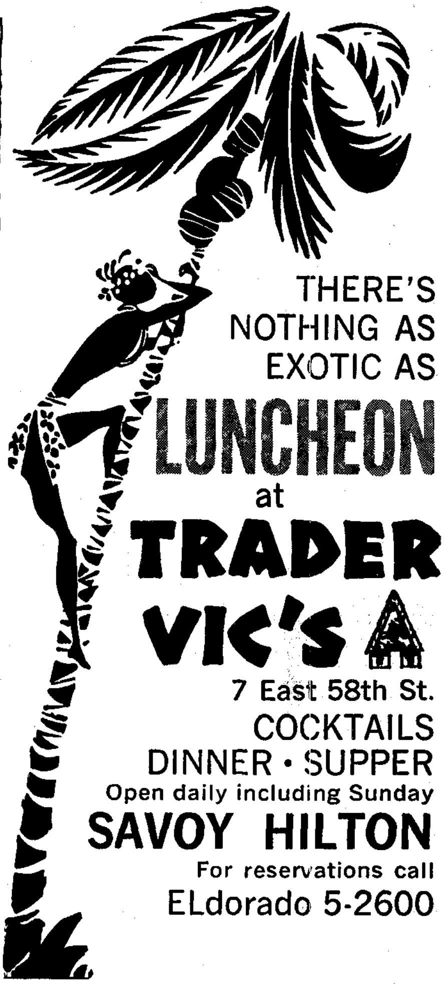
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Atlanta* (*Ga.*) *Journal*]

The Klansmen drew the praise of another rally speaker, Rev. Royce Bagley, pastor of Adair Park Baptist Church.

"I'm proud of men like this," he said, pointing to the Kluxers with faces concealed by masks, "who are not ashamed to stand up and be counted."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